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1533

MODELS OF LETTERS,

—
FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND PRIVATE STUDENTS.

BEING

A N E P I T O M E

OF THE

LARGE OCTAVO VOLUME,

ENTITLED,

ELEGANT EPISTLES

AND CONTAINING

SELECT LETTERS

FROM THE BEST ENGLISH AUTHORS,

WITH MANY TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,

WHICH HAVE NEVER APPEARED IN ANY MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION,



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. Longman, B. Law and Son, J. Doddsley, J. Johnson, C. Dilly, G. G. and J. Robinson, T. Cadell, W. Richardson, R. Baldwin, W. Goldsmith, F. and C. Rivington, R. Faulder, S. Hayes, Ogilvy and Speare, Vernor and Hood, W. Lowndes, C. Wynne, W. Bent, J. Scatcherd, G. and T. Wilkie, J. Walker, J. Evans, C. and G. Kearsley, and H. Murray.

1794.

MODELS OF LETTERS

FOR THE USE OF STUDENTS AND THE STUDENT

BY J. D. COY

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P R E F A C E

TO THE

E P I T O M E O F L E T T E R S .

AMONG the various parts of learning in which young persons are initiated, there are some, which, though they amuse the imagination, and furnish the mind with employment in solitude and leisure, yet are found to be of little actual utility in the common intercourse of life.

But the ability of writing Letters, clearly and to the purpose, finds an opportunity of frequent exertion and display, in every department of business, in every profession and employment, and in all the endearing offices of social relation.

Since, however, nothing is taught by rules, so well as by examples, the Editor thought it proper to compile a very large Collection of Letters, affording, together with an abundance of general information and amusement, MODELS of epistolary style on almost every subject, and in every variety of manner.

P R E F A C E.

But the large octavo volume, containing the most copious collection of Letters ever published in the English language, was sometimes too bulky for common use in schools, and on many occasions, where nevertheless a collection of Letters was greatly wanted, and could not fail of becoming highly useful,

The Editor, therefore, determined to select from the large volume such Letters as he judged likely to afford the most amusement and improvement to young students; and to present them to the Public, in a commodious shape and size, so as to render them, from their cheapness, their compressed form, and at the same time their intrinsic value and merit, universally acceptable to all young persons, who seek improvement by reading; and in all schools, where this very important branch of education meets with its due attention.

As several writers of France have been much celebrated for the ease and vivacity of their epistolary compositions, it has been thought proper to insert a considerable specimen from them, taken from the Appendix to the large octavo volume. They are entertaining, and particularly lively. The whole of the Appendix, therefore, which contains them has been inserted in *The Epitome*; a circumstance which must greatly enhance the value of the volume.

It may, indeed, be asserted with truth, that no publication of the size and price comprizes so many excellent Letters from the most celebrated writers, as the present; and the Editor, therefore, dismisses it with a hope, and, indeed, with a well-grounded confidence, that it will be deemed a valuable addition to our list of English school-books, and be generally received by the strong recommendation of its own obvious use.

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EPISTOLARUM EPITOME:

O R,

ELEGANT EPISTLES EPITOMIZED, &c.

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SECT. I. From the Letters of MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, to several of his Friends, as translated by WILLIAM MELMOTH, Esq.

Letter i. *To Terentia, to my dearest Tullia, and to my Son.*

Brundisium, April the 30th. [A. U. 695.]

IF you do not hear from me so frequently as you might, it is because I can neither write to you, nor read your letters, without falling into greater grief than I am able to support: for though I am at all times indeed completely miserable, yet I feel my misfortunes with a particular sensibility upon those tender occasions.

Oh! that I had been more indifferent to life! Our days would then have been, if not wholly unacquainted with sorrow, yet by no means thus wretched. However, if any hopes are still reserved to us of recovering some part at least of what we have lost, I shall not think that I have made altogether so imprudent a choice. But if our present fate is unalterably fixed—Ah! my dearest Terentia, if we are utterly, and for ever, abandoned by those gods whom you have so religiously adored, and by those men whom I have so faithfully served; let me see you as soon as possible, that I may have the satisf-

faction of breathing out my last departing sigh in your arms.

I have spent about a fortnight at this place*, with my friend Marcus Flaccus. This worthy man did not scruple to exercise the rights of friendship and hospitality towards me, notwithstanding the severe penalties of that iniquitous law against those who should venture to give me reception†. May I one day have it in my power to make him a return to those generous services, which I shall ever most gratefully remember!

I am just going to embark, and purpose to pass through Macedonia in my way to Cyzicum‡. And now, my Terentia, thus wretched and ruined as I am, can I entreat you, under all that weight of pain and sorrow

* Brundisium; a maritime town in the kingdom of Naples, now called *Brindisi*.

† As soon as Cicero had withdrawn from Rome, Clodius procured a law, which among other articles enacted, that “no person should presume to harbour or receive him on pain of death.”

‡ A considerable town in an island of the Propontis.

with which, I too well know, you are oppressed, can I entreat you to be the partner and companion of my exile? But must I then live without you? I know not how to reconcile myself to that hard condition, unless your presence at Rome may be a mean of forwarding my return, if any hopes of that kind should indeed subsist. But should there, as I sadly suspect, be absolutely none; come to me, I conjure you, if it be possible: for never can I think myself completely ruined, whilst I shall enjoy my Terentia's company. But how will my dearest daughter dispose of herself? A question which you yourselves must consider: for, as to my own part, I am utterly at a loss what to advise. At all events, however, that dear unhappy girl must not take any measures that may injure her conjugal repose*, or affect her in the good opinion of the world. As for my son—let me not at least be deprived of the consolation of folding him for ever in my arms. But I must lay down my pen a few moments: my tears flow too fast to suffer me to proceed.

I am under the utmost solicitude, as I know not whether you have been able to preserve any part of your estate, or (what I sadly fear) are cruelly robbed of your whole fortune.—I hope Piso† will always continue, what you represent him to be, entirely ours.—As to the manumission of the slaves; I think you have no occasion to be uneasy. For with regard to your own, you only promised them their liberty as they should deserve it: but excepting Orpheus, there are

* Tullia was at this time married to Caius Piso Frugi; a young nobleman of one of the best families in Rome.

† Cicero's son-in-law.

none of them that have any great claim to this favour. As to mine, I told them, if my estate should be forfeited, I would give them their freedom, provided I could obtain the confirmation of that grant: but if I preserved my estate, that they should all of them, excepting only a few whom I particularly named, remain in their present condition. But this is a matter of little consequence.

With regard to the advice you give me, of keeping up my spirits, in the belief that I shall again be restored to my country; I only wish that I may have reason to encourage so desirable an expectation. In the mean time, I am greatly miserable, in the uncertainty when I shall hear from you, or what hand you will find to convey your letters. I would have waited for them at this place; but the master of the ship in which I am going to embark, could not be prevailed upon to lose the present opportunity of sailing.

For the rest, let me conjure you in my turn, to bear up under the pressure of our afflictions with as much resolution as possible. Remember that my days have all been honourable; and that I now suffer, not for my crimes, but my virtues. No, my Terentia, nothing can justly be imputed to me, but that I survived the loss of my dignities. However, if it was more agreeable to our children that I should thus live, let that reflection teach us to submit to our misfortunes with cheerfulness; insupportable as upon all other considerations they would undoubtedly be. But, alas! whilst I am endeavouring to keep up your spirits, I am utterly unable to preserve my own.

I have sent back the faithful Philetærus; as the weakness of his eyes made him incapable of rendering me any service. Nothing
can

can equal the good offices I receive from Sallustius. Pescennius likewise has given me strong marks of his affection: and I hope he will not fail in his respect also to you. Sicca promised to attend me in my exile: but he changed his mind, and has left me at this place.

I entreat you to take all possible care of your health: and be assured, your misfortunes more sensibly affect me than my own. Adieu, my Terentia, thou most faithful and best of wives! Adieu. And thou, my dearest daughter, together with that other consolation of my life, my dear son, I bid you both, most tenderly, farewell!

Letter 2. *To Terentia, to my dearest Tullia, and to my Son.*

Thessalonica *, Oct. the 5th. [A. U. 695.]

IMAGINE not, my Terentia, that I write longer letters to others than to yourself: be assured at least, if ever I do, it is merely because those I receive from them require a more particular answer. The truth of it is, I am always at a loss what to write: and as there is nothing in the present dejection of my mind, that I perform with greater reluctance in general; so I never attempt it with regard to you and my dearest daughter, that it does not cost me a flood of tears. For how can I think of you without being pierced with grief, in the reflection, that I have made those completely miserable, whom I ought, and wished, to have rendered perfectly happy? And I should have rendered them so, if I had acted with less timidity.

Piso's behaviour towards us in this season of our afflictions, has greatly endeared him to my heart: and I have, as well as I was

able in the present discomposure of my mind both acknowledged his good offices, and exhorted him to continue them.

I perceive you much depend upon the new tribunes: and if Pompey perseveres in his present disposition, I am inclined to think that your hopes will not be disappointed; though I must confess, I have some fears with respect to Crassus. In the mean while I have the satisfaction to find, what indeed I had reason to expect, that you act with great spirit and tenderness in all my concerns. But I lament it should be my cruel fate to expose you to so many calamities, whilst you are thus generously endeavouring to ease the weight of mine. Be assured it was with the utmost grief I read the account which Publius sent me, of the opprobrious manner in which you were dragged from the temple of Vesta, to the office of Valerius †. Sad reverse indeed! that thou, the dearest object of my fondest desires, that my Terentia, to whom such numbers were wont to look up for relief, should be herself a spectacle of the most affecting distress! and that I, who have saved so many others from ruin, should have ruined both myself and my family by my own indiscretion!

As to what you mention with regard to the area belonging to my house; I shall never look upon myself as restored to my country, till that spot of ground is again in my possession ‡. But this is a point that does not depend

† Terentia had taken sanctuary in the temple of Vesta, but was forcibly dragged out from thence by the directions of Clodius, in order to be examined at a public office, concerning her husband's effects.

‡ After Clodius had procured the law against Cicero, he consecrated the area where his house

* A city in Macedonia, now called *Salonichi*.

pend upon ourselves. Let me rather express my concern for what does; and lament, that, distressed as your circumstances already are, you should engage yourself in a share of those expences which are incurred upon my account. Be assured, if ever I should return to Rome, I shall easily recover my estate: but should fortune continue to persecute me, will you, thou dear unhappy woman, will you fondly throw away, in gaining friends to a desperate cause, the last scanty remains of your broken fortunes? I conjure you then, my dearest Terentia, not to involve yourself in any charges of that kind: let them be borne by those who are able, if they are willing, to support the weight. In a word, if you have any affection for me, let not your anxiety upon my account injure your health; which, alas! is already but too much impaired. Believe me, you are the perpetual subject of my waking and sleeping thoughts: and as I know the assiduity you exert on my behalf, I have a thousand fears lest your strength should not be equal to so continued a fatigue. I am sensible at the same time, that my affairs depend entirely upon your assistance: and, therefore, that they may be attended with the success you hope, and so zealously endeavour to obtain, let me earnestly entreat you to take care of your health.

I know not whom to write to, unless to those who first write to me, or whom you particularly mention in your letters.—As you and Tullia are of opinion that I should not retreat farther from Italy, I have laid aside that design. Let me hear from you both as soon as possible, particularly if there should

in Rome stood, to the perpetual service of religion, and erected a temple upon it to the goddess Liberty.

be any fairer prospect of my return. Farewell, ye dearest objects of my most tender affection; Farewell!

Letter 3. *To the same.*

Dyrrachium*, Nov. 26. [A. U. 695.]

I LEARN by the letters of several of my friends, as well as from general report, that you discover the greatest fortitude of mind, and that you solicit my affairs with unwearyed application. Oh, my Terentia, how truly wretched am I, to be the occasion of such severe misfortunes to so faithful, so generous, and so excellent a woman! And my dearest Tullia too!—That she who was once so happy in her father, should now derive from him such bitter sorrows! But how shall I express the anguish I feel for my little boy! who became acquainted with grief as soon as he was capable of any reflection†. Had these afflictions happened, as you tenderly represent them, by an unavoidable fate, they would have sat less heavy on my heart. But they are altogether owing to my own folly, in imagining I was loved where I was secretly envied, and in not joining with those who were sincerely desirous of my friendship‡. Had I been governed, indeed, by my own sentiments, without relying so much on those of my weak or wicked advisers, we might still, my Terentia, have been happy. However, since my friends encourage me to hope, I will endeavour to restrain my grief, lest the effect it may have upon my health should disappoint your tender efforts for my

* A city in Macedonia, now called *Durazzo*, in the Turkish dominions.

† Cicero's son was at this time about eight years of age.

‡ Cæsar and Crassus frequently solicited Cicero to unite himself to their party.

restoration. I am sensible at the same time, of the many difficulties that must be conquered ere that point can be effected; and that it would have been much easier to have maintained my post, than it is to recover it. Nevertheless, if all the tribunes are in my interest; if Lentulus is really as zealous in my cause as he appears; and if Pompey and Cæsar likewise concur with him in the same views, I ought not, most certainly, to despair.

With regard to our slaves; I am willing to act as our friends, you tell me, advise. As to your concern in respect to the plague which broke out here; it is entirely ceased: and I had the good fortune to escape all infection. However, it was my desire to have changed my present situation for some more retired place in Epirus, where I might be secure from Piso and his soldiers*. But the obliging Plancius was unwilling to part with me; and still indeed detains me here, in the hope that we may return together to Rome†. If ever I should live to see that happy day; if ever I should be restored to my Terentia, to my children, and to myself, I shall think all the tender solitudes we have suffered during this sad separation, abundantly repaid.

Nothing can exceed the affection and humanity of Piso's behaviour towards every one of us: and I wish he may receive from it as much satisfaction, as I am persuaded he will honour.—I was far from intending to

* Lucius Calpurnius Piso, who was consul this year with Gabinius: they were both the professed enemies of Cicero, and supported Clodius in his violent measures.

† Plancius was at this time quæstor in Macedonia, and distinguished himself by many generous offices to Cicero in his exile.

blame you with respect to my brother; but it is much my desire, especially as there are so few of you, that you should live together in the most perfect harmony.—I have made my acknowledgements where you desired, and acquainted the persons you mention, that you had informed me of their services.

As to the estate you propose to sell; alas! my dear Terentia, think well of the consequence: think what would become of our unhappy boy, should fortune still continue to persecute us. But my eyes stream too fast to suffer me to add more: nor would I draw the same tender flood from yours. I will only say, that if my friends should not desert me, I shall be in no distress for money: and if they should, the money you can raise by the sale of this estate will little avail. I conjure you then by all our misfortunes, let us not absolutely ruin our poor boy, who is well nigh totally undone already. If we can but raise him above indigence, a moderate share of good fortune and merit will be sufficient to open his way to whatever else we can wish him to obtain. Take care of your health, and let me know by an express how your negotiations proceed, and how affairs in general stand.—My fate must now be soon determined. I tenderly salute my son and daughter, and bid you all, farewell!

P. S. I came hither, not only as it is a free city‡, and much in my interest, but as it is situated likewise near Italy. But if I should find any inconvenience from its being a town of such great resort, I shall remove elsewhere, and give you due notice.

‡ That is, a city which had the privilege to be governed by its own laws.

Letter 4. *To Terentia.*

Dyrrachium, Nov. the 30th. [A. U. 695.]

I RECEIVED three letters from you by the hands of Aristocritus, and have wept over them till they are almost defaced with my tears. Ah! my Terentia, I am worn out with grief: nor do my own personal misfortunes more severely torture my mind, than those with which you and my children are oppressed. Unhappy indeed as you are, I am still infinitely more so; as our common afflictions are attended with this aggravating circumstance to myself, that they are justly to be imputed to my imprudence alone. I ought, most undoubtedly, either to have avoided the danger, by accepting the commission which was offered me; or to have repelled force by force, or bravely to have perished in the attempt. Whereas nothing could have been more unworthy of my character, or more pregnant with misery, than the scheme I have pursued. I am overwhelmed, therefore, not only with sorrow, but with shame: yes, my Terentia, I blush to reflect that I did not exert that spirit I ought, for the sake of so excellent a wife, and such amiable children. The distress in which you are all equally involved, and your own ill state of health in particular, are ever in my thoughts: as I have the mortification at the same time to observe, that there appear but slender hopes of my being recalled. My enemies, in truth, are many; while those who are jealous of me are almost innumerable; and though they found great difficulty in driving me from my country, it will be extremely easy for them to prevent my return. However, as long as you have any hopes that my restoration may be effected, I will not cease to co-operate with your endea-

vours for that purpose, lest my weakness should seem upon all occasions to frustrate every measure in my favour. In the meanwhile, my person (for which you are so tenderly concerned) is secure from all danger: as in truth I am so completely wretched, that even my enemies themselves must wish, in mere malice, to preserve my life. Nevertheless, I shall not fail to observe the caution you kindly give me.

I have sent my acknowledgments by Dexippus to the persons you desired me, and mentioned at the same time, that you had informed me of their good offices. I am perfectly sensible of those which Piso exerts towards us with so uncommon a zeal: and indeed it is a circumstance which all the world speaks of to his honour. Heaven grant I may live to enjoy with you and our children, the common happiness of so valuable a relation!

The only hope I have now left, arises from the new tribunes; and that too depends upon the steps they shall take in the commencement of their office: for if they should postpone my affair, I shall give up all expectations of its ever being effected. Accordingly I have dispatched Aristocritus, that you may send me immediate notice of the first measures they shall pursue, together with the general plan upon which they purpose to conduct themselves. I have likewise ordered Dexippus to return to me with all expedition, and have written to my brother to request he would give me frequent information in what manner affairs proceed. It is with a view of receiving the earliest intelligence from Rome, that I continue at Dyrrachium; a place where I can remain in perfect security, as I have upon all occasions distinguished this city by my particular patronage.

tronage. However, as soon as I shall receive intimation that my enemies * are approaching, it is my resolution to retire into Epirus.

In answer to your tender proposal of accompanying me in my exile; I rather choose you should continue in Rome; as I am sensible it is upon you that the principal burthen of my affairs must rest. If your generous negociations should succeed, my return will prevent the necessity of that journey; if otherwise——but I need not add the rest. The next letter I shall receive from you, or at most the subsequent one, will determine me in what manner to act. In the meantime I desire you will give me a full and faithful information how things go on: though indeed I have now more reason to expect the final result of this affair, than an account of its progress.

Take care of your health, I conjure you; assuring yourself that you are, as you ever have been, the object of my fondest wishes. Farewell, my dear Terentia! I see you so strongly before me whilst I am writing, that I am utterly spent with the tears I have shed. Once more, Farewell!

Letter 5. *Quintus Cicero to Marcus Cicero* †.

I PROTEST to you, my dear brother, you have performed an act extremely agreeable to me, in giving Tiro his freedom, as a state of servitude was a situation far unworthy of his merit. Believe me, I felt the highest complacency, when I found, by his letter and yours, that you rather chose we should look upon him in the number of our

* The troops of Piso.

† The date of this letter is altogether uncertain.

friends, than in that of our slaves: and I both congratulate and thank you for this instance of your generosity towards him. If I receive so much satisfaction from the services of my freedman Statius; how much more valuable must the same good qualities appear in Tiro, as they have the additional advantages of his learning, his wit, and his politeness, to recommend him? I have many powerful motives for the affection I bear you; and this mark of your beneficence to Tiro, together with your giving me part (as indeed you had reason) in the family-joy upon this occasion, still increases the number. In a word, I saw and admired all the amiable qualities of your heart, in the letter you wrote to me on this subject.

I have promised my best services to the slaves of Sabinus; and it is a promise I will most assuredly make good. Farewell!

Letter 6. *To Tiro.*

[A. U. 708.]

YOUR letter encourages me to hope that you find yourself better; I am sure, at least, I most sincerely wish that you may. I entreat you, therefore, to consecrate all your cares to that end; and by no means indulge so mistaken a suspicion as that I am displeased you are not with me. With me you are, in the best sense of that expression, if you are taking care of your health; to which I had much rather you should attend, than on myself. For though I always both see and hear you with pleasure; that pleasure will be greatly increased, when I shall have the satisfaction at the same time to be assured that you are perfectly well.

My work ‡ is at present suspended, as I

‡ Probably a panegyric upon Cato; which he wrote and published about this time.

cannot make use of my own hand: however, I employ myself a good deal in reading. If your transcribers should be puzzled with my manuscript, I beg you would give them your assistance: as indeed there is an interlineation relating to a circumstance in Cato's behaviour when he was only four years of age, that I could scarce decypher myself. You will continue your care likewise, that the dining-room be in proper order for the reception of our guests; in which number, I dare say, I may reckon Tertia, provided Publius be not invited.

That strange fellow, Demetrius, was always, I know, the very reverse of his namesake of Phaleris: but I find he is now grown more insufferable than ever, and is degenerated into an arrant Bilienus. I resign the management of him therefore entirely into your hands; and you will pay your court to him accordingly. But—*however—d'ye see—and as to that—*(to present you with a few of his own elegant expletives) if you should have any conversation with him, let me know, that it may furnish me with the subject of a letter, and at the same time afford me the pleasure of reading so much longer an one from yourself. In the mean while, take care of your health, my dear Tiro, I conjure you; and be well persuaded, that you cannot render me a more pleasing service. Farewell!

Letter 6. To Dolabella *.

[A. U. 708.]

OH! that the silence you so kindly regret,

* He was at this time with Cæsar in Spain.

had been occasioned by my own death, rather than by the severe loss † I have suffered; a loss I should be better able to support, if I had you with me. For your judicious counsels, and singular affection towards me, would greatly contribute to alleviate its weight. This good office indeed I may yet perhaps receive; for as I imagine we shall soon see you here, you will find me still so deeply affected, as to have an opportunity of affording me great assistance. Not that this affliction has so broken my spirit as to render me unmindful that I am a man, or apprehensive that I must totally sink under its pressure. But all that cheerfulness and vivacity of temper, which you once so particularly admired, has now, alas! entirely forsaken me. My fortitude and resolution, nevertheless (if these virtues were ever mine), I still retain, and retain them too in the same vigour as when you left me.

As to those battles which, you tell me, you have sustained upon my account; I am far less solicitous that you should confute my detractors, than that the world should know (as it unquestionably does) that I enjoy a place in your affection: and may you still continue to render that truth conspicuous. To this request I will add another, and entreat you to excuse me for not sending you a longer letter. I shorten it, not only as imagining we shall soon meet, but because my mind is at present by no means sufficiently composed for writing. Farewell!

† The death of his daughter Tullia.

ANCIENT AND CLASSICAL.

SECT. II. From the Letters of PLINY the CONSUL *, to several of his Friends, as translated by WILLIAM MELMOTH, Esq.

Letter 1. *To Caninius Rufus.*

HOW stands Comum †, that favourite scene of yours and mine? What becomes of the pleasant villa, the vernal portico, the shady plane-tree walk, the crystal canal so agreeably winding along its flowery banks, together with the charming lake ‡ below, that serves at once the purposes of use and beauty? What have you to tell me of the firm, yet soft Gestatio §, the sunny bath, the public saloon, the private dining-room, and all the elegant apartments for repose both at noon and night ||: Do these enjoy my friend, and divide his time with pleasing vicissitude? Or do the affairs of the world, as usual, call you frequently out from this agreeable retreat? If the scene of your enjoyment lies wholly there, you are happy; if not, you

* Pliny was born in the reign of Nero, about the eight hundred and fifteenth year of Rome, and the sixty-second of the Christian æra.

† The city where Pliny was born: it is now called Como, situated upon the lake Larius, or Lago di Como, in the dutchy of Milan.

‡ The lake Larius, upon the banks of which this villa was situated.

§ A piece of ground set apart for the purpose of exercise, either on horseback, or in their vehicles.

|| It was customary among the Romans to sleep in the middle of the day, and they had apartments for that purpose distinct from their bed-chambers.

are under the common error of mankind. But leave, my friend, (for certainly it is high time,) the sordid pursuits of life to others, and devote yourself, in this calm and undisturbed recess, entirely to pleasures of the studious kind. Let these employ your idle as well as serious hours; let them be at once your business and your amusement, the subjects of your waking and even sleeping thoughts: produce something that shall be really and for ever your own. All your other possessions will pass on from one master to another; *this* alone, when once it is your's, will for ever be so. As I well know the temper and genius of him to whom I am addressing myself, I must exhort you to think as well of your abilities as they deserve: do justice to those excellent talents you possess, and the world, believe me, will certainly do so too. Farewell!

Letter 2. *To Cornelius Tacitus.*

CERTAINLY you will laugh (and laugh you may) when I tell you that your old acquaintance is turned sportsman, and has taken three noble boars. What! (methinks I hear you say with astonishment) Pliny!—*Even he.* However, I indulged at the same time my beloved inactivity; and while I sat at my nets, you would have found me, not with my spear, but my pen by my side. I amused and wrote, being resolved, if I returned with my hands empty, at least to come

come home with my papers full. Believe me, this manner of studying is not to be despised: you cannot conceive how greatly exercise contributes to enliven the imagination. There is, besides, something in the solemnity of the venerable woods, with which one is surrounded, together with that awful silence which is observed on these occasions, that strongly inclines the mind to meditation. For the future, therefore, let me advise you, whenever you hunt, to take along with you your pen and paper, as well as your basket and bottle; for, be assured, you will find Minerva as fond of traversing the hills as Diana. Farewell!

Letter 3. *To Atrius Clemens.*

IF ever polite literature flourished at Rome, it certainly does now, of which I could give you many eminent instances: I will content myself however with naming only Euphrates the philosopher. I first made acquaintance with this excellent person in my youth, when I served in the army in Syria. I had an opportunity of conversing with him familiarly, and took some pains to gain his affection: though that indeed was nothing difficult, for he is exceedingly open to access, and full of that humanity which he professes. I should think myself extremely happy if I had as much answered the expectations he at that time conceived of me, as he exceeds every thing that I had imagined of him. But perhaps I admire his excellencies more now than I did then, because I understand them better; if I can with truth say I understand them yet. For as none but those who are skilled in painting, statuary, or the plastic art, can form a right judgment of any performance in those sciences; so a man must himself have made great advances in learn-

ing, before he is capable of forming a just notion of the learned. However, as far as I am qualified to determine, Euphrates is possessed of so many shining talents, that he cannot fail to strike the most injudicious observer. He reasons with much force, penetration, and elegance, and frequently launches out into all the sublime and luxuriant eloquence of Plato. His style is rich and flowing, and at the same time so wonderfully sweet, that with a pleasing violence he forces the attention of the most unwilling hearer. His outward appearance is agreeable to all the rest; he has a good shape, a comely aspect, long hair, and a large white beard; circumstances, which, though they may probably be thought trifling and accidental, contribute, however, to gain him much reverence. There is no affected negligence in his habit; his countenance is grave, but not austere; and his approach commands respect, without creating awe. Distinguished as he is by the sanctity of his manners, he is no less so by his polite and affable address. He points his eloquence against the vices, not the persons of mankind, and, without chastising, reclaims the wanderer. His exhortations so captivate your attention, that you hang as it were upon his lips; and even after the heart is convinced, the ear still wishes to listen to the harmonious reasoner. His family consists of three children (two of which are sons), whom he educates with the utmost care. His father-in-law, Pompeius Julianus, as he greatly distinguished himself in every other part of his life, so particularly in this, that though he was himself of the highest rank in his province, yet among many considerable competitors for his daughter, he preferred Euphrates, as first in merit, though not in dignity. But to dwell any longer upon the virtues

virtues of a man whose conversation I am so unfortunate as not to have leisure to enjoy, what would it avail but to increase my uneasiness that I cannot enjoy it? My time is wholly taken up in the execution of a very honourable, indeed, but very troublesome employment; in hearing of causes, answering petitions, passing accounts, and writing of letters: but letters, alas! where genius has no share. I sometimes complain to Euphrates (for I have leisure at least for that) of these unpleasing occupations. He endeavours to comfort me, by affirming, that to be engaged in the service of the public, to hear and determine causes, to explain the laws, and administer justice, is a part, and the noblest part too, of philosophy, as it is reducing to practice what her professors teach in speculation. It may be so: but that it is as agreeable as to spend whole days in attending to his useful conversation—even his rhetoric will never be able to convince me. I cannot therefore but strongly recommend it to you, who have leisure, the next time you come to Rome (and you will come, I dare say, so much the sooner) to take the benefit of his elegant and refined instructions. I am not, you see, in the number of those who envy others the happiness they cannot share themselves: on the contrary, it is a very sensible pleasure to me, when I find my friends in possession of an enjoyment from which I have the misfortune to be excluded. Farewell!

Letter 4. *To Septitius Clarus.*

HOW happened it, my friend, that you did not keep your engagement the other night, to sup with me? But take notice, justice is to be had, and I expect you shall fully reimburse me the expence I was at to

treat you; which, let me tell you, was no small sum. I had prepared, you must know, a lettuce a-piece, three snails, two eggs, and a barley cake, with some sweet wine and snow*; the snow most certainly I shall charge to your account, as a rarity that will not keep. Besides all these curious dishes, there were olives of Andalusia, gourds, shalots, and a hundred other dainties equally sumptuous. You should likewise have been entertained either with an interlude, the rehearsal of a poem, or a piece of music, as you liked best; or (such was my liberality) with all the three. But the luxurious delicacies† and Spanish dancers of a certain — I know not who, were, it seems, more to your taste. However, I shall have my revenge of you, depend upon it;—in what manner, shall be at present a secret. In good truth it was not kind, thus to mortify

* The Romans used snow, not only to cool their liquors, but their stomachs, after having inflamed themselves with high eating: this custom still prevails in Italy, especially in Naples, where they drink very few liquors, not so much as water, that have not lain in fresco, and every body from the highest to the lowest makes use of it; insomuch that a scarcity of snow would raise a mutiny at Naples, as much as a dearth of corn or provisions in another country.

† In the original the dishes are specified, viz. Oysters, the matrices of fows, and a certain sea-shell-fish, prickly like a hedge-hog, called Echinus, all in the highest estimation among the Roman admirers of table-luxury; as appears by numberless passages in the classic writers. Our own country had the honour to furnish them with oysters, which they fetched from Sandwich: Montanus, mentioned by Juvenal, was so well skilled in the science of good eating, that he could tell by the first taste whether they came from thence or not.

your friend, I had almost said yourself;—and, upon second thoughts, I do say so: for how agreeably should we have spent the evening, in laughing, trifling, and deep speculation! You may sup, I confess, at many places more splendidly; but you can be treated no where, believe me, with more unconstrained cheerfulness, simplicity, and freedom: only make the experiment; and if you do not ever afterwards prefer my table to any other, never favour me with your company again. Farewell!

Letter 5. *To Paulinus.*

WHETHER I have reason for my rage, is not quite so clear; however, wondrous angry I am. But love, you know, will sometimes be irrational; as it is often ungovernable, and ever jealous. The occasion of this my formidable wrath is great, you must allow, were it but just: yet, taking it for granted that there is as much truth as weight in it, I am most vehemently enraged at your long silence. Would you soften my resentment, let your letters for the future be very frequent, and very long. I shall excuse you upon no other terms; and as absence from Rome, or engagement in business, is a plea I can by no means admit; so that of ill health, the gods, I hope, will not suffer you to allege. As for myself, I am enjoying at my villa the alternate pleasures of study and indolence; those happy privileges of retired leisure! Farewell!

Letter 6. *To Caninius.*

HOW is my friend employed? Is it in the pleasures of study, or in those of the field? Or does he unite both together, as he well may, on the banks of our favourite La-

rius*? The fish in that noble lake will supply you with sport of that kind; as the woods that surround it will afford you game; while the solemnity of that sequestered scene will at the same time dispose your mind to contemplation. Whether you are entertained with all or any of these agreeable amusements, far be it that I should say I envy you; but, I must confess, I greatly regret that I cannot partake of them too; a happiness I as earnestly long for, as a man in a fever does for drink to allay his thirst, or baths and fountains to assuage his heat. Shall I never break loose (if I may not disentangle myself) from these ties that thus closely withhold me? I doubt, indeed, never; for new affairs are daily increasing, while yet the former remain unfinished: such an endless train of business rises upon me, and rivets my chains still faster. Farewell!

Letter 7. *To Gallus.*

YOU are surprised, it seems, that I am so fond of my Laurentinum†, or (if you like the appellation better) my Laurens: but you will cease to wonder, when I acquaint you with the beauty of the villa, the advantages of its situation, and the extensive prospect of the sea-coast. It is but seventeen miles distant from Rome; so that having finished my affairs in town, I can pass my evenings here without breaking in upon the business of the day. There are two different roads to it; if you go by that of Laurentum, you must

* Now called Lago di Como, in the Milanese.

† A winter villa, in which he used to spend some of the cold months, whenever his business admitted of his absence from Rome.

turn off at the fourteenth mile-stone; if by Ostia, at the eleventh. Both of them are in some parts sandy, which makes it something heavy and tedious if you travel in a coach, but easy and pleasant to those who ride. The landscape on all sides is extremely diversified, the prospect in some places being confined by woods, in others extending over large and beautiful meadows, where numberless flocks of sheep, and herds of cattle, which the severity of the winter has drove from the mountains, fatten in the vernal warmth of this rich pasturage. My villa is large enough to afford all conveniences, without being expensive. The porch before it is plain, but not mean, through which you enter into a portico in the form of the letter D, which includes a small, but agreeable area. This affords a very commodious retreat in bad weather, not only as it is inclosed with windows, but particularly as it is sheltered by an extraordinary projection of the roof. From the middle of this portico you pass into an inward court extremely pleasant, and from thence into a handsome hall which runs out towards the sea; so that when there is a south-west wind, it is gently washed with the waves, which spend themselves at the foot of it. On every side of this hall there are either folding doors or windows equally large, by which means you have a view from the front and the two sides, as it were of three different seas; from the back part you see the middle court, the portico, and the area: and by another view, you look through the portico into the porch, from whence the prospect is terminated by the woods and mountains, which are seen at a distance. On the left hand of this hall, something farther from the sea, lies a large drawing-room, and beyond that a second of a smaller size, which

has one window to the rising, and another to the setting sun; this has likewise a prospect of the sea, but, being at a greater distance, is less incommoded by it. The angle which the projection of the hall forms with this drawing-room, retains and increases the warmth of the sun, and hither my family retreat in winter to perform their exercises. It is sheltered from all winds except those which are generally attended with clouds, so that nothing can render this place useless, but what at the same time destroys the fair weather. Contiguous to this is a room forming the segment of a circle, the windows of which are so placed as to receive the sun the whole day. In the walls are contrived a sort of cases, which contain a collection of such authors whose works can never be read too often. From hence you pass into a bed-chamber through a passage, which being boarded, and suspended as it were over a stove which runs underneath, tempers the heat which it receives, and conveys to all parts of this room. The remainder of this side of the house is appropriated to the use of my slaves and freedmen; but, however, most of the apartments in it are neat enough to entertain any of my friends, who are inclined to be my guests. In the opposite wing is a room ornamented in a very elegant taste; next to which lies another room, which, though large for a parlour, makes but a moderate dining-room; it is exceedingly warmed and enlightened, not only by the direct rays of the sun, but by their reflection from the sea. Beyond this is a bed-chamber, together with its ante-chamber, the height of which renders it cool in summer, as its being sheltered on all sides from the winds, makes it warm in winter. To this apartment another of the same sort is joined by one common wall.

From

From thence you enter into the grand and spacious *cooling-room* belonging to the baths*, from the opposite walls of which two round basins project, large enough to swim in. Contiguous to this is the perfuming-room, then the sweating-room, and beyond that, the furnace which conveys the heat to the baths; adjoining are two other little bathing-

* The custom of bathing in hot water was become so habitual to the Romans in Pliny's time, that they every day practised it before they ate; for which reason, in the city, the public baths were extremely numerous. There were for each sex three rooms for bathing, one of cold water, one of warm, and one still warmer; and there were cells of three degrees of heat for sweating: to the beforementioned members were added others for *anointing* and bodily exercises. The last thing they did before they entered into the dining-room, was to bathe; what preceded their washing, was their exercise in the *spheristerium*, prior to which it was their custom to anoint themselves. Their sweating rooms were not used but upon particular occasions.

The Roman magnificence seems to have particularly displayed itself in the article of their baths. Seneca says, they were works of the highest splendour and expence. The walls were composed of Alexandrine marble, whose veins were polished and brightened in such a manner as to look like a picture: the edges of the basins were set round with a most valuable kind of stone, found in Thassus, one of the Greek islands, variegated with veins of different colours, interspersed with streaks of gold; the water was conveyed through silver pipes, and fell, by several different descents, in beautiful cascades. The floors were inlaid with precious gems, and an intermixture of statues and colonades, contributed to throw an air of elegance and grandeur upon the whole.

rooms, which are fitted up in an elegant rather than a costly manner: annexed to this is a warm bath of extraordinary workmanship, wherein one may swim, and have a prospect, at the same time, of the sea. Not far from hence stands the tennis-court, which lies open to the warmth of the afternoon sun. From thence you ascend a sort of turret, which contains two entire apartments below, as there are the same number above; besides a dining-room, which commands a very extensive prospect of the sea and coast, together with the beautiful villas that stand interspersed upon it. At the other end is a second turret, containing a room which faces the rising and setting sun. Behind this is a large room for a repository, next to which is a gallery of curiosities, and underneath a spacious dining-room, where the roaring of the sea, even in a storm, is heard but faintly: it looks upon the garden, and the *gestatio* which surrounds the garden. The *gestatio* is encompassed with a box-tree hedge, and where that is decayed, with rosemary: for the box in those parts which are sheltered by the buildings, preserves its verdure perfectly well: but where, by an open situation, it lies exposed to the dashing of the sea-water, though at a great distance, it entirely withers. Between the garden and this *gestatio* runs a shady walk of vines, which is so soft that you may walk bare-foot upon it without any injury. The garden is chiefly planted with fig and mulberry trees, to which this soil is as favourable as it is averse to all others. In this place is a banqueting-room, which, though it stands remote from the sea, enjoys however a prospect nothing inferior to that view; two apartments run round the back part of it, whose windows look upon the entrance of the villa, and into a very pleasant kitchen-garden.

From

From hence an inclosed portico * extends itself, which by its grandeur you might take for a public one; it has a range of windows on each side, but on that which looks towards the sea, they are double the number of those next the garden. When the weather is fair and serene, these are all thrown open; but if it blows, those on the side the wind sits are shut, while the others remain unclosed without any inconvenience. Before this portico lies a terrace perfumed with violets, and warmed by the reflection of the sun from the portico, which as it retains the rays, so it keeps off the north-east wind; and it is as warm on this side, as it is cool on the opposite; in the same manner it is a defence against the south-west; and thus, in short, by means of its several sides, breaks the force of the winds, from what point soever they blow. These are some of the winter advantages of this agreeable situation, which however are still more considerable in summer; for at that season it throws a shade upon the terrace during all the forenoon, as it defends the gestatio, and that part of the garden which lies contiguous to it, from the afternoon sun, and casts a greater or less shade, as the day either increases or decreases; but the portico itself is then coolest when the sun is most scorching, that is, when its rays fall directly upon the roof. To these advantages I must not forget to add, that by setting open the windows, the western breezes have a free draught, and by that means the inclosed air is prevented from stagnating. On the upper

* These inclosed porticos differed no other-ways from our present galleries, than that they had pillars in them; the use of this room was for walking.

end of the terrace and portico stands a detached building in the garden, which I call my *favourite*; and in truth I am extremely fond of it, as I erected it myself. It contains a very warm winter room, one side of which looks upon the terrace, the other has a view of the sea, and both lie exposed to the sun. Through the folding-doors you see the opposite chamber, and from the window is a prospect of the inclosed portico. On that side next the sea, and opposite to the middle wall, stands a little elegant retired closet, which, by means of glass doors and a curtain, is either laid into the adjoining room, or separated from it. It contains a couch and two chairs: as you lie upon this couch, from the feet you have a prospect of the sea; if you look behind, you see the neighbouring villas; and from the head you have a view of the woods: these three views may be seen either distinctly from so many different windows in the room, or blended together in one confused prospect. Adjoining to this is a bed-chamber, which neither the voice of the servants, the murmur of the sea, nor even the roaring of a tempest, can reach, nor lightning nor the day itself can penetrate it, unless you open the windows. This profound tranquillity is occasioned by a passage which divides the wall of this chamber from that of the garden, and thus by means of that void intervening space, every noise is drowned. Annexed to this is a small stove-room, which, by opening a little window, warms the bed-chamber to the degree of heat required. Beyond this lies a chamber and ante-chamber, which enjoys the sun, though obliquely indeed, from the time it rises till the afternoon. When I retire to this garden apartment, I fancy myself a hundred miles from

from my own house, and take particular pleasure in it at the feast of the Saturnalia *, when, by the licence of that season of joy, every other part of my villa resounds with the mirth of my domestics: thus I neither interrupt their diversions, nor they my studies. Among the pleasures and conveniences of this situation, there is one disadvantage, and that is the want of a running stream; but this defect is in a great measure supplied by wells, or rather I should call them springs, for they rise very near the surface. And indeed the quality of this coast is pretty remarkable; for in what part soever you dig, you meet, upon the first turning up of the ground, with a spring of pure water, not in the least salt, though so near the sea. The neighbouring forests afford an abundant supply of fuel; as every other convenience of life may be had from Ostia: to a moderate man, indeed, even the next village (between which and my house there is only one villa) would furnish all the common necessities of life. In that little place there are no less than three public baths; which is a great convenience if it happens that my friends come in unexpectedly, or make too short a stay to allow time for preparing my own. The whole coast is beautifully diversified by the joining or detached villas that are spread upon it, which, whether you view them from the sea, or the shore, have a much more agreeable effect than if it was crowded with

* A feast held in honour of the god Saturn, which began on the 19th of December, and continued, as some say, for seven days. It was a time of general rejoicing; particularly among the slaves, who had at this season the privilege of treating their masters with great freedom.

towns. It is sometimes, after a long calm, good travelling upon the coast, though, in general, by the storms driving the waves upon it, it is rough and uneven. I cannot boast that our sea produces any very extraordinary fish; however, it supplies us with exceeding fine soals and prawns: but as to provisions of other kinds, my villa pretends to excel even inland countries, particularly in milk; for thither the cattle come from the meadows in great numbers, in pursuit of shade and water. Tell me now, have I not just cause to bestow my time and my affection upon this delightful retreat? Surely you are unreasonably attached to the pleasures of the town, if you have no inclination to take a view of it; as I much wish you had, that to so many charms with which my favourite villa abounds, it might have the very considerable addition of your presence to recommend it. Farewell!

Letter 8. To Calvisius.

I NEVER spent my time more agreeably, I think, than I did lately with Spurinna. I am so much pleased with the uninterrupted regularity of his way of life, that if ever I should arrive at old age, there is no man whom I would sooner chuse for my model. I look upon order in human actions, especially at that advanced period, with the same sort of pleasure as I behold the settled course of the heavenly bodies. In youth, indeed, there is a certain irregularity and agitation by no means unbecoming; but in age, when business is unseasonable, and ambition indecent, all should be calm and uniform. This rule Spurinna religiously pursues throughout his whole conduct. Even in those transac-

tions

tions which one might call minute and inconsiderable did they not occur every day, he observes a certain periodical season and method. The first part of the morning he devotes to study; at eight he dresses and walks about three miles, in which he enjoys at once contemplation and exercise. At his return, if he has any friends with him in his house, he enters upon some polite and useful topic of conversation; if he is alone, somebody reads to him; and sometimes too when he is not, if it is agreeable to his company. When this is over he reposes himself, and then again either takes up a book, or falls into some discourse even more entertaining and instructive. He afterwards takes the air in his chariot, either with his wife (who is a lady of uncommon merit) or with some friend: a happiness which lately was mine!—How agreeable, how noble is the enjoyment of him in that hour of privacy! You would fancy you were hearing some worthy of ancient times, inflaming your breast with the most heroic examples, and instructing your mind with the most exalted precepts; which yet he delivers with so modest an air, that there is not the least appearance of dictating in his conversation. When he has thus taken a tour of about seven miles, he gets out of his chariot, and walks a mile more; after which he returns home, and either reposes himself, or retires to his study. He has an excellent taste for poetry, and composes in the lyric manner, both in Greek and Latin, with great judgment. It is surprising what an ease and spirit of gaiety runs through his verses, which the merit of the author renders still more valuable. When the baths are ready, which in winter is about three o'clock, and in summer about two, he undresses himself: and if there happens to be no wind, he walks for some time

in the sun. After this he plays a considerable time at tennis; for by this sort of exercise too, he combats the effects of old age. When he has bathed, he throws himself upon his couch till supper-time*, and in the meanwhile some agreeable and entertaining author is read to him. In this, as in all the rest, his friends are at full liberty to partake, or to employ themselves in any other manner more suitable to their taste. You sit down to an elegant, yet frugal repast, which is served up in pure and antique plate. He has likewise a complete equipage for his side-board, in Corinthian metal†, which is his pleasure, not his passion. At his table he is frequently entertained with comedians, that even his very amusements may be seasoned with good sense; and though he continues there, even in summer, till the night is something advanced, yet he prolongs the feast with so much affability and politeness, that none of his guests ever think it tedious. By this method of living he has preserved all his senses entire, and his body active and vigorous to his seventy-eighth year, without discovering any appearance of old age, but the wisdom. This is the sort of life which I ardently aspire after; as I purpose to enjoy it, when I shall arrive at those years which will justify a retreat from business. In the meanwhile I am embarrassed with a thousand affairs, in which Spurrinna is at once my support and my example. As long as it be-

* This was the principal meal among the Romans, at which all their feasts and invitations were made; they usually began it about their ninth hour, answering pretty nearly to our three o'clock in the afternoon.

† This metal was so highly esteemed among the ancients, that they preferred it even to gold.

came him, he entered into all the duties of public life. It was by passing through the various offices of the state, by governing of provinces, and by indefatigable toil, that he merited the repose he now enjoys. I propose to myself the same course, and the same end; and I give it to you under my hand that I do so. If an ill-timed ambition should carry me beyond it, produce this letter against me, and condemn me to repose, whenever I can enjoy it without being reproached with indolence. Farewell!

Letter 9. *To Hispulla.*

IT is not easy to determine whether my love or esteem were greater for that wise and excellent man your father: but this is most certain, that in respect to his memory and your virtues, I have the tenderest value for you. Can I fail then to wish (as I shall by every means in my power endeavour) that your son may copy the virtues of both his grandfathers, particularly his maternal? as indeed his father and his uncle will furnish him also with very illustrious examples. The surest method to train him up in the steps of these valuable men, is early to season his mind with polite learning and useful knowledge; and it is of the last consequence from whom he receives these instructions. Hitherto he has had his education under your eye, and in your house, where he is exposed to few, I should rather say to no wrong impressions. But he is now of an age to be sent from home, and it is time to place him with some professor of rhetoric; of whose discipline and method, but above all, of whose morals, you may be well satisfied. Amongst the many advantages for which this amiable youth is indebted to nature and fortune, he

has that of a most beautiful person: it is necessary, therefore, in this loose and slippery age, to find out one who will not only be his tutor, but his guardian and his guide. I will venture to recommend Julius Genitor to you under that character. I love him, I confess, extremely: but my affection does by no means prejudice my judgment; on the contrary, it is in truth the effect of it. His behaviour is grave, and his morals irreproachable; perhaps something too severe and rigid for the libertine manners of these times. His qualifications in his profession you may learn from many others; for the art of eloquence, as it is open to all the world, is soon discovered; but the qualities of the heart lie more concealed, and out of the reach of common observation; and it is on *that* side I undertake to be answerable for my friend. Your son will hear nothing from this worthy man, but what will be for his advantage to know, nor learn any thing of which it would be happier he should be ignorant. He will represent to him as often, and with as much zeal as you or I should, the virtues of his family, and what a glorious weight of characters he has to support. You will not hesitate then to place him with a tutor, whose first care will be to form his manners, and afterwards to instruct him in eloquence; an attainment ill-acquired, if with the neglect of moral improvements. Farewell!

Letter 10. *To Catilius.*

I ACCEPT of your invitation to supper; but I must make this agreement beforehand, that you dismiss me soon, and treat me frugally. Let our entertainment abound only in philosophical conversation; and even that too with moderation. There are certain mid-
night

night parties, which Cato himself could not safely fall in with; though I must confess at the same time, that Julius Cæsar*, when he reproaches him upon that head, exalts the character he endeavours to expose: for he describes those persons who met this reeling patriot, as blushing when they discovered who he was; and adds, you would have thought that Cato had detected them, and not they Cato. Could he place the dignity of Cato in a stronger light, than by representing him thus venerable, even in his cups? As for ourselves, nevertheless, let temperance not only spread our table, but regulate our hours: for we are not arrived at so high a reputation, that our enemies cannot censure us, but to our honour. Farewell!

Letter 11. *To Servianus.*

TO what shall I attribute your long silence? Is it want of health, or want of leisure, that prevents your writing? Or is it, perhaps, that you have no opportunity of conveying your letters? Free me, I entreat you, from the perplexity of these doubts; for they are more, be assured, than I am able to support; and do so, even though it be at the expence of an express messenger: I will gladly bear his charges, and even reward him too, should he bring me the news I wish. As for myself, I am well; if that, with any propriety, can be said of a man who lives in the utmost suspense and anxiety, under the apprehensions of all the accidents which can possibly befall the friend he most tenderly loves. Farewell!

* Julius Cæsar wrote an invective against Cato of Utica; to which, it is probable, Pliny here alludes.

Letter 12. *To Hispulla.*

AS you are an exemplary instance of tender regard to your family in general, and to your late excellent brother in particular, whose affection you returned with an equal warmth of sentiment; and have not only shewn the kindness of an aunt, but supplied the loss of a tender parent to his daughter*; you will hear, I am well persuaded, with infinite pleasure, that she behaves worthy of her father, her grandfather, and yourself. She possesses an excellent understanding, together with a consummate prudence, and gives the strongest testimony of the purity of her heart, by her fondness of me. Her affection to me has given her a turn to books; and my compositions, which she takes a pleasure in reading, and even getting by heart, are continually in her hands. How full of tender solicitude is she when I am entering upon any cause! How kindly does she rejoice with me when it is over! While I am pleading, she places persons to inform her from time to time, how I am heard, what applauses I receive, and what success attends the cause. When at any time I recite my works, she conceals herself behind some curtain, and with secret rapture enjoys my praises. She sings my verses to her lyre, with no other master but love, the best instructor, for her guide. From these happy circumstances I draw my most assured hopes, that the harmony between us will increase with our days, and be as lasting as our lives. For it is not my youth, or my person, which time gradually impairs; it is my reputation, and my glory, of which she is enamoured. But what less could be expected from one

* Calphurnia, Pliny's wife.

who was trained by your hands, and formed by your instructions; who was early familiarized under your roof with all that is worthy and amiable, and was first taught to conceive an affection for me, by the advantageous colours in which you were pleased to represent me? And as you revered my mother with all the respect due even to a parent, so you kindly directed and encouraged my infancy; presaging of me from that early period, all that my wife now fondly imagines I really am. Accept therefore of our mutual thanks, that you have thus, as it were designedly, formed us for each other. Farewell!

Letter 13. *To Apollinaris.*

THE kind concern you expressed when you heard of my design to pass the summer at my villa in Tuscany*, and your obliging endeavours to dissuade me from going to a place which you think unhealthy, is extremely agreeable to me. I confess, indeed, the air of that part of Tuscany which lies towards the coast, is thick and unwholesome; but my house is situated at a great distance from the sea, under one of the Apennine mountains, which, of all others, is most esteemed for the clearness of its air. But that you may lay aside all apprehensions upon my account, I will give you a description of the temperature of the climate, the situation of the country, and the beauty of my villa, which I am persuaded you will hear with as much pleasure as I shall relate.—The winters are severe and cold, so that myrtles, olives, and trees of that kind which delight in con-

* This was Pliny's principal seat, lying about 150 miles from Rome, where he usually resided in the summer season.

stant warmth, will not flourish here; but it produces bay-trees in great perfection; yet sometimes, though indeed not oftner than in the neighbourhood of Rome, they are killed by the sharpness of the seasons. The summers are exceedingly temperate, and continually attended with refreshing breezes, which are seldom interrupted by high winds. If you were to come here, and see the numbers of old men who have lived to be grandfathers and great-grandfathers, and hear the stories they can entertain you with of their ancestors, you would fancy yourself born in some former age.—The disposition of the country is the most beautiful that can be imagined: figure to yourself an immense amphitheatre; but such as the hand of nature could only form. Before you lies a vast extended plain, bounded by a range of mountains, whose summits are crowned with lofty and venerable woods, which supply variety of game: from hence, as the mountains decline, they are adorned with underwoods. Intermixed with these are little hills, of so strong and fat a soil that it would be difficult to find a single stone upon them: their fertility is nothing inferior to the lowest grounds; and though their harvest, indeed, is something later, their crops are as well matured. At the foot of these hills the eye is presented, wherever it turns, with one unbroken view of numberless vineyards, which are terminated by a border, as it were, of shrubs. From thence you have a prospect of the adjoining fields and meadows below. The soil of the former is so extremely stiff, and upon the first ploughing it rises in such vast clods, that it is necessary to go over it nine several times with the largest oxen and the strongest ploughs, before they can be thoroughly broken; whilst the enamelled meadows produce
trefoil,

trefoil, and other kinds of herbage, as fine and tender as if it were but just sprung up, being continually refreshed by never-failing rills. But though the country abounds with great plenty of water, there are no marshes; for as it is a rising ground, whatever water it receives without absorbing, runs off into the Tiber. This river, which winds through the middle of the meadows, is navigable only in the winter and spring, when it transports the produce of the lands to Rome: but its channel is so extremely low in summer, that it scarce deserves the name of a river; towards the autumn, however, it begins again to renew its claim to that title. You could not be more agreeably entertained, than by taking a view of the face of this country from the top of one of our neighbouring mountains: you would imagine, that not a real, but some painted landscape, lay before you, drawn with the most exquisite beauty and exactness: such an harmonious and regular variety charms the eye which way soever it throws itself.—My villa is so advantageously situated, that it commands a full view of all the country round; yet you go up to it by so insensible a rise, that you find yourself upon an elevation without perceiving you ascended. Behind, but at a great distance, stands the Apennine mountains. In the calmest days we are refreshed by the winds that blow from thence, but so spent, as it were, by the long tract of land they travel over, that they are entirely divested of all their strength and violence before they reach us. The exposition of the principal front of the house is full south, and seems to invite the afternoon sun in summer (but something earlier in winter) into a spacious and well-proportioned portico, consisting of several members, particularly a porch

built after the manner of the ancients. In the front of the portico is a sort of terrace, embellished with various figures, and bounded with a box-hedge, from whence you descend by an easy slope, adorned with the representation of divers animals in box answering alternately to each other, into a lawn overspread with the soft, I had almost said the liquid acanthus*: this is surrounded by a walk† inclosed with dense ever-greens, shaped into a variety of forms. Beyond it is the gestatio, laid out in the form of a circus‡, ornamented in the middle with box cut into numberless different figures, together with a plantation of shrubs prevented by the shears from running up too high: the whole is fenced in with a wall covered by box, rising by different ranges to the top. On the outside of a wall lies a meadow, that owes as many beauties to nature as all I have been describing within does to art; at the end of which are several other meadows and fields interspersed with thickets. At the extremity of the portico stands a grand dining-room, which opens upon one end of the terrace; as from the windows there is a very extensive prospect over the meadows, up into the coun-

* Sir William Temple supposes the Acanthus of the ancients to be what we call Pericanthe. Modern botanists term it garden bear's-foot; but Mr. Castel, with more probability, imagines, by its character here, that it resembles moss.

† This walk is called, in the original, Ambulatio; but its being raised above the other walks which lay in the front, seems to justify its being called a Terrace.

‡ A place set apart for the celebration of several public games, particularly the chariot-race. Its form was generally oblong, having a wall quite round, with ranges of seats for the convenience of spectators.

try,

try, from whence you also have a view of the terrace, and such parts of the house which project forward, together with the woods inclosing the adjacent hippodrome*. Opposite almost to the centre of the portico stands an apartment something backwards, which encompasses a small area shaded by four plane-trees; in the midst of which a fountain rises, from whence the water running over the edges of a marble basin, gently refreshes the surrounding plane-trees, and the verdure underneath them. This apartment consists of a bed-chamber free from every kind of noise, and which the light itself cannot penetrate; together with a common dining-room, that I use whenever I have none but familiar friends with me. A second portico looks upon this little area, and has the same prospect with the former I just now described. There is besides another room, which, being situated close to the nearest plane-tree, enjoys a constant shade and verdure: its sides are incrustated half way with carved marble, and from thence to the ceiling a foilage is painted with birds intermixed among the branches, which has an effect altogether as agreeable as that of the carving; at the basis of which is placed a little fountain, that, playing through several small pipes into a vase, produces a most pleasing murmur. From a corner of the portico you enter into a very spacious chamber opposite to the grand dining-room, which, from some of its windows, has a view of the terrace, and from others of the meadow, as those in the front look upon a cascade, which entertains at once both the eye and the ear: for the water falling from a great height, foams round the marble basin which receives it below. This room is extremely warm in winter, be-

ing much exposed to the sun, as in a cloudy day the heat of an adjoining stove very well supplies his absence. From hence you pass through a spacious and pleasant undressing-room into the cold-bath-room, in which is a large gloomy bath: but if you are disposed to swim more at large, or in warmer water, in the middle of the area is a wide basin for that purpose, and near it a reservoir, from whence you may be supplied with cold water, to brace yourself again, if you should perceive you are too much relaxed by the warm. Contiguous to the cold bath is one of a middling degree of heat, which enjoys the kindly warmth of the sun, but not so intensely as that of the hot-bath, which projects farther. This last consists of three several divisions, each of different degrees of heat; the two former lie open to the full sun; the latter, though not so much exposed to its heat, receives an equal share of its light. Over the undressing-room is built the tennis-court, which, by means of different circles†, admits of different kinds of games. Not far from the baths, is the stair-case which leads to the inclosed portico, after having first passed through three apartments: one of these looks upon the little area with the four plane-trees round it, the other has a sight of the meadows, and from the third you have a view of several vineyards: so that they have as many different prospects as expositions. At one end of the inclosed portico, and indeed taken off from it, is a chamber that looks upon the

† These circles were probably particular marks made on the floor, the success of their play depending on the ball's lighting in such a circle after it had been struck, which it was the adversary's business to prevent; and the many sorts of exercises this room was made for, might be diversified by lines or circles on the walls or floor.
hippodrome,

* A part of the garden so called.

hippodrome, the vineyards, and the mountains; adjoining is a room which has a full exposure to the sun, especially in winter: from hence runs an apartment that connects the hippodrome with the house: and such is the form and aspect of the front. On the side is a summer inclosed portico, which stands high, and has not only a prospect of the vineyards, but seems almost to touch them. From the middle of this portico you enter a dining-room, cooled by the wholesome breezes which come from the Apennine valleys: from the windows in the back front, which are extremely large, there is a prospect of the vineyards, as you have also another view of them from the folding doors through the summer portico: along that side of this dining-room, where there are no windows, runs a private stair-case for the greater conveniency of serving at entertainments: at the farther end is a chamber, from whence the eye is entertained with a view of the vineyards, and (what is equally agreeable) of the portico. Underneath this room is an inclosed portico something resembling a grotto, which enjoying, in the midst of summer heats, its own natural coolness, neither admits nor wants the refreshment of external breezes. After you have passed both these porticos, at the end of the dining-room stands a third, which, as the day is more or less advanced, serves either for winter or summer use. It leads to two different apartments, one containing four chambers, the other three, which enjoy by turns both sun and shade. In the front of these agreeable buildings lies a very spacious hippodrome*, entirely open in the middle; by which means the eye, upon your

* A place among the Grecians, set apart for horse-racing, and other exercises of that kind.

first entrance, takes in its whole extent at one view. It is encompassed on every side with plane-trees covered with ivy; so that while their heads flourish with their own green, their bodies enjoy a borrowed verdure; and thus the ivy, twining round the trunk and branches, spreads from tree to tree, and connects them together. Between each plane-tree are planted box-trees, and behind these, bay-trees, which blend their shade with that of the planes. This plantation, forming a straight boundary on both sides of the hippodrome, bends at the farther end into a semicircle, which being set round and sheltered with cypress-trees, varies the prospect, and casts a deeper and more gloomy shade; while the inward circular walks (for there are several) enjoying an open exposure, are perfumed with roses, and correct, by a very pleasing contrast, the coolness of the shade with the warmth of the sun. Having passed through these several winding alleys, you enter a straight walk, which breaks out into a variety of others, divided off by box-hedges. In one place you have a little meadow; in another, the box is cut into a thousand different forms; sometimes into letters, expressing the name of the master, sometimes that of the artificer, whilst here and there little obelisks rise intermixed alternately with fruit-trees: when on a sudden, in the midst of this elegant regularity, you are surprised with an imitation of the negligent beauties of rural nature; in the centre of which lies a spot surrounded with a knot of dwarf plane-trees†. Beyond these is a walk interspersed

† The plane-tree was extremely cultivated among the Romans upon account of its extraordinary shade, and they used to nourish it with wine instead of water.

with the smooth and twining acanthus, where the trees are also cut into a variety of names and shapes. At the upper end is an alcove of white marble, shaded with vines, supported by four small Carystian pillars*. From this bench the water gushing through several little pipes, as if it were pressed out by the weight of the persons who repose themselves upon it, falls into a stone cistern underneath, from whence it is received into a fine polished marble basin, so artfully contrived, that it is always full without overflowing. When I sup here, this basin serves for a table, the larger sort of dishes being placed round the margin, while the smaller ones swim about in the form of little vessels and water-fowl. Corresponding to this, is a fountain which is incessantly emptying and filling; for the water, which it throws up a great height, falling back again into it, is, by means of two openings, returned as fast as it is received. Fronting the alcove (and which reflects as great an ornament to it, as it borrows from it) stands a summer-house of exquisite marble, whose doors project and open into a green inclosure; as from its upper and lower windows the eye is presented with a variety of different' verdures. Next to this is a little private closet (which, though it seems distinct, may be laid into the same room) furnished with a couch; and notwithstanding it has windows on every side, yet it enjoys a very agreeable gloominess, by means of a spreading vine, which climbs to the top, and entirely overshades it. Here you may lie and fancy yourself in a wood, with this

* This marble came from Carystus (now called Caristo) in Eubœa, an island in the Archipelago, which has since changed its name into Negroponte.

difference only, that you are not exposed to the weather: in this place a fountain also rises, and instantly disappears: in different quarters are disposed several marble seats, which serve, as well as the summer-house, as so many reliefs after one is wearied with walking. Near each seat is a little fountain; and throughout the whole hippodrome, several small rills run murmuring along, where-soever the hand of art thought proper to conduct them, watering here and there different spots of verdure, and in their progress refreshing the whole.

And now, I should not have hazarded the imputation of being too minute in this detail, if I had not proposed to lead you into every corner of my house and gardens. You will hardly, I imagine, think it a trouble to read the description of a place, which I am persuaded would please you were you to see it; especially as you have it in your power to stop, and, by throwing aside my letter, sit down as it were, and rest yourself as often as you think proper. I had at the same time a view, to the gratification of my own passion; as I confess I have a very great one for this villa, which was chiefly built or finished by myself. In a word, (for why should I conceal from friend my sentiments whether right or wrong?) I look upon it as the first duty of every writer, frequently to throw his eyes upon his title-page, and to consider well the subject he has proposed to himself; and he may be assured, if he closely pursues his plan, he cannot justly be thought tedious; but, on the contrary, if he suffers himself to be carried off from it, he will most certainly incur that censure. Homer, you know, has employed many verses in the description of the arms of Achilles, as Virgil also has in those of Æneas; yet neither of them are prolix, because they both

both keep within the limits of their original design. Aratus, you see, is not esteemed too circumstantial, though he traces and enumerates the minutest stars: for he does not go out of his way for that purpose, he only follows where his subject leads him. In the same manner (to compare small things with great) if endeavouring to give you an idea of my house, I have not wandered into any thing foreign, or, as it were, devious, it is not my letter which describes, but my villa which is described, that is to be deemed large. But not to dwell any longer upon this digression, lest I should myself be condemned by the maxim I have just laid down; I have now informed you why I prefer my Tuscan villa, to those which I possess at Tusculum*, Tiber†, and Præneste‡. Besides the advantages already mentioned, I here enjoy a more profound retirement, as I am at a farther distance from the business of the town, and the interruption of troublesome avocations. All is calm and composed; which contributes, no less than its clear air and uncloudy sky, to that health of body and cheerfulness of mind which I particularly enjoy there: both of which I keep in proper exercise by study and hunting. And indeed there is no place which agrees better with all my family in general; I am sure at least, I have not yet lost one (and I speak it with the sentiments I ought) of all those I brought with me hither: and may the gods continue that happiness to me, and that honour to my villa! Farewell.

* Now called Frascati, † Tivoli, and ‡ Palestrina, all of them situated in the Campagna di Roma, and at no great distance from Rome.

Letter 14. *To Marcellinus.*

I Write this to you under the utmost oppression of sorrow: the youngest daughter of my friend Fundanus is dead! never surely was there a more agreeable and more amiable young person, or one who better deserved to have enjoyed a long, I had almost said, an immortal life! She was scarce fourteen, and yet had all the wisdom of age and discretion of a matron, joined with youthful sweetness and virgin modesty. With what an engaging fondness did she behave to her father! how kindly and respectfully receive his friends! how affectionately treat all those who, in their respective offices, had the care and education of her! She employed much of her time in reading, in which she discovered great strength of judgment; she indulged herself in few diversions, and those with much caution. With what forbearance, with what patience, with what courage did she endure her last illness! she complied with all the directions of her physicians; she encouraged her sister and her father; and when all her strength of body was exhausted, supported herself by the single vigour of her mind. That, indeed, continued even to her last moments, unbroken by the pain of a long illness, or the terrors of approaching death; and it is a reflection which makes the loss of her so much the more to be lamented. A loss infinitely severe! and more severe by the particular conjuncture in which it happened! she was contracted to a most worthy youth! the wedding day was fixed, and we were all invited. How sad a change from the highest joy to the deepest sorrow! How shall I express the wound that pierced my heart, when I heard Fundanus himself (as

C

grief

grief is ever finding out circumstances to aggravate its melancholy) ordering the money he had designed to lay out upon clothes and jewels for her marriage, to be employed in myrrh and spices for her funeral? He is a man of great learning and good sense, who has applied himself from his earliest youth to the nobler and most elevated studies; but all the maxims of fortitude which he has received from books, or advanced himself, he now absolutely rejects, and every other virtue of his heart gives place to all a parent's tenderness. You will excuse, you will even approve his sorrow, when you consider what he has lost. He has lost a daughter who resembled him in his manners, as well as his person, and exactly copied out all her father. If you shall think proper to write to him upon the subject of so reasonable a grief, let me remind you not to use the rougher arguments of consolation, and such as seem to carry a sort of reproof with them, but those of kind and sympathizing humanity. Time will render him more open to the dictates of reason: for as a fresh wound shrinks back from the hand of the surgeon, but by degrees submits to, and even requires the means of its cure: so a mind under the first impressions of a misfortune shuns and rejects all arguments of consolation, but, at length, if applied with tenderness, calmly and willingly acquiesces in them. Farewell.

Letter 15. *To Macer.*

ALL is well with me, since it is so with you. You are happy, I find, in the company of your wife and son, and are enjoying the pleasures of the sea, the freshness of the fountains, the verdure of the fields, and the

elegancies of a most agreeable villa: for so I judge it to be, since he who was most happy ere fortune had raised him to what is generally esteemed the highest point of human felicity, chose it for the place of his retirement. As for myself, I am employed at my Tuscan villa in hunting and studying, sometimes alternately, and sometimes both together; but I am not yet able to determine in which pursuit it is most difficult to succeed. Farewell.

Letter 16. *To Calphurnia*.*

NEVER was business more uneasy to me, than when it prevented me not only from attending, but following you into Campania†. As at all times, so particularly now, I wish to be with you, that I may be a witness what progress you make in your strength and recovery, and how the tranquillity, the amusements, and plenty of that charming country agrees with you. Were you in perfect health, yet I could ill support your absence; for even a moments uncertainty of the welfare of those we tenderly love, is a situation of mind infinitely painful; but now your sickness conspires with your absence to perplex me with a thousand disquietudes. I fear every thing that can befall you, and, as is usual with all under the same terrifying apprehensions, suspect most, what I most dread. Let me conjure you then to prevent my solicitude by writing to me every day, and even twice a day; I shall be more easy at least while I am reading your letters; though all my apprehensions will again return upon me the moment I have perused them. Farewell.

* His wife.

† Where Fabatus, Calphurnia's grandfather had a villa.

Letter 17. *To Calpurnia.*

YOU kindly tell me, my absence is greatly uneasy to you, and that your only consolation is in conversing with my works, instead of their author, which you frequently place by your side. How agreeable is it to me to know that you thus wish for my company, and support yourself under the want of it by these tender amusements! In return, I entertain myself with reading over your letters again and again, and am continually taking them up as if I had just received them; but, alas! they only serve to make me more strongly regret your absence; for how amiable must her conversation be, whose letters have so many charms? Let me receive them, however, as often as possible, notwithstanding there is still a mixture of pain in the pleasure they afford me. Farewell.

Letter 18. *To Tacitus.*

YOUR request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments; for if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered for ever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune, which, as it involved at the same time a most beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance; notwithstanding he has himself composed many and lasting works; yet, I am persuaded, the mentioning of him in your immortal writings will greatly contribute to eternize his name. Happy I esteem those to be, whom Providence has distinguished with the abilities either of doing such actions as are worthy of being related,

or of relating them in a manner worthy of being read; but doubly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents; in the number of which my uncle, as his own writings and your history will evidently prove, may justly be ranked. It is with extreme willingness, therefore, I execute your commands; and should indeed have claimed the task if you had not enjoined it. He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Myſenum*. On the 23d of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun†, and after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, was retired to his study: he immediately arose and went out upon an eminence, from whence he might more distinctly view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernible from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to ascend from Mount Vesuvius‡. I cannot give you a more exact description of its figure than by resembling it to that of a pine-tree, for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards, or the cloud itself being pressed back again by

* In the gulf of Naples.

† The Romans used to lie or walk naked in the sun, after anointing their bodies with oil, which, contributing to health, was daily practised by them.

‡ About six miles distant from Naples.—This dreadful eruption happened A. D. 79, in the first year of the emperor Titus.

its own weight, expanded in this manner; it appeared sometimes bright, and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was either more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather chose to continue my studies; for, as it happened, he had given me an employment of that kind. As he was coming out of the house he received a note from Rectina the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for her villa being situated at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way to escape but by sea; she earnestly intreated him therefore to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first design, and what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with an heroic turn of mind. He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board with an intention of assisting not only Rectina, but several others; for the villas stand extremely thick upon that beautiful coast. When hastening to the place from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind, as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and figure of that dreadful scene. He was now so nigh the mountain, that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice-stones, and black pieces of burning rock; they were likewise in danger, not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain, and obstructed all

the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should return back again; to which the pilot advising him: "Fortune," said he, "befriends the brave; carry me to Pomponianus." Pomponianus was then at Stabiae*, separated by a gulf, which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms upon that shore. He had already sent his baggage on board; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within the view of it, and indeed extremely near, if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind should change. It was favourable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation: he embraced him with tenderness, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his spirits; and the more to dissipate his fears, he ordered, with an air of unconcern, the baths to be got ready; when after having bathed, he sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it. In the mean while the eruption from Mount Vesuvius flamed out in several places with much violence, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames: after this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep; for being pretty fat, and breathing hard, those who attended without actually heard him snore. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had con-

* Now called *Castel à Mar di Stabia*, in the gulf of Naples.

tinued

tinued there any time longer, it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out; it was thought proper therefore to awaken him. He got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to bed. They consulted together, whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side with frequent and violent concussions, or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction. In this distress they resolved for the fields as the less dangerous situation of the two; a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell round them. Though it was day now every where else, with them it was darker than the most obscure night, excepting only what light proceeded from the fire and flames. They thought proper to go down farther upon the shore to observe if they might safely put out to sea, but they found the waves still run extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle having drank a draught or two of cold water, threw himself down upon a cloth which was spread for him, when immediately the flames and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company, and obliged them to arise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead: suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapour, having always had weak lungs, and frequently subjected to a difficulty

of breathing. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the same posture that he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead. During all this time my mother and I, who were at Misenum—But as this has no connection with your history, so your enquiry went no farther than concerning my uncle's death; with that therefore I will put an end to my letter: suffer me only to add, that I have faithfully related to you what I was either an eye witness of myself, or received immediately after the accident happened, and before there was time to vary the truth. You will chuse out of this narrative such circumstances as shall be most suitable to your purpose; for there is a great difference between what is proper for a letter, and an history; between writing to a friend, and writing to the public. Farewell.

Letter 19. *To Cornelius Tacitus.*

THE letter which, in compliance with your request, I wrote to you concerning the death of my uncle, has raised, it seems, your curiosity to know what errors and dangers attended me while I continued at Misenum; for there, I think, the account in my former broke off:

Tho' my shock'd soul recoils, my tongue shall tell.
My uncle having left us, I pursued the studies which prevented my going with him, till it was time to bathe; after which I went to supper, and from thence to bed, where my sleep was greatly broken and disturbed. There had been for many days before some shocks of an earthquake, which the less surpris'd us, as they are extremely frequent in Campania;

pania; but they were so particularly violent that night, that they not only shook every thing about us, but seemed indeed to threaten total destruction. My mother flew to my chamber, where she found me rising in order to awaken her. We went out into a small court belonging to the house, which separated the sea from the buildings. As I was at that time but eighteen years of age, I know not whether I should call my behaviour in this dangerous juncture courage or rashness; but I took up Livy, and amused myself with turning over that author, and even making extracts from him, as if all about me had been in full security. While we were in this posture, a friend of my uncle's, who was just come from Spain to pay him a visit, joined us, and observing me sitting by my mother with a book in my hand, greatly condemned her calmness, at the same time that he reproved me for my careless security: nevertheless I still went on with my author. Though it was now morning, the light was exceedingly faint and languid; the buildings all around us tottered; and though we stood upon open ground, yet, as the place was narrow and confined, there was no remaining there without certain and great danger; we therefore resolved to quit the town. The people followed us in the utmost consternation, and (as to a mind distracted with terror, every suggestion seems more prudent than its own) pressed in great crowds about us in our way out. Being got at a convenient distance from the houses, we stood still in the midst of a most dangerous and dreadful scene. The chariots which we had ordered to be drawn out were so agitated backwards and forwards, though in the open fields, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stones. The sea

seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain at least, the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea-animals were left upon it. On the other side, a black and dreadful cloud bursting with an igneous serpentine vapour, darted out a long train of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger. Upon this, our Spanish friend, whom I mentioned above, addressing himself to my mother and me with great warmth and earnestness: "If your brother, and your uncle," said he, "is safe, he certainly wishes you may be so too; but if he perished, it was his desire, no doubt, that you might both survive him: Why therefore do you delay your escape a moment?" We could never think of our own safety, we said, while we were uncertain of his. Hereupon our friend left us, and withdrew from the danger with the utmost precipitation. Soon afterwards the cloud seemed to descend, and cover the whole ocean; as indeed, it entirely hid the island of Caprea*, and the promontory of Misenum. My mother strongly conjured me to make my escape at any rate, which, as I was young, I might easily do; as for herself, she said, her age and corpulency rendered all attempts of that sort impossible; however, she should willingly meet death, if she could have the satisfaction of seeing that she was not the occasion of mine: but I absolutely refused to leave her; and taking her by the hand, I led her on; she complied with great reluctance, and not without many reproaches to herself for retarding my flight. The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I turned my head, and

* An island near Naples, now called Capri.

observed behind us a thick smoke, which came rolling after us like a torrent. I proposed, while we had yet any light, to turn out of the high road, lest we should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowd that followed us. We had scarce stepped out of the path, when a darkness overspread us, not like that of a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, but of a room when it is shut up, and all the lights extinct. Nothing then was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die from the very fear of dying, some lifting up their hands to the gods, but the greater part imagining that the last and eternal night was come, which was to destroy both the gods and the world together. Among these there were some who augmented the real terrors by imaginary ones, and made the frightened multitude falsely believe that Misenum was actually in flames. At length a glimmering light appeared, which we imagined to be rather the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames (as in truth it was) than the return of day; however, the fire fell at a distance from us: then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap. I might boast, that during all this scene of horror, not a sigh or expression of fear escaped from me, had not my support been founded in that miserable, though strong consolation, that all mankind were involved in the same calamity, and that I imagined I was perishing with the world

itself. At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees like a cloud of smoke: the real day returned, and even the sun appeared, though very faintly, and as when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes (which were extremely weakened) seemed changed, being covered over with white ashes as with a deep snow. We returned to Misenum, where we refreshed ourselves as well as we could, and passed an anxious night between hope and fear; though indeed with a much larger share of the latter; for the earthquake still continued, while several enthusiastic people ran up and down heightening their own and their friends calamities by terrible predictions. However, my mother and I, notwithstanding the danger we had passed, and that which still threatened us, had no thoughts of leaving the place till we should receive some account of my uncle——

And now you will read this narrative without any view of inserting it in your history, of which it is by no means worthy; and indeed you must impute it to your own request, if it shall appear scarce to deserve even the trouble of a letter. Farewell!

Letter 20. *To Servianus.*

I AM extremely rejoiced to hear that you design your daughter for Fuscus Salinator, and congratulate you upon it. His family is patrician*, and both his father and mother are persons of the most exalted merit. As for himself, he is studious, learned, and eloquent, and with all the innocence of a child,

* Those families were styled Patrician, whose ancestors had been members of the senate in the earliest times of the regal or consular government.

unites the sprightliness of youth to the wisdom of age. I am not, believe me, deceived by my affection, when I give him this character; for though I love him, I confess, beyond measure (as his friendship and esteem for me well deserve), yet partiality has no share in my judgment; on the contrary, the stronger my fondness of him is, the more rigorously I weigh his merit. I will venture then to assure you (and I speak upon my own experience) you could not have formed to your wish a more accomplished son-in-law. May he soon present you with a grand-son, who shall be the exact copy of his father! And with what pleasure shall I receive from the arms of two such friends their children or grand-children, whom I shall claim a sort of right to embrace as my own! Farewell.

Letter 21. *To Quintilian.*

THOUGH your desires, I know, are extremely moderate, and the education which your daughter has received, is suitable to your character, and that of Tutilius her grandfather; yet as she is going to be married to a person of so great distinction as Nonius Celer, whose station requires a certain splendor of living, it will be necessary to consider the rank of her husband in her clothes and equipage: circumstances which, though they do not augment our real dignity, yet certainly adorn and grace it. But as I am sensible your fortune is not equal to the greatness of your mind, I claim to myself a part in your expence, and like another father, present the young lady with fifty thousand sesterces*. The sum should be larger, but that I am well persuaded the smallness of the present is the

* About 400l. of our money.

only consideration that can prevail with your modesty not to refuse it. Farewell.

Letter 22. *To Tuscus.*

YOU desire my sentiments concerning the method of study you should pursue, in that retirement to which you have long since withdrawn. In the first place then, I look upon it as a very advantageous practice (and it is what many recommend) to translate either from Greek into Latin, or from Latin into Greek. By this means you will furnish yourself with noble and proper expressions, with variety of beautiful figures, and an ease and strength of style. Besides, by imitating the most approved authors, you will find your imagination heated, and fall insensibly into a similar turn of thought; at the same time that those things which you may possibly have overlooked in a common way of reading, cannot escape you in translating: and this method will open your understanding and improve your judgment. It may not be amiss, after you have read an author, in order to make yourself master of his subject and argument, from his reader to turn, as it were, his rival, and attempt something of your own in the same way; and then make an impartial comparison between your performance and his, in order to see in what points either you or he most happily succeeded. It will be a matter of very pleasing congratulation to yourself, if you shall find in some things, that you have the advantage of him, as it will be a great mortification if he should rise above you in all. You may sometimes venture in these little essays, to try your strength upon the most shining passages of a distinguished author. The attempt, indeed, will be something bold; but as it is a contention which passes in secret, it cannot be taxed with presumption;

sumption; not but that we have seen instances of persons who have publicly entered this sort of lists with great success; and while they did not despair of overtaking, have gloriously advanced before those whom they thought it sufficient honour to follow. After you have thus finished a composition, you may lay it aside, till it is no longer fresh in your memory, and then take it up, in order to revise and correct it. You will find several things to retain, but still more to reject; you will add a new thought here, and alter another there. It is a laborious and tedious task, I own, thus to re-entlame the mind after the first heat is over, to recover an impulse when its force has been checked and spent—in a word, to interweave new parts into the texture of a composition, without disturbing or confounding the original plan; but the advantage attending this method will overbalance the difficulty. I know the bent of your present attention is directed towards the eloquence of the bar; but I would not for that reason advise you never to quit the style of dispute and contention. As land is improved by sowing it with various seeds, so is the mind by exercising it with different studies. I would recommend it to you, therefore, sometimes to single out a fine passage of history; sometimes to exercise yourself in the epistolary style, and sometimes the poetical: for it frequently happens, that in pleading, one has occasion to make use, not only of historical, but even poetical descriptions, as by the epistolary manner of writing you will acquire a close and easy expression. It will be extremely proper also to unbend your mind with poetry; when I say so, I do not mean that species of it which turns upon subjects of great length (for that is fit only for

persons of much leisure), but those little pieces of the epigrammatic kind, which serve as proper reliefs to, and are consistent with, employments of every sort. They commonly go under the title of Poetical Amusements; but these amusements have sometimes gained as much reputation to their authors, as works of a more serious nature. In this manner the greatest men, as well as the greatest orators, used either to exercise or amuse themselves, or rather indeed did both. It is surprising how much the mind is entertained and enlivened by these little poetical compositions, as they turn upon subjects of gallantry, satire, tenderness, politeness, and every thing in short that concerns life and the affairs of the world. Besides, the same advantage attends these as every other sort of poems, that we turn from them to prose with so much the more pleasure, after having experienced the difficulty of being constrained and fettered by numbers. And now, perhaps, I have troubled you upon this subject longer than you desired; however, there is one thing which I have omitted: I have not told you what kind of authors you should read; though indeed that was sufficiently implied when I mentioned what subjects I would recommend for your compositions. You will remember, that the most approved writers of each sort are to be carefully chosen; for, as it has been well observed, “though we should read much, we should not read many books.” Who those authors are, is so clearly settled, and so generally known, that I need not point them out to you; besides, I have already extended this letter to such an immoderate length, that I have interrupted, I fear, too long those studies I have been recommending. I will here resign you therefore

therefore to your papers, which you will now resume; and either pursue the studies you were before engaged in, or enter upon some of those which I have advised. Farewell!

Letter 23. *To Maximus.*

THE lingering disorder of a friend of mine gave me occasion lately to reflect that we are never so virtuous as when oppressed with sickness. Where is the man who, under the pain of any distemper, is either solicited by avarice or enflamed with lust? At such a season he is neither a slave of love, nor the fool of ambition: he looks with indifference upon the charms of wealth, and is contented with ever so small a portion of it, as being upon the point of leaving even that little. It is then he recollects there are gods, and that he himself is but a man: no mortal is then the object of his envy, his admiration, or his contempt: and the reports of slander neither raise his attention nor feed his curiosity: his imagination is wholly employed upon baths and fountains. These are the subjects of his cares and wishes, while he resolves, if he should recover, to pass the remainder of his days in ease and tranquillity, that is, in innocence and happiness. I may therefore lay down to you and myself a short rule, which the philosophers have endeavoured to inculcate at the expence of many words, and even many volumes; that “we should
“ practise in health those resolutions we form
“ in sickness.” Farewell.

Letter 24. *To Romanus.*

HAVE you ever seen the source of the river Clitumnus*? as I never heard you

* Now called Clitumno: it rises a little below the village of Campello in Umbria.

mention it, I imagine not; let me therefore advise you to do so immediately. It is but lately indeed I had that pleasure, and I condemn myself for not having seen it sooner. At the foot of a little hill, covered with venerable and shady cypress trees, a spring issues out, which gushing in different and unequal streams, forms itself, after several windings, into a spacious basin, so extremely clear that you may see the pebbles and the little pieces of money which are thrown into it*, as they lie at the bottom. From thence it is carried off not so much by the declivity of the ground, as by its own strength and fulness. It is navigable almost as soon as it has quitted its source, and wide enough to admit a free passage for vessels to pass by each other as they sail with or against the stream. The current runs so strong, though the ground is level, that the large barges which go down the river have no occasion to make use of their oars; while those which ascend find it difficult to advance, even with the assistance of oars and poles; and this vicissitude of labour and ease is exceedingly amusing when one sails up and down merely for pleasure. The banks on each side are shaded with the verdure of great numbers of ash and poplar trees, as clearly and distinctly seen in the stream, as if they were actually sunk in it. The water is cold as snow, and as white too.

* The heads of considerable rivers, hot springs, large bodies of standing water, &c. were esteemed holy among the Romans, and cultivated with religious ceremonies. It was customary to throw little pieces of money into those fountains, lakes, &c. which had the reputation of being sacred, as a mark of veneration for those places, and to render the presiding deities propitious.

Near

Near it stands an ancient and venerable temple, wherein is placed the river-god Clitumnus, clothed in a robe, whose immediate presence the prophetic oracles here delivered sufficiently testify. Several little chapels are scattered round, dedicated to particular gods distinguished by different names, and some of them too presiding over different fountains. For, besides the principal one, which is, as it were, the parent of all the rest, there are several other lesser streams, which, taking their rise from various sources, lose themselves in the river; over which a bridge is built, that separates the sacred part from that which lies open to common use. Vessels are allowed to come above this bridge, but no person is permitted to swim except below it*. The Hispalletes †, to whom Augustus gave this place, furnish a public bath, and likewise entertain all strangers at their own expence. Several villas, attracted by the beauty of this river, are situated upon its borders. In short, every object that presents itself will afford you entertainment. You may also amuse yourself with numberless inscriptions, that are fixed upon the pillars and walls by different persons, celebrating the virtues of the fountain, and the divinity that presides over it. There are many of them you will greatly admire, as there are some that will make you laugh: but I must correct myself when I say so; you are too humane, I know, to laugh upon such an occasion. Farewell.

* The touch of a naked body was thought to pollute these consecrated waters.

† Inhabitants of a town in Ombria, now called Spello.

Letter 25. *To Fuscus.*

YOU desire to know in what manner I dispose of my time, in my summer villa at Tuscum. I rise just when I find myself in the humour, though generally with the sun; sometimes indeed sooner, but seldom later. When I am up, I continue to keep the shutters of my chamber windows closed, as darkness and silence wonderfully promote meditation. Thus free and abstracted from those outward objects which dissipate attention, I am left to my own thoughts; nor suffer my mind to wander with my eyes, but keep my eyes in subjection to my mind, which, when they are not distracted by a multiplicity of external objects, see nothing but what the imagination represents to them. If I have any composition upon my hands, this is the time I choose to consider it, not only with respect to the general plan, but even the style and expression, which I settle and correct as if I were actually writing. In this manner I compose more or less as the subject is more or less difficult, and I find myself able to retain it. Then I call my secretary, and opening the shutters, I dictate to him what I have composed, after which I dismiss him for a little while, and then call him in again. About ten or eleven of the clock (for I do not observe one fixed hour), according as the weather proves, I either walk upon my terrace, or in the covered portico, and there I continue to meditate or dictate what remains upon the subject in which I am engaged. From thence I get into my chariot, where I employ myself as before, when I was walking or in my study: and find this changing of the scene preserves and enlivens my attention. At my return home, I repose myself: then I take a walk; and after that, repeat aloud

some Greek or Latin oration, not so much for the sake of strengthening my elocution, as my digestion; though indeed the voice at the same time finds its account in this practice. Then I walk again, am anointed, take my exercises, and go into the bath. At supper, if I have only my wife, or a few friends with me, some author is read to us; and after supper we are entertained either with music or an interlude. When that is finished, I take my walk with my family, in the number of which I am not without some persons of literature. Thus we pass our evenings in various conversation; and the day, even when it is at the longest, steals away imperceptibly. Upon some occasions, I change the order in certain of the articles above mentioned. For instance, if I have studied longer or walked more than usual after my second sleep and reading an oration or two aloud, instead of using my chariot I get on horseback: by which means I take as much exercise and lose less time. The visits of my friends from the neighbouring villages claim some part of the day; and sometimes, by an agreeable interruption, they come in very seasonably to relieve me when I am fatigued. I now and then amuse myself with sporting, but always take my tables into the

field, that though I should not meet with game, I may at least bring home something. Part of my time too (though not so much as they desire) is allotted to my tenants; and I find their rustic complaints give a zest to my studies and engagements of the politer kind. Farewell.

Letter 26. *To the same.*

YOU are much pleased, I find, with the account I gave you in my former letter, of the manner in which I spend the summer season at Tuscum; and desire to know what alteration I make in my method, when I am at Laurentinum in the winter. None at all, except abridging myself of my sleep at noon, and employing part of the night in study: and if any cause requires my attendance at Rome (which in winter very frequently happens), instead of having interludes or music after supper, I meditate upon what I have dictated, and by often revising it in my own mind, fix it in my memory. Thus I have given you my scheme of life in summer and winter; to which you may add the intermediate seasons of spring and autumn. As at those times I lose nothing of the day, so I study but little in the night. Farewell.

BOOK II. MODERN AND MISCELLANEOUS.

SECT. I. MODERN OF EARLY DATE.

Letter 1. *Queen Anne Bullen to King Henry.*

Sir,

YOUR grace's displeasure and my imprisonment are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am alto-

gether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favour) by such an one whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy, I no sooner received this message by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as
you

you say, confessing a truth, indeed, may procure my safety, I shall, with all willingness and duty, perform your command.

But let not your grace ever imagine that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And, to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Bullen; with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation, or received queenship, but that I have always looked for such an alteration as now I find: for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your grace's fancy, the least alteration, I know, was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other subject. You have chosen me from a low estate to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert and desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your grace let not any light fancy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart towards your good grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess your daughter. Try me, good king, but let me have a lawful trial; and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yea, let me receive an open trial (for my truth shall fear no open shame); then shall you see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your grace may be freed from an open censure, and mine offence being so

lawfully proved, your grace is at liberty, both before God and man; not only to execute worthy punishment on me, as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party, for whose sake I am now as I am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto your grace, being not ignorant of my suspicion therein. But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness, then I desire of God that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies the instruments thereof; and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his general judgment-seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment, I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me), mine innocence shall be openly known and sufficiently cleared. My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burthen of your grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who, as I understand, are likewise in strait imprisonment for my sake. If ever I found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Anne Bullen hath been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request; and I will so leave to trouble your grace any farther, with my earnest prayers to the Trinity to have your grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the tower, the 6th of May. Your most loyal, and ever faithful wife.

Letter 2. *Earl of Essex to Queen Elizabeth.*

FROM a mind delighting in sorrow, from spirits wasted with passion, from a heart torn

in pieces with care, grief and travel, from a man that hateth himself and all things that keepeth him alive, what service can your majesty expect, since your service past deserves no more than banishment or prescription in the curfedeft of all other countries? Nay, nay, it is your rebel's pride and success that must give me leave to ransom my life out of this hateful prison of my loathed body; which if it happen so, your majesty shall have no cause to mislike the fashion of my death, since the course of my life could never please you. Your majesty's exiled servant.

Letter 3. *Sir Henry Sidney, to his son Philip Sidney, at school at Shrewsbury, An. 1566. 9 Eliz. then being of the age of twelve years.*

I HAVE received two letters from you, one written in Latin, the other in French; which I take in good part, and will you to exercise that practice of learning often: for that will stand you in most stead, in that profession of life that you are born to live in. And, since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not, that it be all empty of some advices, which my natural care of you provoketh me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this your tender age. Let your first action be, the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God, by hearty prayer, and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation, and thinking of him to whom you pray, and of the matter for which you pray. And use this as an ordinary, at, and at an ordinary hour. Whereby the time itself will put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do. In that time apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth

assign you, earnestly; and the time (I know) he will so limit, as shall be both sufficient for your learning, and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of that you read, as well as the words. So shall you both enrich your tongue with words, and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years groweth in you. Be humble and obedient to your master, for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you. Be courteous of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence, according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost. Use moderate diet, so as, after your meat, you may find your wit fresher, and not duller, and your body more lively, and not more heavy. Seldom drink wine, and yet sometimes do, lest being enforced to drink upon the sudden, you should find yourself inflamed. Upon exercise of body, but such as is without peril of your joints or bones. It will increase your force, and enlarge your breath. Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of your body, as in your garments. It shall make you grateful in each company, and otherwise loathsome. Give yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from your father, if you find not yourself most able in wit and body, to do any thing, when you be most merry: but let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility, and biting words to any man; for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured, than that which is given with the sword. Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk, than a beginner or procurer of speech, otherwise you shall be counted to delight to hear yourself speak. If you hear a wise sentence, or an apt phrase, commit it to your

your memory, with respect of the circumstance, when you shall speak it. Let never oath be heard to come out of your mouth, nor word of ribaldry; detest it in others, so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself. Be modest in each assembly, and rather be rebuked of light fellows, for maiden-like shamefacedness, than of your sad friends for pert boldness. Think upon every word that you will speak, before you utter it, and remember how nature hath rampired up (as it were) the tongue with teeth, lips, yea and hair without the lips, and all betokening reins, or bridles, for the loose use of that member. Above all things tell no untruth, no not in trifles. The custom of it is naughty, and let it not satisfy you, that, for a time, the hearers take it for truth; for after it will be known as it is, to your shame; for there cannot be a greater reproach to a gentleman, than to be accounted a liar. Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied. So shall you make such an habit of well-doing in you, that you shall not know how to do evil, though you would. Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of, by your mother's side; and think that only by virtuous life and good action, you may be an ornament to that illustrious family; and otherwise, through vice and sloth, you shall be counted *labes generis*, one of the greatest curses that can happen to man. Well (my little Philip) this is enough for me, and too much, I fear, for you. But if I shall find that this light meal of digestion nourish any thing the weak stomach of your young capacity, I will, as I find the same grow stronger, feed it with tougher food. Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God.

Letter 4. *Sir Henry Sidney to his son Robert Sidney, afterwards Earl of Leicester.*

Robin,

YOUR several letters of the 17th of September and 9th of November I have received; but that sent by Carolus Clusins I have not yet heard of. Your letters are most heartily welcome to me; but the universal testimony that is made of you, of the virtuous course you hold in this your juvenile age, and how much you profit in the same, and what excellent parts God hath already planted in you, doth so rejoice me, that the sight of no earthly thing is more or can be more to my comfort, than hearing in this sort from you, and of you. Our Lord bless you, my sweet boy. *Perge, perge*, my Robin, in the filial fear of God, and in the meanest imagination of yourself, and to the loving direction of your most loving brother.

I like very well of your being at Prague, and of your intention to go to Vienna. I wish you should curiously look upon the fortification of that; and considering the state of Christendom, I cannot tell how to design your travel into Italy. I would not have you to go specially, for that there is perpetual war between the Pope and us. I think the Princes and Potentates of that region are confederated with him; and for some other respects, I would not have you go thither. Yet from Spain we are as it were under an inhibition; France in endless troubles; the Low Country in irrecoverable misery. So I leave it to your brother and yourself, whether Vienna being seen, you will return into England, or spend the next summer in those parts; which if you do, I think best (you being satisfied with Vienna) you see the principal

principal cities of Moravia and Silesia, and so to Cracow; and if you can have any commodity, to see the court of the King of that realm; and from thence through Saxony, to Holst, and Pomerland, seeing the Princes courts by the way; and then into Denmark and Sweden, and see those Kings courts. Acquaint you somewhat with the estate of the free States; and so at Hamburgh to embark, and to winter with me. But what do I blunder at these things? follow the direction of your most loving brother, who in loving you is comparable with me, or exceedeth me. Imitate his virtues, exercises, studies, and actions; he is a rare ornament of this age, the very formular that all well-disposed young gentlemen of our court do form also their manners and life by. In truth I speak it without flattery of him, or of myself, he hath the most rare virtues that ever I found in any man. I saw him not these six months, little to my comfort. You may hear from him with more ease than from me. In your travels these documents I will give you, not as mine but his practices. Seek the knowledge of the estate of every Prince, court, and city, that you pass through. Address yourself to the company, to learn this of the elder sort, and yet neglect not the younger. By the one you shall gather learning, wisdom, and knowledge; by the other acquaintance, languages, and exercise. This he effectually observed with great gain of understanding. Once again I say imitate him. I hear you are fallen into consort and fellowship with Sir Harry Nevell's son and heir, and one Mr. Savell. I hear of singular virtues of them both. I am glad of your familiarity with them.

The 21st of this present I received your letter of the 12th of the same, and with it a

letter from Mr. Languet, who seemeth as yet to mislike nothing in you; for which I like you a great deal the better; and I hope I shall hear further of your commendation from him, which will be to my comfort. I find by Harry White that all your money is gone, which with some wonder displeaseth me; and if you cannot frame your charges according to that proportion I have appointed you, I must and will send for you home. I have sent order to Mr. Languet for one hundred pounds for you, which is twenty pounds more than I promised you; and this I look and order that it shall serve you till the last of March 1580. Assure yourself I will not enlarge one groat, therefore look well to your charges.

I hope by that time you shall receive this letter, you will be at or near Strasburgh, from which resolve not to depart till the middle of April come twelvemonth; nor then I will not that you do, unless you so apply your study, as by that time you do conceive feelingly rhetoric and logic, and have the tongues of Latin, French, and Dutch; which I know you may have, if you will apply your will and wit to it. I am sure you cannot but find what lack in learning you have by your often departing from Oxford; and the like, and greater loss shall you find, if you resolve not to remain continually for the time appointed in Strasburg. Write to me monthly, and of your charges particularly; and either in Latin or French. I take in good part that you have kept promise with me; and on my blessing I charge you to write truly to me from time to time, whether you keep it or no; and if you break it in some dark manner, how.

Pray daily; speak nothing but truly. Do no dishonest thing for any respect. Love
Mr.

Mr. Languet with reverence, unto whom in most hearty manner commend me; and to Doctor Lubetius and Mr. Doctor Sturnius. Farewell. If you will follow my counsel, you shall be my sweet boy. From Baynard's Castle in London this 25th of March 1578. Your loving father.

Letter 6. *Sir Philip Sidney to his father Sir Henry Sidney.*

Right honourable my singular good Lord and Father.

SO strangely and diversely goes the course of the world by the interchanging humours of those that govern it, that though it be most noble to have always one mind and one constancy, yet can it not be always directed to one point, but must need sometimes alter his course, according as the force of other changes drives it. As now in your Lordship's case, to whom of late I wrote, wishing your Lordship to return as soon as conveniently you might, encouraged thereunto by the assurance the best sort had given me, with what honourable considerations your return should befall, particularly to your lot: it makes me change my style, and write to your Lordship, that keeping still your mind in one state of virtuous quietness, you will yet frame your course according to them. And as they delay your honourable rewarding, so you by good means do delay your return, till either that ensue, or fitter time be for this.

Her Majesty's letters prescribed you a certain day I think; the day was past before Pagnam came unto you, and enjoined to do some things, the doing whereof must necessarily require some longer time. Hereupon your Lordship is to write back, not as though

you desired to tarry, but only shewing that unwillingly you must employ some days thereabouts; and if it please you to add, that the Chancellor's presence shall be requisite; for by him your Lordship shall either have honourable revocation, or commandment of further stay at least till Michaelmas, which in itself shall be a fitter time; considering that then your term comes fully out, so that then your enemies cannot glory it is their procuring. In the mean time, your friends may labour here to bring to a better pass such your reasonable and honourable desires, which time can better bring forth than speed. Among which friends, before God, there is none proceeds either so thoroughly or so wisely as my lady my mother. For mine own part, I have had only light from her. Now rests it in your Lordship to weigh the particularities of your own estate, which no man can know so well as yourself, and accordingly to resolve. For mine own part (of which mind your best friends are here), this is your best way. At least, whatsoever you resolve, I beseech you with all speed I may understand, and that if it please you, with your own hand; for truly, sir, I must needs impute it to some great dishonesty of some about you, that there is little written from you, or to you, that is not perfectly known to your professed enemies. And thus much I am very willing they should know, that I do write it unto you: and in that quarter you may, as I think, look precisely to the saving of some of those overplussages, or at least not to go any further; and then the more time passes, the better it will be blown over. Of my being sent to the Queen, being armed with good accounts, and perfect reasons for them, &c.

25th April, 1578.

Letter

Letter 7. *Sir Philip Sidney to Edward Waterhouse, Esq. Secretary of Ireland.*

My good Ned,

NEVER since you went, that ever you wrote to me, and yet I have not failed to do some friendly offices for you here. How know I that? say you. I cannot tell. But I know that no letters have been received from you. Thus doth unkindness make me fall to a point of kindness. Good Ned, either come or write. Let me either see thee, hear thee, or read thee. Your other friends that know more will write more fully. I, of myself, thus much. Always one, and in one case. *Me solo exultans totus teres atque rotundas.* Commend me to my Lord President; to the noble Sir Nicholas, whom I bear special good will to; to my cousin Harry Harrington, whom I long to see in health. Sir Nicholas Bagnol; Mr. Agarde's daughter; my cousin Spikman for your sake; and whosoever is Mayor of Dublin for my sake. And even at his house when you think good. I bid you farewell. From Court, this 28th April 1578. Your very loving friend.

Letter 8. *Sir Henry Sidney, to his son Robert Sidney, afterwards Earl of Leicester.*

Robin,

I HEAR well of you, and the company you keep, which is of great comfort to me. To be of noble parentage usually raises an emulation to follow their great examples. There can be no greater love than of long time hath been, and yet is, between Sir Harry Nevell and me; and so will continue till our lives end. Love you thus we have done, and do. One thing I warn you of; arrogate no precedency neither of your countrymen nor of strangers, but take your place

promiscuous, with others, according to your degree and birthright, with aliens. Follow your discreet and virtuous brother's rule, who, with great discretion to his great commendation, won love, and could variously ply ceremony with ceremony. I hear you have the Dutch tongue sufficiently, whereof I am glad. You may therefore save money, and discharge your Dutchman; and do it indeed, and send for Mr. White; he is an honest young man, and is fairly honest, and good and sound to me and my friends. I send you now by Stephen 30l. which you call arrearages; term it as you will, it is all I owe you till Easter; and 20l. of that, as Griffin Maddox telleth me, is Harry White's. I will send you at or before Frankfort mart 60l. either to bring you home, or to find you abroad, as you and your brother shall agree, for half a year ending at Michaelmas; so Harry White neither hath nor shall have cause to think that I am offended with him; for I cannot look for, nor almost wish to hear better of a man, than I hear of him; and how I intend to deal with him, you may see by the letter I send him. He shall have his 20l. yearly, and you your 100l. and so be as merry as you may. I thank you, my dear boy, for the martern skins you write of. It is more than ever your elder brother sent me; and I will thank you more if they come, for yet I hear not of them, nor ever saw Cassymyre's picture. The messenger (of the picture I mean) played the knave with you and me; and after that sort you may write to him; but if your tokens come I will send you such a suit of apparel as shall beseem your father's son to wear in any court in Germany. Commend me to the Doctor Simcon's father, I love the boy well. I have

have no more; but God bless you, my sweet child, in this world and for ever; as I in this world find myself happy by my children. From Ludlow Castle, this 28th of October 1578. Your very loving father.

Letter 9. *Sir Philip Sidney to his brother Robert Sidney, who was the first Earl of Leicester of that name.*

My dear brother,

FOR the money you have received, assure yourself (for it is true) there is nothing I spend so pleaseth me, as that which is for you. If ever I have ability, you will find it; if not, yet shall not any brother living be better beloved than you of me. I cannot write now to N. White; do you excuse me. For his nephew, they are but passions in my father, which we must bear with reverence; but I am sorry he should return till he had the circuit of his travel, for you should never have such a servant as he would prove; use your own discretion therein. For your countenance I would for no cause have it diminished in Germany; in Italy your greatest expence must be upon worthy men, and not upon house-holding. Look to your diet (sweet Robin), and hold up your heart in courage and virtue; truly great part of my comfort is in you. I know not myself what I meant by bravery in you, so greatly you may see I condemn you; be careful of yourself, and I shall never have cares. I have written to Mr. Savell; I wish you kept still together; he is an excellent man; and there may, if you list, pass good exercises between you and Mr. Nevell; there is great expectation of you both. For the method of writing history, Boden hath written at large; you may read him, and gather out of many words some matter. This I think

in haste; a story is either to be considered as a story, or as a treatise, which, besides that, addeth many things for profit and ornament; as a story, he is nothing but a narration of things done, with the beginnings, causes, and appendencies thereof; in that kind your method must be to have *seriem temporem* very exactly, which the chronologies of Melancthon, Tarchagnora, Languet, and such other, will help you to. Then to consider by that

as you not yourself, Xenophon to follow Thucydides, so doth Thucydides follow Herodotus, and Diodorus Siculus follow Xenophon: so generally do the Roman stories follow the Greek, and the particular stories of present monarchies follow the Roman. In that kind you have principally to note the examples of virtue or vice, with their good or evil successes; the establishments or ruins of great estates, with the causes, the time, and circumstances of the laws then writ of; the enterings and endings of war, and therein the stratagems against the enemy, and the discipline upon the soldier; and thus much as a very historiographer. Besides this, the historian makes himself a discourser for profit, and an orator, yea a poet sometimes, for ornament. An orator, in making excellent orations, *ex re nata*, which are not to be marked, but marked with the note of rhetorical remembrances: a poet, in painting forth the effects, the motions, the whisperings of the people, which though in disputation one might say were true, yet who will mark them well, shall find them taste of a poetical vein, and in that kind are gallantly to be marked, for though perchance they were not so, yet it is enough they might be so. The last point, which tends to teach profit,

profit, is of a discourser, which name I give to whosoever speaks, *non simpliciter de facto, sed de qualitatibus et circumstantiis facti*; and that is it which makes me, and many others, rather note much with our pen than with our mind, because we leave all these discourses to the confused trust of our memory, because they being not tied to the tenour of a question, as philosophers use sometimes places; the divine, in telling his opinion and reasons in religion; sometimes the lawyer, in shewing the causes and benefits of laws; sometimes a natural philosopher, in setting down the causes of any strange thing, which the story binds him to speak of; but most commonly a moral philosopher, either in the ethic part, when he sets forth virtues or vices, and the natures of passions, or in the politic, when he doth (as often he doth) meddle sententiously with matters of estate. Again, sometimes he gives precepts of war, both offensive and defensive; and so, lastly, not professing any art, as his matter leads him he deals with all arts, which, because it carrieth the life of a lively example, it is wonderful what light it gives to the arts themselves, so as the great civilians help themselves with the discourses of the historians; so do soldiers, and even philosophers, and astronomers; but that I wish herein, is this, that when you read any such thing, you straight bring it to his head, not only of what art, but by your logical subdivisions, to the next member and parcel of the art. And so as in a table, be in witty words, of which Tacitus is full; sentences, of which Livy, or similitudes, whereof Plutarch; straight to lay it up in the right place of his store-house, as either military, or more specially defensive military, or more particularly defensive by for-

tification, and so lay it up. So likewise in politic matters, and such a little table you may easily make, wherewith I would have you ever join the historical part, which is only the example of some stratagem, or good counsel, or such like. This write I to you in great haste, of method without method, but with more leisure and study (if I do not find some book that satisfies) I will venture to write more largely of it unto you. Mr. Savell will with ease help you to set down such a table of remembrance to yourself, and for your sake I perceive he will do much, and if ever I be able I will deserve it of him; one only thing, as it comes unto my mind, let me remember you of, that you consider wherein the historian excelleth, and that to note, as Dion Nicæus, in the searching the secrets of government: Tacitus, in the pithy opening the venom of wickedness, and so of the rest. My time, exceedingly short, will suffer me to write no more leisurely; Stephen can tell you, who stands with me while I am writing. Now (dear brother) take delight likewise in the mathematical; Mr. Savell is excellent in them. I think you understand the sphere; if you do, I care little for any more astronomy in you. Arithmetic, and geometry, I would wish you well seen in, so as both in matter of number and measure you might have a feeling and active judgment; I would you did bear the mechanical instruments, wherein the Dutch excel. I write this to you as one, that for myself have given over the delight in the world, but wish to you as much, if not more, than to myself. So you can speak and write Latin, not barbarously, I never require great study in Ciceronianism, the chief abuse of Oxford, *qui dum verba sectantur, res ipsas negligunt*. My toyful books I will

I will send, with God's help, by February, at which time you shall have your money: and for 200l. a year, assure yourself, if the estates of England remain, you shall not fail of it, use it to your best profit. My Lord of Leicester sends you 40l. as I understand by Stephen, and promiseth he will continue that stipend yearly at the least, then that is above commons; in any case write largely and diligently unto him, for in truth I have good proof, that he means to be every way good unto you; the odd 30l. shall come with the 100l. or else my father and I will jarle. Now, sweet brother, take a delight to keep and increase your music, you will not believe what a want I find of it in my melancholy times. At horsemanship when you exercise it, read Crison Claudio, and a book that is called La Gloria de l' Cavallo, withal, that you may join the thorough contemplation of it with the exercise; and so shall you profit more in a month, than others in a year, and mark the biting, saddling, and curing of horses. I would by the way your Worship would learn a better hand, you write worse than I, and I write evil enough. Once again have a care of your diet, and consequently of your complexion; remember, *gratior est veniens in pulchro corpore virtus*. Now, Sir, for news, I refer myself to this bearer; he can tell you how idle we look on our neighbours fires, and nothing is happened notable at home, save only Drake's return, of which yet I know not the secret points; but about the world he hath been, and rich he is returned. Portugal we say is lost, and, to conclude, my eyes are almost closed up, overwatched with tedious business. God bless you, sweet boy, and accomplish the joyful hope I conceive of you. Once again

commend me to Mr. Nevell, Mr. Savell, and honest Harry White, and bid him be merry. When you play at weapons, I would have you get thick caps and brasers, and play out your play lustily, for indeed ticks and dalliances are nothing in earnest, for the time of the one and the other greatly differs, and use as well the blow as the thrust; it is good in itself, and besides exercises your breath and strength, and will make you a strong man at the tourney and barriers. First in any case practise the single sword, and then with the dagger; let no day pass without an hour or two such exercise; the rest study, or confer diligently, and so shall you come home to my comfort and credit. Lord how I have babbled: once again farewell, dearest brother. Your most loving and careful brother.

At Leicester House this 18th of October, 1580.

Letter 10. *From the Countess of Leicester to the Earl her husband.*

My dearest heart,

THE apprehension of your going to Hamburg brought me much trouble; till I was told that it would be absolutely left to your choice, and offered to you rather as a compliment, than pressed on you as a necessity. Wherefore, in that particular, I am now reasonable well satisfied; yet will I not desist from the performance of all that may defend you from that journey; for I am more adverse to it than you can be; though I am confident, that if the King have any such intention, it is with a belief that it will please you, and not discontent you; for I think he is very well disposed to you. I am sorry you cannot keep yourself from being troubled with your companion's folly, who

who I think is very little considered here, for I seldom hear him named; and when he is, it is with contempt. All my present for the Queen of France is provided, which I have done with great care and some trouble; the expence I cannot yet directly tell you; but I think it will be about 120l. for the bone laces are extremely dear. I intend to send it by Monsieur Ruvigny, for most of the things are of new fashion; and if I should keep them, they would be less acceptable; for what is new now, will quickly grow common, such things being sent over almost every week. Now concerning Doll, of whom I can neither say what I desire, nor what I thought I should have done; for I find my Lord Lovelace so uncertain and so idle, so much addicted to mean company, and so easily drawn to debauchery, as it is now my study how to break off with him in such a manner as it may be said that we refused him; for since Sunday last, we have not seen him, though he is every day very near us. Many particulars I could tell you of his wildness; but the knowledge of them would be of no use to you, since he is likely to be a stranger to us; for though his estate is good, his person pretty enough, and his wit much more than ordinary, yet dare I not venture to give Doll to him. And concerning my Lord of Devonshire, I can say as little to please you; for though his mother and sister made fair shows of good intentions to us; yet in the end we find them, just as I expected, full of deceit and juggling. The sister is gone from this town; but the young Lord is still here, who never visited us but once, and yet all the town spoke of a marriage; which I think came upon my Lord of Holland's divulging his confidence that it

would be so; and he conceives that he has much reason to believe what he did. My dear heart, let not these cross accidents trouble you, for we do not know what God has provided for her; and, howsoever, let us submit to his will, and confess that his benefits are far beyond our deserts, and his punishments much less than we have reason to expect. The last Sunday, being at the court to wait on the Queen, the Earl of Holland came formally in, and whispered with her Majesty, who presently called me; and, with a cheerful countenance, said, that all was concluded in France, and that you had sent one to give that advertisement; which news I received with much joy, and went home with an expectation of hearing it confirmed by a letter of yours; but, upon enquiry, I found that Holland had made this report upon a letter which came to Secretary Cooke, wherein there was no such thing as he had told the Queen. He makes such foolish discourses to the King of all that you write to him, as I think you had better say nothing to him of those discontents which I believe sometimes come to you by false informations. And though you have cause of dislike, I do not think it advantageous for you to be ever taking exceptions; and Holland is so glad to get any thing to talk on to the King, as he multiplies the least information that he receives, so as in my opinion you had not best write any thing to him which you would not have him discourse of. And, at this present, I can say no more; but that I am more yours than can be imagined, and more impatient to see you than can be expressed; which I hope will persuade you to bestow thoughts of kindness on your, &c.

Leicester House, 18th May 1637.

Letter

Letter 11. *The Lady Dorothy Sidney (afterwards Countess of Sunderland) to her father Robert Earl of Leicester.*

My Lord,

HAD not my intentions been diverted by the trouble of a distemper, which a great cold produced, and since that by the expectation of Rochell's coming hither, I would not have been thus slow in presenting your Lordship with my most humble thanks for the many fine things that you have bestowed on me. And though they will be my greatest ornaments, which is of much consideration by persons no wiser than I am; they could not give me any contentment, but as I understand they are expressions of your Lordship's favour; a blessing that, above all others in this world, I do with most passion desire: and my ambition is, that whatsoever your Lordship doth propound to be in the perfectest good child upon the earth, you may find accomplished in me, that will ever be your Lordship's most affectionate, most humble, and exactly obedient.

Penshurst, Dec. 29, 1638.

Letter 12. *Robert Lord Spencer, to his Lady Dorothy, daughter of Robert Earl of Leicester, four days before the fight of Newberry, where he was slain.*

SINCE I wrote to you last from Sulbey, we had some hopes one day to fight with my Lord of Essex's army, we receiving certain intelligence of his being in a field convenient enough, called Ripple Field, towards which we advanced with all possible speed; upon which he retired with the body of his army to Tewkesbury, where, by the advantage of the bridge, he was able to make good his quarter, with five hundred men, against twenty thousand. So that though we were

at so near a distance, as we could have been with him in two hours; his quarter being so strong, it was resolved on Thursday, that we seeing for the present he would not fight with us, we should endeavour to force him to it by cutting off his provisions; for which purpose, the best way was, for the body of our army to go back to Evesholme, and for our horse to distress him; upon which I, and many others, resolved to come for a few days hither, there being no probability of fighting very suddenly, where we arrived late on Thursday night. As soon as I came, I went to your father's, where I found Alibone, with whose face I was better pleased than with any of the ladies here. This expression is so much a bolder thing than charging my Lord Essex, that should this letter miscarry, and come to the knowledge of our dames, I should, by having my eyes scratched out, be cleared from coming away from the army for fear; where if I had staid, it is odds I should not have lost more than one. Last night very good news came to court, that we, yesterday morning, fell upon a horse quarter of the enemies, and cut off a regiment, and that my Lord of Newcastle hath killed and taken prisoners, two whole regiments of horse and foot that issued out of Hull; which place he hath great hopes to take ere long. By the same messenger, last night, the King sent the Queen word that he would come hither on Monday or Tuesday; upon one of which days, if he alter his resolutions, I shall not fail to return to the army. I am afraid our sitting down before Gloucester has hindered us from making an end of the war this year, which nothing could keep us from doing, if we had a month's more time, which we lost there, for we never were in a more prosperous condition;

tion; and yet the divisions do not at all diminish, especially betwixt ——— and ———, by which we receive prejudice. I never saw ——— use any body with more neglect than ———, and we say he is not used much better by the Queen. Mrs. Jermyn met my Lord Jermyn (who, notwithstanding your intelligence, is but a baron) with whom I came, at Woodstoke, with a coach, who told me she would write to you, which I hope she hath done; for since I came here, I have seen no creature but your father and my uncle; so that I am altogether ignorant of the intrigues of this place. Before I go hence, I hope somebody will come from you; howsoever, I shall have a letter here for you. I have taken the best care I can about my oeconomical affairs; I am afraid I shall not be able to get you a better house, every body thinking me mad for speaking about it. Pray bless Popet* for me, and tell her I would have writ to her; but that, upon mature deliberation, I found it to be uncivil to return an answer to a lady, in another character than her own, which I am not yet learned enough to do. I cannot, by walking about my chamber, call any thing more to mind to set down here, and really I have made you no small compliment in writing thus much; for I have so great a cold, that I do nothing but sneeze, and mine eyes do nothing but water, all the while I am in this posture of hanging down my head. I beseech you to present his service to my lady, who is most passionately and perfectly yours.

Oxford, September the 16th, 1643.

My humble service to Lady Lucy, and the other little ladies.

* She was his daughter, and afterwards Marchioness of Halifax.

Letter 13. *Robert Earl of Leicester, to his daughter Dorothy Countess of Sunderland, on the death of the Earl her husband, who lost his life, valiantly fighting for King Charles the First, at the battle of Newberry, 20th Sept. 1643.*

My dear Doll,

I KNOW it is to no purpose to advise you not to grieve; that is not my intention; for such a loss as yours cannot be received indifferently, by a nature so tender and so sensible as yours; but though your affection to him whom you loved so dearly, and your reason in valuing his merit (neither of which you could do too much), did expose you to the danger of that sorrow which now oppresseth you; yet if you consult with that affection, and with that reason, I am persuaded that you will see cause to moderate that sorrow; for your affection to that worthy person may tell you, that even to it you cannot justify yourself, if you lament his being raised to a degree of happiness, far beyond any that he did or could enjoy upon the earth; such as depends upon no uncertainties, nor can suffer any diminution; and wherein, though he knew your sufferings, he could not be grieved at your afflictions. And your reason will assure you, that besides the vanity of bemoaning that which hath no remedy, you offend him whom you loved, if you hurt that person whom he loved. Remember how apprehensive he was of your dangers, and how sorry for any thing that troubled you: imagine that he sees how you afflict and hurt yourself; you will then believe, that though he look upon it without any perturbation, for that cannot be admitted, by that blessed condition wherein he is, yet he may censure you, and think you forgetful

getful of the friendship that was between you, if you pursue not his desires, in being careful of yourself, who was so dear unto him. But he sees you not; he knows not what you do; well, what then! Will you do any thing that would displease him if he knew it, because he is where he doth not know it? I am sure that was never in your thoughts; for the rules of your actions were, and must be, virtue and affection to your husband, not the consideration of his ignorance or knowledge of what you do; that is but an accident; neither do I think that his presence was at any time more than a circumstance, not at all necessary to your abstaining from those things which might displease him. Assure yourself, that all the sighs and tears that your heart and eyes can sacrifice unto your grief, are not such testimonies of your affection, as the taking care of those whom he loved, that is, of yourself, and of those pledges of your mutual friendship and affection which he hath left with you; and which, though you would abandon yourself, may justly challenge of you the performance of their father's trust, reposed in you, to be careful of them. For their sakes, therefore, assuage your grief; they all have need of you, and one especially, whose life as yet doth absolutely depend on yours. I know you lived happily, and so as nobody but yourself could measure the contentment of it. I rejoiced at it, and did thank God for making me one of the means to procure it for you. That now is past, and I will not flatter you so much, as to say, I think you can ever be so happy in this life again; but this comfort you owe me, that I may see you bear this change and your misfortunes patiently. I shall be more pleased with that

than with the other, by as much as I esteem virtue and wisdom in you, more than any inconstant benefits that fortune could bestow upon you: it is likely that, as many others do, you will use examples to authorise the present passion which possesseth you; and you may say, that our Saviour himself did weep for the death of one he loved: that is true; but we must not adventure too far after his example in that, no more than a child should run into a river, because he saw a man wade through; for neither his sorrow, nor any other passion, could make him sin; but it is not so with us: he was pleased to take our infirmities, but he hath not imparted to us his power to limit or restrain them; for if we let our passions loose, they will grow headstrong, and deprive us of the power which we must reserve to ourselves, that we may recover the government which our reason and our religion ought to have above them. I doubt not, but your eyes are full of tears, and not the emptier for those they shed. God comfort you, and let us join in prayer to him, that he will be pleased to give his grace to you, to your mother, and to myself, that all of us may resign and submit ourselves entirely and cheerfully to his pleasure. So nothing shall be able to make us unhappy in this life, nor to hinder us from being happy in that which is eternal. Which that you may enjoy at the end of your days, whose number I wish as great as of any mortal creature; and that through them all you may find such comforts as are best and most necessary for you; it is, and shall ever be, the constant prayer of your father that loves you dearly.

Oxford, 10th October, 1643.

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Letter

Letter 14. *Algernon Sidney to his father, Robert Earl of Leicester.*

My Lord,

THE passage of letters from England hither is so uncertain, that I did not, until within these very few days, hear the sad news of my mother's death. I was then with the King of Sweden at Nycypin in Falster. This is the first opportunity I have had, of sending to condole with your Lordship, a loss that is so great to yourself and your family: of which my sense was not so much diminished, in being prepared by her long, languishing, and certainly incurable sickness, as increased by the last words and actions of her life. I confess, persons in such tempers are most fit to die, but they are also most wanted here; and we, that for a while are left in the world, are most apt, and perhaps with reason, to regret most the loss of those we most want. It may be, light and human passions are most suitably employed upon human and worldly things, wherein we have some sensible concernment: thoughts, absolutely abstracted from ourselves, are more suitable unto that steadiness of mind that is much spoken of, little sought, and never found, than that which is seen amongst men. It were a small compliment for me to offer your Lordship to leave the employment in which I am, if I may in any thing be able to ease your Lordship's solitude. If I could propose that to myself, I would cheerfully leave a condition of much more pleasure and advantage than I can with reason hope for.

Letter 15. *Dr. Sharp to the Duke of Buckingham; with Queen Elizabeth's speech to her army at Tilbury Fort.*

I REMEMBER, in eighty-eight, waiting

upon the Earl of Leicester at Tilbury Camp, and in eighty-nine going into Portugal with my noble master the Earl of Essex, I learned somewhat fit to be imparted to your Grace.

The Queen lying in the camp one night, guarded with her army, the old Lord Treasurer Burleigh came thither, and delivered to the Earl the examination of Don Pedro, who was taken and brought in by Sir Francis Drake, which examination the Earl of Leicester delivered unto me to publish to the army in my next sermon. The sum of it was this:

Don Pedro being asked, what was the intent of their coming, stoutly answered the Lords, What, but to subdue your nation, and root it out?

Good, said the Lords; and what meant you then to do with the catholics? He answered, We meant to send them (good men) directly unto Heaven, as all you that are heretics to hell. Yea, but said the Lords, what meant you to do with your whips of cord and wire? (whereof they had great store in their ships). What? said he, we meant to whip you heretics to death, that have assisted my master's rebels, and done such dishonours to our catholic king and people. Yea, but what would you have done, said they, with their young children? They, said he, which were above seven years old, should have gone the way their fathers went; the rest should have lived, branded in the forehead with the letter L for Lutheran, to perpetual bondage.

This, I take God to witness, I received of those great lords upon examination taken by the council, and by commandment delivered it to the army.

The Queen, the next morning, rode through all the squadrons of her army, as armed Pallas,

Pallas, attended by noble footmen, Leicester, Essex, and Norris then Lord Marshal, and divers other great Lords; where she made an excellent oration to her army, which the next day after her departure, I was commanded to re-deliver to all the army together, to keep a public fast. Her words were these:

“ My loving people, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety, to take heed how we commit ourself to armed multitudes for fear of treachery: but I assure you, I do not desire to live to distrust my faithful and loving people. Let tyrants fear; I have always so behaved myself, that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects. And therefore I am come amongst you, as you see, at this time, not for my recreation and disport, but being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle to live, or die amongst you all, to lay down for my God, and for my kingdom, and for my people, my honour, and my blood, even in the dust. I know I have the body but of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England too; and think foul scorn, that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe, should dare to invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather any dishonour should grow by me, I myself will take up arms, I myself will be your general, judge, and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already for your forwardness, you have deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you in the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the mean time, my lieutenant general shall be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or wor-

thy subject; not doubting but by your obedience to my general, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over those enemies of my God, of my kingdoms, and of my people.”

This I thought would delight your Grace, and no man hath it but myself, and such as I have given it to; and therefore I made bold to send it unto you, if you have it not already.

Letter 16. *Lord Bacon to James I. after his disgrace.*

To the King.

It may your most excellent majesty,

IN the midst of my misery, which is rather assuaged by remembrance than by hope, my chiefest worldly comfort is to think, that, since the time I had the first vote of the commons house of parliament for commissioner of the union, until the time that I was, by this last parliament, chosen by both houses for their messenger to your majesty in the petition of religion (which two were my first and last services), I was evermore so happy as to have my poor services graciously accepted by your majesty, and likewise not to have had any of them miscarry in my hands; neither of which points I can anywise take to myself, but ascribe the former to your majesty's goodness, and the latter to your prudent directions, which I was ever careful to have and keep. For, as I have often said to your majesty, I was towards you but as a bucket and cistern, to draw forth and conserve, whereas yourself was the fountain. Unto this comfort of nineteen years prosperity, there succeeded a comfort even in my greatest adversity, somewhat of the same nature, which is, that, in those offences where-

with I was charged, there was not any one special relation to your majesty, or any your particular commandments. For as towards Almighty God there are offences against the first and second table, and yet all against God; so with the servants of kings, there are offences more immediate against the sovereign, although all offences against law are also against the king; unto which comfort there is added this circumstance, that as my faults were not against your majesty, otherwise than as all faults are, so my fall was not your majesty's act, otherwise than as all acts of justice are yours. This I write not to insinuate with your majesty, but as a most humble appeal to your majesty's gracious remembrance, how honest and direct you have ever found me in your service, whereby I have an assured belief, that there is in your majesty's own princely thoughts, a great deal of serenity and clearness towards me, your majesty's now prostrate and cast down servant.

Neither, my most gracious sovereign, do I, by this mention of my former services, lay claim to your princely graces and bounty, though the privilege of calamity doth bear that form of petition. I know well, had they been much more, they had been but my bounden duty; nay, I must also confess, that they were from time to time far above my merit, over and super-rewarded by your majesty's benefits, which you heaped upon me. Your majesty was and is that master to me, that raised and advanced me nine times, thrice in dignity, and six times in offices. The places were indeed the painfulest of all your services; but then they had both honour and profits; and the then profits might have maintained my now honours, if I had been wise; neither was your majesty's immediate

liberality wanting towards me in some gifts, if I may hold them. All this I do most thankfully acknowledge, and do herewith conclude, that for any thing arising from myself to move your eye of pity towards me, there is much more in my present misery than in my past services; save that the same, your majesty's goodness, that may give relief to the one, may give value to the other.

And indeed, if it may please your majesty, this theme of my misery is so plentiful, as it need not be coupled with any thing else. I have been somebody by your majesty's singular and undeserved favour, even the prime officer of your kingdom. Your majesty's arm hath often been laid over mine in council, when you presided at the table; so near was I! I have borne your majesty's image in metal, much more in my heart. I was never, in nineteen years service, chidden by your majesty; but, contrariwise, often overjoyed when your majesty would sometimes say, I was a good husband for you, though none for myself; sometimes, that I had a way to deal in business *suavibus modis*, which was the way which was most according to your own heart;—and other most gracious speeches of affection and trust, which I feed on to this day. But why should I speak of these things, which are now vanished? But only the better to express my downfall.

For now it is thus with me: I am a year and a half * old in misery; though I must ever acknowledge, not without some mixture of your majesty's grace and mercy. For I do not think it possible that any one, whom you once loved, should be totally miserable. Mine own means, through my own providence, are poor and weak, little better than

* Therefore this was wrote near the middle of the year 1622.

my father left me. The poor things that I have had from your majesty are either in question or at courtesy. My dignities remain marks of your past favour, but burdens of my present fortune. The poor remnants which I had of my former fortunes in plate or jewels, I have spread upon poor men unto whom I owed, scarce leaving myself a convenient subsistence; so as to conclude, I must pour out my misery before your majesty so far as to say, *Si tu desiris, perimus*.

But as I can offer to your majesty's compassion little arising from myself to move you, except it be my extreme misery, which I have truly opened; so looking up to your majesty's own self, I should think I committed Cain's fault, if I should despair. Your majesty is a king, whose heart is as unscrutable for secret motions of goodness, as for depth of wisdom. You are, creator-like, fective not destructive; you are the prince in whom hath ever been noted an aversion against any thing that favoured of an hard heart; as, on the other side, your princely eye was wont to meet with any motion that was made on the relieving part. Therefore, as one that hath had the happiness to know your majesty near-hand, I have, most gracious sovereign, faith enough for a miracle, and much more for a grace, that your majesty will not suffer your poor creature to be utterly defaced, nor blot that name quite out of your book, upon which your sacred hand hath been so oft for the giving him new ornaments and additions.

Unto this degree of compassion, I hope God (of whose mercy towards me, both in my prosperity and adversity, I have great testimonies and pledges, though mine own manifold and wretched unthankfulness might have averted them) will dispose your

princely heart, already prepared to all piety you shall do for me*. And as all commiserable persons (especially such as find their hearts void of all malice) are apt to think that all men pity them, so I assure myself that the lords of your council, who, out of their wisdom and nobleness, cannot but be sensible of human events, will, in this way which I go for the relief of my estate, further and advance your majesty's goodness towards me: for there is, as I conceive, a kind of fraternity between great men that are, and those that have been, being but the several tenses of one verb. Nay, I do farther presume, that both houses of parliament will love their justice the better, if it end not in my ruin; for I have been often told by many of my lords, as it were in the way of excusing the severity of the sentence, that they knew they left me in good hands. And your majesty knoweth well I have been all my life long acceptable to those assemblies; not by flattery, but by moderation, and by honest expressing of a desire to have all things go fairly and well.

But if it may please your majesty (for saints I shall give them reverence, but no adoration; my address is to your majesty, the fountain of goodness) your majesty shall, by the grace of God, not feel that in gift which I shall extremely feel in help; for my desires are moderate, and my courses measured to a life orderly and reserved, hoping still to do your majesty honour in my way; only I most humbly beseech your majesty to give me leave to conclude with these words, which necessity speaketh: Help me, dear sovereign lord and master, and pity so far, as that I, that have borne a bag, be not now in my age forced in effect to bear a wallet; nor that I,

* Vouchsafe to express towards me.

that desire to live to study, may not be driven to study to live. I most humbly crave pardon of a long letter, after a long silence. God of heaven ever bleſs, preſerve, and proſper your majeſty. Your majeſty's poor ancient ſervant and beaſman.

Letter 17. *Lord Wentworth to Sir William Saville.*

My dear Nephew,

IT ſhall be much contentment unto me, when the power or means I have may communicate any thing which may be of acceptation with you: and now that it hath pleaſed God to take from you your mother, I hold myſelf more bound to preſerve a care for you, being ſorry that my remoteneſs renders me of leſs uſe unto you now upon your entrance into the world, than perchance otherwiſe I might have been.

It is true, that it is not my cuſtom to put myſelf into counſels uncalled, and having been a miniſter in the troubleſome ſettlement of your eſtate, methought it might have ſtood well enough with civility and diſcretion to have let me been acquainted with the courſe of your new conveyances, when you and I were both at London laſt; being ſo made a ſtranger to that end, the effecting and accompliſhing whereof I had ſo painfully endeavoured for ſo many years together. Surely neither I nor mine ſhould have been a penny better by it; for I muſt tell you, for all the ſervice I have done you and your houſe, I never had the worth of a groat forth of your purſe, or the purſe of your mother, and, which is more, never will; for I truſt, by God's bleſſing, to leave my child an eſtate able to maintain him as a gentleman, without being burthenſome to any.

And, indeed, if I did not conceive this

neglect was rather the good-will of Cookſon than any formal direction of your own, I ſhould reſolve to perform my own duty towards the nearneſs of that blood which runs in our veins, without ever deſiring to intermeddle at all in your counſels for the government of yourſelf and fortune; but indeed your years ſhew me, you were in all diſcretion to be merely paſſive in that action, and no doubt having my Lord Keeper's advice therein, all is well and orderly diſpoſed and executed.

Admit me then, in conſideration and remembrance of your noble father, and that I may ſay to my own heart I have not betrayed the truſt he was pleaſed to reſe in me, to deliver you my opinion, how you are futurely to diſpoſe yourſelf and fortune; which, as it ſhall come from me with all the candour in the world, ſo doth it alſo with all the indifferency poſſible; deſiring God Almighty that you may not follow one word of advice of mine, where there is a better for you to govern yourſelf after.

Being then upon that period of life, that as you ſet forth now at firſt, you will in all likelihood continue ſo to the end, be it you take the paths of virtue or the contrary, you cannot conſider yourſelf, and adviſe and debate your actions with your friends too much; and till ſuch time as experience hath ripened your judgment, it ſhall be great wiſdom and advantage to diſtruſt yourſelf, and to fortify your youth by the counſel of your more aged friends, before you undertake any thing of conſequence. It was the courſe that I governed myſelf by after my father's death, with great advantage to myſelf and affairs; and yet my breeding abroad hath ſhewn me more of the world than yours hath done, and I had natural reaſon like other men, only I confeſs

confess I did in all things distrust myself; wherein you shall do, as I said, extremely well if you do so too.

I conceive you should lay aside all thoughts of going up to London these four or five years; live in your own house; order and understand your own estate; inform and employ yourself in the affairs of the country; carry yourself respectfully and kindly towards your neighbours; desire the company of such as are well governed and discreet amongst them, and make them as much as you can your friends, in country business keeping yourself from all faction; and at the first be not too positive, or take too much upon you, till you fully understand the course of proceedings; for, have but a little patience, and the command and government of that part of the country will infallibly fall into your hands, with honour to yourself, and contentment to others; whereas if you catch at it too soon, it will be but a means to publish your want of understanding and modesty, and that you shall grow cheap and in contempt before them that shall see you undertake that, where you are not able to guide yourself in your own way.

Be sure to moderate your expence, so as it may be without foolish waste or mean savings; take your own accompts, and betimes inure yourself to examine how your estate prospers, where it suffers, or where it is to be improved; otherwise there will such an easiness and neglect gather upon you, as, it may be, you will never patiently endure the labour of it whilst you live; and so, as much as in you lies, cast from you that which tends most to the preservation of your fortune of any other thing; for, I am persuaded, few men that understood their expence ever wasted; and few that do not ever well governed their estate.

Considering that your houses, in my judgment, are not suitable to your quality, nor yet your plate and furniture, I conceive your expence ought to be reduced to two-thirds of your estate, the rest saved to the accommodating of you in that kind: those things provided, you may, if you see cause, enlarge yourself the more.

In these, and all things else, you shall do passing well to consult Mr. Greenwood, who hath seen much, is very well able to judge, and certainly most faithful to you. If you use him not most respectfully, you deal extreme ungrateful with him, and ill for yourself. He was the man your father loved and trusted above all men, and did as faithfully discharge the trust reposed in him, as ever in my time I knew any man do for his dead friend: taking excessive pains in settling your estate with all possible cheerfulness, without charge to you at all: his advice will be always upright, and you may safely pour your secrets into him, which by that time you have conversed a little more abroad in the world, you will find to be the greatest and noblest treasure this world can make any man owner of; and I protest to God, were I in your place, I would think him the greatest and best riches I did or could possess.

In any case, think not of putting yourself into court before you be thirty years of age at least; till your judgment be so awakened, as that you may be able to discover and put aside such trains, as will always infallibly be there laid for men of great fortunes, by a company of flesh-flies that ever buz up and down the palaces of princes: and this, let me tell you, I have seen many men of great estates come young thither and spend all, but did I never see a good estate prosper amongst them that put itself forward before the mas-

ter had an experience and knowledge how to husband and keep it: I having observed, that the errors of young gallants in that kind ever proved fatal and irremediables, be their wits or providence never so great in playing their after-games, one only excepted; and how it may yet prove with him, God knows.

For your servants, neither use them so familiarly as to lose your reverence at their hands, nor so disdainfully as to purchase yourself their ill-will! but carry it in an equal temper towards them, both in punishment and rewards. For Cookson, I hold him a churlish proud-natured companion, but withal honest, and I am persuaded will be a good servant; if you keep him from drink, much better. Howbeit, you shall do well to take his accompts orderly and weekly, taking to you Mr. Greenwood to help you till you have gained the skill yourself.

You are left as weak in friends as any gentleman I ever knew of your quality; but how much more careful ought you then to be to oblige men by your respective courteous usage towards them, and provident circumspection towards yourself? You are, as I have observed, rash and hasty, apt to fall to censure others, and exercise your wit upon them: take heed of it, it is a quality of great offence to others, and danger towards a man's self; and that jeering, jesting demeanour is not to be used but where a man hath great interest in the person, and knows himself to be understood to love and respect him truly; with such a one, if the man be sad and wise to take and return it the right way, a man may be sometimes bold, but otherwise never.

Let no company or respect ever draw you to excess in drink, for be you well assured, that if that ever possess you, you are instantly drunk to all honour and employment in the

state; drunk to all the respects your friends will otherwise pay you, and shall by unequal staggering paces go to your grave with confusion of face, as well in them that love you, as in yourself, and therefore abhor all company that might entice you that way.

Spend not too much time, nor venture too much money at gaming; it is a great vanity that possesseth some men, and in most is occasioned by a greedy mind of winning, which is a pursuit not becoming a generous noble heart, which will not brook such starving considerations as those.

In a word, guide yourself in all things in the paths of goodness and virtue, and so persevere therein, that you may thence take out those rules, which, being learnt, may (when it comes to your turn) as well grace and enable you to lead and govern others, as (whilst you are learning of them) it will become you to follow and obey others; and thus shall you possess your youth in modesty, and your elder years in wisdom.

God Almighty prosper and bless you, in your person, in your lady, in your children, and in your estate, wherein no friend you have shall take more contentment than your most affectionate uncle and most faithful friend.

Dublin Castle, this 29th of December, 1633.

Letter 18. *Lord Wentworth to Archbishop Laud.*

May it please your Grace,

I Am gotten hither to a poor house I have, having been this last week almost feasted to death at York. In truth, for any thing I can find, they were not ill pleased to see me. Sure I am, it much contented me to be amongst my old acquaintance, which I would not leave for any other affection I have, but to

to that which I both profess and owe to the person of his sacred majesty. Lord! with what quietness in myself could I live here in comparison of that noise and labour I met with elsewhere; and I protest put up more crowns in my purse at the year's end too. But we'll let that pass. For I am not like to enjoy that blessed condition upon earth. And therefore my resolution is set, to endure and struggle with it so long as this crazy body will bear it; and finally drop into the silent grave, where both all these (which I now could, as I think, innocently delight myself in) and myself are to be forgotten; and fare them well. I persuade myself *exuto lepidio* I am able to lay them down very quietly, and yet leave behind me, as a truth not to be forgotten, a perfect and full remembrance of my being your Grace's most humbly to be commanded.

Gawthorp, this 17th of Aug. 1636.

Letter 19. *Earl of Strafford to his Son.*

My dearest Will,

THESE are the last lines that you are to receive from a father that tenderly loves you. I wish there were a greater leisure to impart my mind unto you; but our merciful God will supply all things by his grace, and guide and protect you in all your ways: to whose infinite goodness I bequeath you; and therefore be not discouraged, but serve him, and trust in him, and he will preserve and prosper you in all things.

Be sure you give all respect to my wife, that hath ever had a great love unto you, and therefore will be well becoming you. Never be awanting in your love and care to your sisters, but let them ever be most dear unto you; for this will give others cause to esteem and respect you for it, and is a duty that you

owe them in the memory of your excellent mother and myself; therefore your care and affection to them must be the very same that you are to have of yourself; and the like regard must you have to your youngest sister; for indeed you owe it her also, both for her father and mother's sake.

Sweet Will, be careful to take the advice of those friends which are by me desired to advise you for your education. Serve God diligently morning and evening, and recommend yourself unto him, and have him before your eyes in all your ways. With patience hear the instructions of those friends I leave with you, and diligently follow their counsel; for, till you come by time to have experience in the world, it will be far more safe to trust to their judgments than your own.

Lose not the time of your youth, but gather those seeds of virtue and knowledge which may be of use to yourself, and comfort to your friends, for the rest of your life. And that this may be the better effected, attend thereunto with patience, and be sure to correct and refrain yourself from anger. Suffer not sorrow to cast you down, but with cheerfulness and good courage go on the race you have to run in all sobriety and truth. Be sure, with an hallowed care, to have respect to all the commandments of God, and give not yourself to neglect them in the least things, lest by degrees you come to forget them in the greatest; for the heart of man is deceitful above all things. And in all your duties and devotions towards God, rather perform them joyfully than pensively; for God loves a cheerful giver. For your religion, let it be directed according to that which shall be taught by those which are in God's church the proper teachers therefore, rather than that you ever either fancy one to yourself, or be

led by men that are singular in their own opinions, and delight to go ways of their own finding out: for you will certainly find soberness and truth in the one, and much unsteadiness and vanity in the other.

The king I trust will deal graciously with you, restore you those honours and that fortune which a distempered time hath deprived you of, together with the life of your father: which I rather advise might be by a new gift and creation from himself, than by any other means, to the end you may pay the thanks to him without having obligation to any other.

Be sure to avoid as much as you can to inquire after those that have been sharp in their judgments towards me, and I charge you never to suffer thought of revenge to enter your heart, but be careful to be informed who were my friends in this prosecution, and to them apply yourself to make them your friends also; and on such you may rely, and bestow much of your conversation amongst them.

And God Almighty of his infinite goodness bless you and your children's children; and his same goodness bless your sisters in like manner, perfect you in every good work, and give you right understandings in all things. Amen. Your most loving father,

Tower, this 11th of May, 1641.

You must not fail to behave yourself towards my Lady Clare, your grandmother, with all duty and observance; for most tenderly doth she love you, and hath been passing kind unto me: God reward her charity for it. And both in this and all the rest, the same that I counsel you, the same do I direct also to your sisters, that so the same may be observed by you all. And once more do I, from my very soul, beseech our gracious God

to bless and govern you in all, to the saving you in the day of his visitation, and join us again in the communion of his blessed saints, where is fulness of joy and bliss for evermore. Amen, Amen.

Letter 20. *James Earl of Derby, to Commissary General Ireton, in answer to the summons sent the Earl to deliver up the Isle of Man.*

Sir,

I HAVE received your letter with indignation, and with scorn return you this answer: That I cannot but wonder whence you should gather any hopes that I should prove, like you, treacherous to my sovereign; since you cannot be ignorant of the manifest candour of my former actings in his late majesty's service, from which principles of loyalty I am no whit departed. I scorn your proffer; I disdain your favour; I abhor your treason; and am so far from delivering up this island to your advantage, that I shall keep it to the utmost of my power, and, I hope, to your destruction. Take this for your final answer, and forbear any further solicitations; for if you trouble me with any more messages of this nature, I will burn your paper, and hang up your messenger. This is the immutable resolution, and shall be the undoubted practice of him who accounts it his chiefest glory to be his majesty's most loyal and obedient subject.

From Castle-Town, this 12th July, 1649.

Letter 21. *The Hon. Algernoon Sidney to his friends.*

Sir,

I AM sorry I cannot in all things conform myself to the advices of my friends; if theirs had any joint concernment with mine, I would

would willingly submit my interest to theirs ; but when I alone am interested, and they only advise me to come over as soon as the act of indemnity is passed, because they think it is best for me, I cannot wholly lay aside my own judgment and choice. I confess, we are naturally inclined to delight in our own country, and I have a particular love to mine : and I hope I have given some testimony of it. I think that being exiled from it is a great evil, and would redeem myself from it with the loss of a great deal of my blood : but when that country of mine, which used to be esteemed a paradise, is now like to be made a stage of injury ; the liberty which we hoped to establish oppressed, all manner of profaneness, looseness, luxury, and lewdness set up in its height ; instead of piety, virtue, sobriety, and modesty, which we hoped God, by our hands, would have introduced ; the best of our nation made a prey to the worst ; the parliament, court, and army corrupted, the people enslaved, all things vendible, and no man safe, but by such evil and infamous means as flattery and bribery ; what joy can I have in my own country in this condition ? Is it a pleasure to see all that I love in the world, sold and destroyed ? Shall I renounce all my old principles, learn the vile court arts, and make my peace by bribing some of them ? Shall their corruption and vice be my safety ? Ah ! no ; better is a life among strangers, than in my own country upon such conditions. Whilst I live, I will endeavour to preserve my liberty ; or, at least, not consent to the destroying of it. I hope I shall die in the same principles in which I have lived and will live no longer than they can preserve me. I have in my life been guilty of many follies, but, as I think, of no meanness. I will not blot and defile that which is past, by

endeavouring to provide for the future. I have ever had in my mind, that when God should cast me into such a condition, as that I cannot save my life, but by doing an indecent thing, he shews me the time is come wherein I should resign it. And when I cannot live in my own country, but by such means as are worse than dying in it, I think he shews me I ought to keep myself out of it. Let them please themselves with making the king glorious, who think a whole people may justly be sacrificed for the interest and pleasure of one man, and a few of his followers : let them rejoice in their subtilty, who, by betraying the former powers, have gained the favour of this, not only preserved, but advanced themselves in these dangerous changes. Nevertheless (perhaps) they may find the king's glory is their shame, his plenty the people's misery ; and that the gaining of an office, or a little money, is a poor reward for destroying a nation, which, if it were preserved in liberty and virtue, would truly be the most glorious in the world ! and that others may find they have, with much pains, purchased their own shame and misery ; a dear price paid for that which is not worth keeping, nor the life that is accompanied with it : the honour of English parliaments has ever been in making the nation glorious and happy, not in selling and destroying the interest of it, to satisfy the lusts of one man. Miserable nation ! that, from so great a height of glory, is fallen into the most despicable condition in the world, of having all its good depending upon the breath and will of the vilest persons in it ! cheated and sold by them they trusted ! Infamous traffic ! equal almost in guilt to that of Judas ! In all preceding ages, parliaments have been the pillars of our liberty, the sure defenders of the oppressed : they,

they, who formerly could bridle kings, and keep the balance equal between them and the people, are now become the instruments of all our oppressions, and a sword in his hand to destroy us: they themselves led by a few interested persons, who are willing to buy offices by themselves by the misery of the whole nation, and the blood of the most worthy and eminent persons in it. Detestable bribes, worse than the oaths now in fashion in this mercenary court! I mean to owe neither my life nor liberty to any such means; when the innocence of my actions will not protect me, I will stay away till the storm be over-passed. In short, where Vane, Lambert, and Haslerigg cannot live in safety, I cannot live at all. If I had been in England, I should have expected a lodging with them: or, though they may be the first, as being more eminent than I, I must expect to follow their example in suffering, as I have been their companion in acting. I am most in amaze at the mistaken informations that were sent to me by my friends, full of expectations, of favours, and employments. Who can think, that they, who imprison them, would employ me, or suffer me to live, when they are put to death? If I might live, and be employed, can it be expected that I should serve a government that seeks such detestable ways of establishing itself? Ah! no; I have not learnt to make my own peace, by persecuting and betraying my brethren, more innocent and worthy than myself. I must live by just means, and serve to just ends, or not at all, after such a manifestation of the ways by which it is intended the king shall govern. I should have renounced any place of favour into which the kindness and industry of my friends might have advanced me, when I found those that were better than I, were only fit to be de-

stroyed. I had formerly some jealousies, the fraudulent proclamation for indemnity increased the imprisonment of those three men; and turning out of all the officers of the army, contrary to promise, confirmed me in my resolutions, not to return.

To conclude: the tide is not to be diverted, nor the oppressed delivered; but God, in his time, will have mercy on his people; he will save and defend them, and avenge the blood of those who shall now perish, upon the heads of those who, in their pride, think nothing is able to oppose them. Happy are those whom God shall make instruments of his justice in so blessed a work. If I can live to see that day, I shall be ripe for the grave, and able to say with joy, Lord! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, &c. (So Sir Arthur Haslerigg on Oliver's death.) Farewell. My thoughts as to king and state, depending upon their actions, no man shall be a more faithful servant to him than I, if he make the good and prosperity of his people his glory; none more his enemy, if he doth the contrary. To my particular friends I shall be constant in all occasions, and to you a most affectionate servant.

Letter 22. *Mr. Boyle to the Countess of Ranelagh.*

My dear Sister,

IF I were of those scribblers' humour, who love to put themselves to one trouble, to put their friends to another; and who weekly break their silence, only to acquaint us with their unwillingness to keep it; I must confess I had much oftener written you letters not worth the reading. But having ever looked upon silence and respect as things as near of kin as importunity and affection, I elected rather to trust to your good opinion,
to

to your good-nature, than your patience with my letters: for which to suppose a welcome, must have presumed a greater kindness, than they could have exprest. For I am grown so perfect a villager, and live so removed, not only from the roads, but from the very by-paths of intelligence; that to entertain you with our country discourse, would have extremely puzzled me, since your children have not the rickets nor the measles; and as for news, I could not have sent you so much as that of my being well. To beseech you not to forget me, were but a bad compliment to your constancy; and to tell you I remember you, were a worse to my own judgment: and compliments of the other nature it were not easy for me to write from Stalbridge, and less easy to write to you: so that wanting all themes and strains, that might enable me to fill my letters with any thing, that might pay the patience of reading them, I thought it pardonabler to say nothing by a respectful silence, than by idle words. But the causes being just so many excuses of that silence, I should have more need to apologize for my letters, if these seemed not necessary to prevent the misconstruction of their unfrequency, and if I did not send up the antidote with them, in the company of my brother Frank; by whom it were equally incongruous and unseasonable to send you no epistle, and to send you a long one; which (latter) that this may not prove, I must hasten to assure you, that though I have not very lately written you any common letters, it is not long, since I was writing you a dedicatory one, which may (possibly) have the happiness to convey your name to posterity; and having told you this, I shall next take post to beseech you to believe, that whensoever you shall please to vouchsafe me the honour of your commands,

my glad and exact obedience shall convince you, that though many others may oftener renew their bonds, I can esteem myself, by a single note under my hand, equally engaged to you for all the services, that may become the relation, and justify the professions, that stile me, my dear sister, your most affectionate brother, and faithful humble servant, R. B.

Stalbridge, this 13th Nov. 1646.

Letter 23. *Mr. Boyle to the Countess of Ranelagh.*

My Sister,

I HAVE ever counted it amongst the highest infelicities of friendship, that it increasingly reflects upon us our imparted griefs; for if our friends appear unconcerned in them, that indifference offends us, and if they resent them, sympathy afflicts us. This consideration, concurring with my native disposition, has made me shy of disclosing my afflictions, where I could not expect their redress; being too proud to seek relief in the being thought to need it, and too good a friend to find a satisfaction in their griefs I love, or to admit of the ill-natured consolation of seeing others wretched as well as I. This humour may in part inform you of the cause of my silence, and, I hope, in part excuse it; but I am not now at leisure to make apologies, though I will assure you I decline the employment for want of time, not justice. Since I wrote to you last, I was unlikely enough ever to be in a condition to write to you again; and my danger was so sudden and unexpected, that nothing could transcend it, except theirs, whose dilatory conversion makes them trust eternity to the uncertain improvement of a future contingent minute of a life obnoxious to numerous casualties, as impossible (almost) to be numbered as avoided.

What

What God has decreed of me, himself best knows; for my part, I shall still pray for a perfect resignation to his blessed will, and a resembling acquiescence in it; and I hope his Spirit will so conform me to his dispensations that I may cheerfully, by his assignment, either continue my work, or ascend to receive my wages. And in this I must implore the assistance of your fervent prayers, dear sister, which I am confident will both find a shorter way to heaven, and be better welcomed there. These three or four weeks I have been troubled with the visits of a quotidian ague, which yet had not the power to hinder me from three or four journies to serve Frank, and wait upon my dear Broghill, nor from continuing my Vulcanian feat; and, in the intervals of my fits, I both began and made some progress in the promised discourse of Public Spiritedness: but now truly weakness, and the doctor's prescriptions, have cast my pen into the fire; though, in spite of their menaces, I sometimes presume to snatch it out awhile, and blot some paper with it. My present employment is, the reviewing some consolatory thoughts on the loss of friends, which my poor lady Susan's death obliged me to entertain myself with, and which I am now recruiting. If ever I finish them, I shall trouble you to read them; and if I do not, beseech you to make use of them. The melancholy which some have been pleased to misrepresent to you as the cause of my distempers, is certainly much more the effect of them; neither is it either of that quality or that degree you apprehend, but much more just than dangerous: yet, to obey you, I shall endeavour a divorce; and, as the properest means, endeavour to wait upon you; in order to which, I came this night in a litter to this town, whence I intend not to dislodge, till

God's blessing upon the remedies enable me to do it on horseback. The kindness you expressed in the letter I received this morning, has brought me so high a consolation, that I should think it cheaply purchased by the occasion of it, if I had ignored that the sole want of suitable opportunities restrained the frequency of resembling strains; and if I were not too well acquainted with the greatness of your goodness, not to derive a higher joy from your obliging proffers, as they are effects of your friendship than testimonies of it. But though I value the blessing of your company at the rate of having the happiness of more than an indifferent acquaintance with you, I cannot consent to purchase my felicity (if such a thing could be done) by your disquiet: for your remove will not more certainly discompose your family, than it will be useless or unnecessary to me; the nature of my disease being such, that it will either frustrate your visit, or allow me to do so: for if in a very short time it destroy not, it will leave me strength enough to fetch a perfecter cure of it at London, whither in spite of my present distempers, which are not small, nor (I fear) very fugitive, the physicians would persuade me that, by God's assistance, I may be able to crawl in a short time. I shall beseech you therefore not to stir, until you hear further either from me, or of me; and to believe, that though your visits are favours of too precious a quality to be fully receivable from your intention only, yet my concern in your quiet will make me (in the purposed journey) more welcomingly resent your design than your presence. I hope you will pardon the disorder of this scribble to that of the writer, who is not only weary of his journey, but is at present troubled with a fit of his ague, which yet being but a sickness, cannot impair

impair an affection, which will be sure to keep me really and unalterably till death, my dearest, dearest, dearest sister, your most affectionate brother and humble servant, R. B.
Bath, August 2, 1649, late at night.

Letter 24. *From the same to the same.*

My Sister,

I MUST confess that I should be as much in debt for your letters, though I had answered every one of yours, as he is in his creditor's, who for two angels has paid back but two shillings: for certainly, if any where it is in the productions of the mind, that the quality ought to measure extent, and assign number, and equity to multiply excellency, where wit has contracted it. I could easily evince this truth, and the justness of the application too, did I not apprehend that your modesty would make you mind me, that the nature of my disease forbids all strains. I am here, God be praised, upon the mending hand, though not yet exempted from either pain or fears; the latter of which I could wish (but believe not) as much enemies to my reason, as I find the former to my quiet. I intend notwithstanding, by God's blessing, as soon as I have here recruited and refreshed my purse and self, to accomplish my designed removal to London; my hoped arrival at which I look on with more joy, as a fruit of my recovery, than a testimony of it. Sir William and his son went hence this morning having by the favour (or rather charity) of a visit, made me some compensation for the many I have lately received from persons, whose visitations (I think I may call them) in spite of my averſeness to physic, make me find a greater trouble in the congratulations, than the instruments of my recovery. You will pardon, perhaps, the bitterness of this ex-

pression, when I have told you, that having spent most of this week in drawing (for my particular use) a quintessence of wormwood, those disturbers of my work might easily shake some few drops into my ink. I will not now presume to entertain you with those moral speculations, with which my chemical practices have entertained me; but if this last sickness had not diverted me, I had before this presented you with a discourse, (which my vanity made me hope would not have displeased you,) of the theological use of natural philosophy, endeavouring to make the contemplation of the creatures contributory to the instruction of the prince, and to the glory of the author of them. But my blood has so thickened my ink, that I cannot yet make it run; and my thoughts of improving the creatures have been very much displaced by those of leaving them. Nor has my disease been more guilty of my oblivion, than my employment since it has begun to release me: for Vulcan has so transported and bewitched me, that as the delights I taste in it make me fancy my laboratory a kind of Elysium, so as if the threshold of it possessed the quality the poets ascribed to that Lethe, their fictions made men taste of before their entrance into those seats of bliss, I there forget my standish and my books, and almost all things, but the unchangeable resolution I have made of continuing till death, sister, your

R. B.

Stalb. Aug. the last, 1649.

Letter 25. *Mr. Boyle to Lord Broghill.*

My dearest Governor,

I Receive in our separation as much of happiness as is consistent with it, in hearing of you in so glorious, and from you in so obliging a way; and in being assured, by
your

your letters and your actions, how true you are to your friendship and your gallantry. I am not a little satisfied to find, that since you were reduced to leave your Parthenissa, your successes have so happily emulated or continued the story of Artabanus; and that you have now given romances as well credit as reputation. Nor am I moderately pleased, to see you as good at reducing towns in Munster as Assyria, and to find your eloquence as prevalent with masters of garrisons as mistresses of hearts; for I esteem the former both much the diffcult conquest, and more the usefuller. Another may lawfully exalt your bold attempts and fortunate enterprizes; but, for my part, I think that such a celebration would extremely misbecome a friendship, to which your goodness and my affection flatter me into a belief that our relation has rather given the occasion than degree. Besides that I have so great a concern in all things wherein you have any, that the presumption of my own modesty does, as well as the greatness of yours, silence my praises. And truly, that which most endears your acquisitions to me is, that they have cost you so little blood. For, besides that the glory is much more your own to reduce places by your own single virtue, and the interest it has acquired you, than if you had I know not how many thousand men to help you, and share as much the honour of your successes as they contribute to them; besides this consideration, I say, certainly, though a laurel crown were more glorious amongst the Romans, the myrtle coronet (that crowned bloodless victories) ought to be acceptabler to a Christian, who is tied by the bindingest principles of his religion to a peculiar charity towards those that profess it; to use towards delinquents as much gentleness as infringes not the just rights of

the innocent; and to be very tender of spilling their blood, for whom Christ shed his. But I am less delighted to learn your successes in the world, than to find (by your letter to my sister Ranelagh) that you mean not that they shall tie you to it; and are resolved, as soon as your affairs and reputation will permit you, to divest your public employment, and retire to a quiet privacy, where you may enjoy yourself, and have leisure to consider the vanity of that posthume glory, which has nothing in it of certain but the uselessness. That, in the hurry of businesses that distract you, you could find leisure to bless me with your letters, is a favour, which, though it amaze me not, does highly satisfy me. The kindness they express is welcomer to me for what it argues, than for what it promises; and I am much more pleased to see you in a condition of making promises, than I should be with their accomplishment. I shall only, in general, desire your countenance for those that manage my fortune in your province, whither I should wait upon my dearest lady M. if black Betty did not; and, seriously, the jade arrived very seasonably to save me a journey, for which I was but slenderly provided; for having not yet been able to put off my L. Goring's statute, I am kept in this town, to do penance for my transgression of that precept, "My son, put money in thy purse." But the term assigned my expiation is, I hope, near expired; and I despair not to see myself shortly in a condition to make you a visit, that shall prevent the springs. I shall implore, for my lady Pegg, the self-same passage I shall wish for myself, and solemnize the first easterly gale with a

Farewell, fair saint, may not the seas and wind, &c.

But

But I am so entirely taken up with the contemplation of her and you, that I had forgot that I have to write this night more letters than the four and twenty of the alphabet. My next shall give you an account of my transactions, my studies, and my amours; of the latter of which, black Betty will tell you as many lies as circumstances; but hope you know too well what she is, and whence she comes, not to take all her stories for fictions, almost as great as is the truth that styles me, my dearest brother, your most affectionate brother, and humble servant,

London, this 20th of Dec. 1649. R. B.

Letter 26. *From the same to the Countess of Orrery, on the Earl's death, in October 1679.*

THOUGH I received so early the sad account of my dearest brother's sickness, accompanied with ill presaging circumstances, that I could not but doubt it would prove his last, and so had time to prepare myself for the worst; yet, now that my fear is turned into certainty, I find, that though the warning I had kept me from being surprised, it cannot keep me from being so afflicted and discomposed, that I am much more fit to keep you company in your sadness, than endeavour to cure you of it. And therefore, knowing that I can offer you no consolations so pertinent and weighty as you may supply yourself with, out of your own stock of reason and religion, I shall not trouble you with a long letter, but only name to you two or three of those considerations, that my own experience most recommends to me in our common loss. Under so great a one, the chief thing I can pitch upon to quiet my troubled mind is, the consideration of that hand from which this heavy stroke comes: for God, who is in-

finitely wise and good, as well as absolute, has a much greater right of propriety in our relations than we ourselves have, they being but our friends or kindred, whereas he is their creator, preserver, benefactor, and owner; and, upon all these titles, has a right to dispose of them as may best conduce to his purposes; especially since the same course, by which he brings them to contribute to his glory, brings them to be the earlier partakers of it. Another thing, which has much impression on me, is the remembrance of those great torments and bodily infirmities that have, for divers years, made my dear brother's life very uneasy to him. This none knows better than yourself, whose extraordinary kindness have made you acquainted with it so much to your toil and trouble; so that, in a person that lived in so much pain, and died with so much willingness, a pious end ought not to be lamented by us, otherwise than upon our own account; especially since God, by vouchsafing him some years of retirement from the noise and hurry of the world, gave him leisure and opportunity to set his mind and house in order, against the arrival of his great change. These and the like considerations do much contribute to call my thoughts, under this sharp trial, as it relates personally to him, so that much of my sorrow does, I confess, proceed from my own private loss of so excellent a brother and a friend; and from the sense I have of the general miss that the poor country he lived in will find of him, and the particular loss sustained by his afflicted family, and especially by you, my dear sister, who being now, in a more strict sense than before, the great support, ornament and comfort of it, I humbly beseech you to contribute all you can to preserve so great a blessing to it; not so remembering

membering that you were a wife, as to forget that you are a Christian and a mother; and as you have exemplarily performed the utmost of what the first relation could require of you, so I hope and beg you will now apply yourself to what the two other relations exact: both strive to moderate your grief, and take great care of a health, which your kindness has made you too much, and I fear too long neglect; and for the recovery of which a great many, besides your own family, are not a little concerned, but none more heartily and justly than, madam, your ladyship's, &c.

I beg to be represented as a most humble servant to all your disconsolate children, whose pardon I beg, for not being able to write to them in particular upon so sad an occasion, which allows me not enough either of leisure, or freedom of thoughts for such an employment. I wish my lord of Orrery much joy of his new title, and that he may succeed his father as well in better things as in that. Having been of late not well myself, I have made no visits, but one to my brother Burlington, who kept his bed for the gout, and one to each of your daughters, whom I found (to day) as I expected, extremely troubled at their great loss; but I hope that excess of sorrow, that threatened their health, is so far moderated, that it will not now prove at all dangerous.

Letter 27. *Mr Boyle to the Lady Orrery.*

London, Nov. 28, 1682.

I LITTLE thought, my dear sister, that so soon after I had sent you a congratulatory letter about my poor lady Donegal, I should have occasion to write you a condoling one upon her account. But it is partly our fault, as well as our unhappiness, if we so far for-

get the instability that human prosperity is subject to, as to be much surprised when we do not find it lasting. You have been of late years so accustomed to the loss of friends, that it may reasonably be supposed, that so much experience has not more exercised your patience than confirmed it. And the several accidents of this kind you have been subject to, would have put a person far less pious and considerate, upon reflections that doubtless would anticipate what I could offer to you by way of consolation; which, therefore, I shall forbear to trouble you with: only I cannot leave unmentioned this, that is a great one to your friends and servants here, that they find by a letter from so authentic a hand as my lord primate's, that though the person we lament died young and early, she did not die surprised nor unprepared; his grace giving such an account of her behaviour during her sickness, and especially in the last sad scene of it, as forbids us to grieve for her, but only for ourselves and for you; to whom a divine support, and a sanctified use of this affliction, is heartily wished, by a sharer with you in it, that begs the justice to be esteemed, madam, your ladyship's most humble, most faithful, and most affectionate servant.

Letter 28. *Lady Ranelagh to Mr. Boyle.*

Lees, August 6, 1664-5.

I AM glad, my brother, to hear you go on to mend daily, in matter of your health, but sorry to find that you are not yet quite recovered to your former state therein. If our reports do not speak louder than truth gives them leave to do, God has again put a new hand of mercy upon this poor nation, to draw it to himself. But, for aught I hear, we are like to make our returns as disingenuous towards him for this deliverance of the many

many preceding ones that he has afforded us ; which makes me fear, that even our blessings will prove bitterness to us in the end. I congratulate with you the happiness God has given you in making the employments of your health such, as you may seasonably and comfortably review and continue in the times of your sickness : the rarity of the mercy, that brings any one to that course of life, highly recommends it to your value and gratitude, for most people do so live, as to leave themselves no better hope for their death-beds, than that thereon they may by repentance undo all they have been doing in their way thither. Whether the dominion you are recommending to men will take so much with them, to raise their ambitions towards its attainment, as that they most commonly pursue with much more pains, I know not, and much doubt the worst. But certainly it is most likely, the best way of man's ruling the creature is by his employing those faculties to that purpose, which God himself has fitted in their employment to make him able to do so ; and those are his rational ones, whereby as he may discover the properties and uses of other things, so he may chuse to apply them thereby to their proper ends, the service and instruction of mankind ; but swords and guns are taken, upon the word of the great destroyer, to be more suitable means to that end, and send accordingly, though we daily see, that by that way of overcoming, we spoil what we should govern. Your naming Oxford to me as free from infection, makes me fear you may have some thoughts of going thither ; which if you have, I shall much more repent my not staying with you, yet dare not persuade against it, because I assure myself you are carried thither in pursuit of aims, that I would rather excite than obstruct you in. But I earnestly petition, if you have, that you would before you go give me warning enough to make you a visit ; for I have now got a lodging at Newington-Green, which miss's illness, which for two or three days has been pretty violent, though now turned into an ague at present, keeps from being used by, your's affectionately, K. R.

The ladies here present you services. My girls are your humble servants.

SECT. II. MISCELLANEOUS OF EARLY DATE.

Letter 1. *From James Howell, Esq; to Sir J. S. at Leeds Castle.*

Sir, Westminst. 25 July, 1625.

IT was a quaint difference the ancients did put betwixt a letter and an oration ; that the one should be attired like a woman, the other like a man : the latter of the two is allowed large side robes, as long periods, parentheses, similies, examples, and other parts of rhetorical flourishes : but a letter or epistle

should be short-coated and closely couched ; a hungerlin becomes a letter more handsomely than a gown : indeed we should write as we speak : and that's a true familiar letter which expresseth one's mind, as if he were discoursing with the party to whom he writes, in succinct and short terms. The tongue and the pen are both of them interpreters of the mind ; but I hold the pen to be the more faithful of the two : the tongue *in udo posita*, being

being seated in a moist slippery place, may fail and falter in her sudden extemporal expressions; but the pen having a greater advantage of premeditation, is not so subject to error, and leaves things behind it upon firm and authentic record. Now letters, though they be capable of any subject, yet commonly they are either narratory, objurgatory, consolatory, monitory, or congratulatory. The first consists of relations, the second of reprehensions, the third of comfort, the two last of counsel and joy: there are some who in lieu of letters write homilies; they preach when they should epistolize: there are others that turn them to tedious tractates: this is to make letters degenerate from their true nature. Some modern authors there are who have exposed their letters to the world, but most of them, I mean among your Latin epistolizers, go freighted with mere Bartholomew ware, with trite and trivial phrases only, larded with pedantic shreds of school-boy verses. Others there are among our next transmarine neighbour eastward, who write in their own language, but their style is so soft and easy, that their letters may be said to be like bodies of loose flesh without sinews, they have neither joints of art nor arteries in them; they have a kind of simpering and lank hectic expressions made up of a bombast of words, and finical affected compliments only: I cannot well away with such sleazy stuff, with such cobweb-compositions, where there is no strength of matter, nothing for the reader to carry away with him that may enlarge the notions of his soul. One shall hardly find an apothegm, example, simile, or any thing of philosophy, history, or solid knowledge, or as much as one new created phrase in a hundred of them; and to draw any observations out of them, were as if one

went about to distil cream out of froth; inso-much that it may be said of them, what was said of the Echo, "That she is a mere sound and nothing else."

I return you your Balzac by this bearer: and when I found those letters, wherein he is so familiar with his king, so flat; and those to Richlieu, so puffed with prophane hyperboles, and larded up and down with such gross flatteries, with others besides, which he sends as urinals up and down the world to look into his water for discovery of the crazy condition of his body; I forbore him further. So I am your most affectionate servitor.

Letter 2. From James Howel, Esq; to his Father, upon his first going beyond Sea.

Sir, Broad-street, London, 1st March, 1610.

I SHOULD be much wanting to myself, and to that obligation of duty the law of God and his handmaid Nature hath imposed upon me, if I should not acquaint you with the course and quality of my affairs and fortunes especially at this time, that I am upon point of crossing the seas to eat my bread abroad. Nor is it the common relation of a son that only induced me hereunto, but that most indulgent and costly care you have been pleased (in so extraordinary a manner) to have had of my breeding (though but one child of fifteen) by placing me in a choice methodical school (so far distant from your dwelling) under a learned (though lashing) master; and by transplanting me thence to Oxford, to be graduated; and so holding me still up by the chin until I could swim without bladders. This patrimony of liberal education you have been pleased to endow me withal, I now carry along with me abroad, as a sure inseparable treasure; nor do I feel it any burden or incumbrance unto me at all: and what danger

ger soever my person, or other things I have about me, do incur, yet I do not fear the losing of this, either by shipwreck, or pirates at sea, nor by robbers, or fire, or any other casualty on shore: and at my return to England, I hope at least wise, I shall do my endeavour, that you may find this patrimony improved somewhat to your comfort.

In this my peregrination, if I happen, by some accident, to be disappointed of that allowance I am to subsist by, I must make my address to you, for I have no other rendezvous to flee unto; but it shall not be, unless in case of great indigence.

The latter end of this week I am to go a ship-board, and first for the Low Countries. I humbly pray your blessing may accompany me in these my travels by land and sea, with a continuance of your prayers, which will be as so many good gales to blow me to safe port; for I have been taught, that the parent's benedictions contribute very much, and have a kind of prophetic virtue to make the child prosperous, In this opinion I shall ever rest your dutiful son.

Letter 3. *From the same to Dr. Francis Mansell, since Principal of Jesus College in Oxford.*

Sir, London, 20th March, 1618.

BEING to take leave of England, and to launch out into the world abroad, to breathe foreign air a while, I thought it very handsome, and an act well becoming me, to take my leave also of you, and of my dearly honoured Mother Oxford: otherwise both of you might have just grounds to exhibit a bill of complaint, or rather a protest against me, and cry me up: you for a forgetful friend; she for an ungrateful son, if not some spurious issue. To prevent this, I salute you both

together: you with the best of my most candid affections; her with my most dutiful observance, and thankfulness for the milk she pleased to give me in that exuberance, had I taken it in that measure she offered it me while I slept in her lap: yet that little I have sucked, I carry with me now abroad, and hope that this course of life will help to concoct it to a greater advantage, having opportunity, by the nature of my employment, to study men as well as books. The small time I supervised the glass-house, I got among those Venetians some smatterings of the Italian tongue, which, besides the little I have you know, of school language, is all the preparatives I have made for travel. I am to go this week down to Gravesend, and so embark for Holland. I have got a warrant from the Lords of the Council to travel for three years any where, Rome and St. Omer's excepted. I pray let me retain some room, though never so little, in your thoughts, during the time of this our separation; and let our souls meet sometimes by intercourse of letters: I promise you that your's shall receive the best entertainment I can make them, for I love you dearly, dearly well, and value your friendship at a very high rate. So with appreciation of as much happiness to you at home, as I shall desire to accompany me abroad, I rest ever your friend to serve you.

Letter 4. *From the same to Dr. Francis Mansel, from Valentia.*

Sir, Valentia, 1st March, 1620.

THOUGH it be the same glorious sun that shines upon you in England, which illuminates also this part of the hemisphere; though it be the sun that ripeneth your pippins, and our pomegranates: your hops and our vineyards here; yet he dispenseth his heat in different

ferent degrees of strength; those rays that do but warm you in England, do half roast us here; those beams that irradiate only, and gild your honey-suckle fields, do scorch and parch this chinky gaping soil, and so put too many wrinkles upon the face of our common mother the earth. O blessed clime, O happy England, where there is such a rare temperature of heat and cold, and all the rest of elementary qualities, that one may pass (and suffer little) all the year long, without either shade in summer, or fire in winter!

I am now in Valentia, one of the noblest cities in all Spain, situate in a large *vega* or valley, above sixty miles compass: here are the strongest silks, the sweetest wines, the excellentest almonds, the best oils, and beautifullest females of all Spain, for the prime courtesans in Madrid and elsewhere are had hence. The very brute animals make themselves beds of rosemary, and other fragrant flowers, hereabouts; and when one is at sea, if the wind blow from the shore, he may smell this soil before he come in sight of it, many leagues off, by the strong odoriferous scent it casts. As it is the most pleasant, so it is also the temperatest clime of all Spain; and they commonly call it the second Italy, which made the Moors, whereof many thousands were disordered and banished hence to Barbary, to think that paradise was in that part of the heavens which hung over this city. Some twelve miles off is old Sagunto, called now Morviedre, through which I passed, and saw many monuments of Roman antiquities there; amongst others, there is the temple dedicated to Venus, when the snake came about her neck, a little before Hannibal came thither. No more now, but that I heartily wish you were here with me, and I

believe you would not desire to be a good while in England. So I am yours.

Letter 5. *From the same to Christopher Jones, Esq; at Gray's Inn.*

Alicant, 27th March, 1627.

I AM now (thanks be to God) come to Alicant, the chief rendezvous I aimed at in Spain; for I am to send hence a commodity called barillia to Sir Robert Mansel, for making of crystal glass; and I have treated with Signior Andriotti, a Genoa merchant, for a good round parcel of it, to the value of 2000l. by letters of credit from Master Richant; and upon his credit I might have taken many thousands pounds more, he is so well known in the kingdom of Valentia. This barillia is a strange kind of vegetable, and it grows no where upon the surface of the earth in that perfection, as here. The Venetians have it hence, and it is a commodity whereby this maritime town doth partly subsist; for it is an ingredient that goes to the making of the best Castile soap. It grows thus: It is a round thick earthy shrub that bears berries like barberries, betwixt blue and green; it lies close to the ground, and when it is ripe they dig it up by the roots, and put it together in cocks, where they leave it to dry many days like hay; then they make a pit of a fathom deep in the earth, and with an instrument like one of our prongs, they take the tufts and put fire to them, and when the flame comes to the berries, they melt and dissolve into an azure liquor, and fall down into the pit till it be full; then they dam it up, and some days after they open it, and find this barillia juice turned to a blue stone, so hard that it is scarce malleable; it is sold at one hundred crowns a tun, but I had it for less.

There

There is also a spurious flower called gazull, that grows here, but the glass that is made of that is not so resplendent and clear. I have been here now these three months, and most of my food hath been grapes and bread, with other roots, which have made me so fat, that I think if you saw me you would hardly know me, such nutriture this deep sanguine Alicant grape gives. I have not received a syllable from you since I was in Antwerp, which transforms me to wonder, and engenders odd thoughts of jealousy in me, that as my body grows fatter, your love grows lanker towards me. I pray take off these scruples, and let me hear from you, else it will make a schism in friendship, which I hold to be a very holy league, and no less than a piacle to infringe it; in which opinion I rest your constant friend.

Letter 6. *From the same to Richard Altham, Esq.*

Dear Sir,

Venice, 1st July, 1621.

I WAS plunged in a deep fit of melancholy, Saturn had cast his black influence over all my intellectuals, methought I felt my heart as a lump of dough, and heavy as lead within my breast; when a letter of yours of the third of this month was brought me, which presently begot new spirits within me, and made such strong impressions upon my intellectuals, that it turned and transformed me into another man. I have read of a Duke of Milan and others who were poisoned by reading of a letter; but yours produced contrary effects in me, it became an antidote, or rather a most sovereign cordial to me, more operative than bezoar, of more virtue than potable gold, or the elixir of amber, for it wrought a sudden cure upon me: that fluent and rare mixture of love and wit which I

found up and down therein, were the ingredients of this cordial; they were as so many choice flowers strewed here and there, which did cast such an odoriferous scent, that they revived all my senses, and dispelled those dull fumes which had formerly over-clouded my brain; such was the operation of your most ingenious and affectionate letter, and so sweet an entertainment it gave me. If your letter had that virtue, what would your person have done? and did you know all, you would wish your person here a while; did you know the rare beauty of this virgin city, you would quickly make love to her, and change your Royal Exchange for the Rialto, and your Gray's-Inn-Walks for St. Mark's Place for a time. Farewell, dear child of virtue, and minion of the muses; and love still yours.

Letter 7. *From the same to his well-beloved Cousin Mr. T. V.*

Cousin,

London, 5th Feb. 1625.

YOU have a great work in hand, for you write to me that you are upon a treaty of marriage; a great work indeed, and a work of such consequence that it may make you or mar you; it may make the whole remainder of your life uncouth or comfortable to you; for of all civil actions that are incident to man there is not any that tends more to his infelicity or happiness; therefore it concerns you not to be over-hasty herein, nor to take the ball before the bound. You must be cautious how you thrust your neck into such a yoke, whence you will never have power to withdraw it again; for the tongue useth to tie so hard a knot that the teeth can never untie, no not Alexander's sword can cut asunder, amongst us Christians. If you are resolved to marry, chuse where you love, and resolve to love your choice; let love rather than

than lucre be your guide in this election; though a concurrence of both be good, yet for my part, I had rather the latter should be wanting than the first: the one is the pilot, the other but the ballast of the ship, which should carry us to the harbour of a happy life. If you are bent to wed, I wish you another gues's wife than Socrates had; who when she had scolded him out of doors, as he was going through the portal, threw a chamber-pot of stale urine upon his head; whereat the philosopher, having been silent all the while, smilingly said, "I thought after so much thunder we should have rain." And as I wish you may not light upon such a Xantippe (as the wisest men have had ill luck in this kind, as I could instance in two of our most eminent lawyers, C. B.), so I pray that God may deliver you from a wife of such a generation, that Strowd our cook here at Westminster said his wife was of, who, when (out of a mislike of the preacher) he had on Sunday in the afternoon gone out of the church to a tavern, and returning towards the evening pretty well heated with Canary, to look to his roast, and his wife falling to read him a loud lesson in so furious a manner as if she would have basted him instead of the mutton, and among other revilings, telling him often, "That the devil, the devil would fetch him," at last he broke out of a long silence, and told her, "I prithee, good wife hold thyself content; for I know the devil will do me no hurt, for I have married his kinswoman." If you light upon such a wife (a wife that hath more bone than flesh), I wish you may have the same measure of patience that Socrates and Strowd had, to suffer the grey mare sometimes to be the better horse. I remember a French proverb;

*La maison est miserable & méchante,
Où la poule plus haut que le cocq chante.*

That house doth every day more wretched grow,
Where the hen louder than the cock doth crow.

Yet we have another English proverb almost counter to this, "That it is better to marry a shrew than a sheep;" for though silence be the dumb orator of beauty, and the best ornament of a woman, yet a phlegmatic dull wife is fulsome and fastidious.

Excuse me, cousin, that I jest with you in so serious a business: I know you need no counsel of mine herein: you are discreet enough of yourself; nor, I presume, do you want advice of parents, which by all means must go along with you. So wishing you all conjugal joy, and an happy confarreation, I rest your affectionate cousin.

Letter 8. *From the same to Sir J. S.
Knight.*

Sir, London, 25th May, 1628.
YOU writ to me lately for a footman, and I think this bearer will fit you: I know he can run well, for he hath run away twice from me, but he knew the way back again. Yet though he hath a running head as well as running heels, (and who will expect a footman to be a stayed man?) I would not part with him were I not to go post to the North. There be some things in him that answer for his waggeries; he will come when you call him, go when you bid him, and shut the door after him; he is faithful and stout, and a lover of his master: he is a great enemy to all dogs, if they bark at him in his running; for I have seen him confront a huge mastiff, and knock him down; when you go a country

try journey, or have him run with you a hunting, you must spirit him with liquor; you must allow him also something extraordinary for socks, else you must not have him to wait at your table: when his grease melts in running hard, it is subject to fall into his toes. I send him you but for a trial; if he be not for your turn, turn him over to me again when I come back.

The best news I can send you at this time is, that we are like to have peace both with France and Spain; so that Harwich men, your neighbours, shall not hereafter need to fear the name of Spinola, who struck such an apprehension into them lately, that I understand they began to fortify.

I pray present my most humble service to my good lady, and at my return from the North, I will be bold to kiss her hands and yours. So I am your much obliged servitor.

Letter 9. *From the same to Mr. E. O. Counsellor, at Gray's Inn.*

Sir,

Fleet, 3d August.

THE sad tidings of my dear friend Dr. Prichard's death sunk deep into me; and the more I ruminate upon it, the more I resent it: but when I contemplate the order, and those adamantine laws which nature puts into such strict execution throughout this elementary world; when I consider, that up and down this frail globe of earth we are but strangers and sojourners at best, being designed for an infinitely better country; when I think that our egress out of this life is as natural to us as our ingress (all which he knew as much as any); these thoughts in a checking way turn my melancholy to a counter passion; they beget another spirit within me. You know that in the disposition of all sublunary things, "Nature is God's hand-

"maid, Fate his commissioner, Time his instrument, and Death his executioner." By the first we have generation; by the second successes, good or bad; and the two last bring us to our end: Time with his vast scythe mows down all things, and Death sweeps away those mowings. Well, he was a rare and a complete judicious scholar, as any that I have known born under our meridian; he was both solid and acute; nor do I remember to have seen soundness and quaintness, with such sweet strains of morality, concur so in any. I should think that he fell sick of the times, but that I knew him to be so good a divine and philosopher, and to have studied the theory of this world so much, that nothing could take impression in him to hurt himself; therefore I am content to believe, that his glass ran out without any jogging. I know you loved him dearly well, which shall make me the more your most affectionate servitor.

Letter 10. *From James Howell, Esq. to Mr. R. K.*

Dear Sir,

Westm. 15th Aug. 1630.

YOU and I are upon a journey, though bound for several places, I for Hamburgh, you for your last home, as I understand by Dr. Baskerville, who tells me, much to my grief, that this hectical disease will not suffer you to be long among us. I know by some experiments which I have had of you, you have such a noble soul within you, that will not be daunted by those natural apprehensions which death doth usually carry along with it among vulgar spirits. I do not think that you fear death as much now, though it be to some (*Φοβερὸν Φοβεσθαι*), as you did to go into the dark when you were a child; you have had a fair time to prepare yourself, God
E give

give you a boon voyage to the haven you are bound for, (which I doubt not will be heaven,) and me the grace to follow, when I have passed the boisterous sea and swelling billows of this tumultuary life, wherein I have already shot divers dangerous gulfs, passed over some quicksands, rocks, and sundry ill-favoured reaches, while others sail in the sleeve of fortune. You and I have eaten a great deal of salt together, and spent much oil in the communication of our studies by literal correspondence, and otherwise, both in verse and prose.

And now, my dear friend, adieu, and live eternally in that world of endless bliss, where you shall have knowledge, as well as all things else, commensurate to your desires, where you shall clearly see the real causes, and perfect truth of what we argue with that incertitude, and beat our brains about here below: yet though you be gone hence, you shall never die in the memory of your, &c.

Letter 11. *From the same to Mr. R. Howard.*

Sir, Fleet, 14th Feb. 1647.

THERE is a saying that carrieth with it a great deal of caution; "From him whom I trust, God defend me; for, from him whom I trust not, I will defend myself." There be sundry sorts of trusts, but that of a secret is one of the greatest: I trusted T. P. with a weighty one, conjuring him that it should not take air and go abroad; which was not done according to the rules and religion of friendship, but it went out of him the very next day. Though the inconvenience may be mine, yet the reproach is his: nor would I exchange my damage for his disgrace. I would wish you take heed of him, for he is such as the comic poet speaks

of, "*Plenus rimarum*," "he is full of chinks, he can hold nothing:" you know a secret is too much for one, too little for three, and enough for two; but Tom must be none of those two, unless there were a trick to solder up his mouth: if he had committed a secret to me, and enjoined me silence, and I had promised it, though I had been shut up in Perillus' brazen bull, I should not have bellowed it out. I find it now true, "That he who discovers his secrets to another, sells him his liberty, and becomes his slave;" well, I shall be warier hereafter, and learn more wit. In the interim, the best satisfaction I can give myself is, to expunge him quite *ex albo amicorum*, to raze him out of the catalogue of my friends (though I cannot of my acquaintance), where your name is inserted in great golden characters. I will endeavour to lose the memory of him, and that my thoughts may never run more upon the fashion of his face, which you know he hath no cause to brag of; I hate such blateroons:

Odi illos ceu claustra Erebi——

I thought good to give you this little mot of advice, because the times are ticklish, of committing secrets to any, though not to your most affectionate friend to serve you.

Letter 12. *From the same to Sir K. D. at Rome.*

Sir, Fleet, 3d March, 1646.

THOUGH you know well that in the carriage and course of my rambling life, I had occasion to be, as the Dutchman saith, a land-loper, and to see much of the world abroad, yet methinks I have travelled more since I have been immured and martyred betwixt

twixt these walls than ever I did before ; for I have travelled the Isle of Man, I mean this little world, which I have carried about me and within me so many years : for as the wisest of Pagan philosophers said, that the greatest learning was the knowledge of one's self, to be his own geometrician ; if one do so, he need not gad abroad to see fashions, he shall find enough at home, he shall hourly meet with new fancies, new humours, new passions within doors.

This travelling over of one's self is one of the paths that leads a man to paradise : it is true, that it is a dirty and dangerous one, for it is thick set with extravagant desires, irregular affections and concupiscences, which are but odd comrades, and oftentimes do lie in ambush to cut our throats : there are also some melancholy companions in the way, which are our thoughts, but they turn many times to be good fellows, and the best company ; which makes me, that among these disconsolate walls I am never less alone than when I am alone ; I am oftentimes sole, but seldom solitary. Some there are, who are over-pestered with these companions, and have too much mind for their bodies ; but I am none of those.

There have been (since you shook hands with England) many strange things happened here, which posterity must have a strong faith to believe ; but for my part, I wonder not at any thing, I have seen such monstrous things. You know there is nothing that can be casual ; there is no success good or bad, but is contingent to man sometimes or other ; nor are there any contingencies, present or future, but they have their parallels from time past : for the great wheel of fortune, upon whose rim (as the twelve signs upon the zodiac) all worldly chances are embossed, turns round

perpetually ; and the spokes of that wheel, which point at all human actions, return exactly to the same place after such a time of revolution : which makes me little marvel at any of the strange traverses of these distracted times, in regard there hath been the like, or such like, formerly. If the liturgy is now suppressed, the missal and the Roman breviary was used so a hundred years since : if crosses, church-windows, organs, and fonts, are now battered down, I little wonder at it ; for chapels, monasteries, hermitaries, nunneries, and other religious houses, were used so in the time of old King Henry ; if bishops and deans are now in danger to be demolished, I little wonder at it, for abbots, priors, and the pope himself, had that fortune here an age since. That our king is reduced to this pass, I do not wonder much at it ; for the first time I travelled France, Lewis XIII. (afterwards a most triumphant King as ever that country had) in a dangerous civil war was brought to such straits ; for he was brought to such straits ; for he was brought to dispense with part of his coronation oath, to remove from his court of justice, from the council-table, from his very bed-chamber, his greatest favourites : he was driven to be content to pay the expence of the war, to reward those that took arms against him, and publish a declaration that the ground of their quarrel was good ; which was the same in effect with ours, *viz.* a discontinuance of the assembly of the three estates, and that Spanish counsels did predominate in France.

You know better than I, that all events, good or bad, come from the all-disposing high Deity of heaven : if good, he produceth them ; if bad, he permits them. He is the pilot that sits at the stern, and steers the great vessel of the world ; and we must not presume

to direct him in his course, for he understands the use of the compass better than we. He commands also the winds and the weather; and after a storm he never fails to send us a calm, and to recompense ill times with better, if we can live to see them; which I pray you may do, whatsoever becomes of your still most faithful humble servitor.

Letter 13. *From James Howel, Esq. to Mr. T. Morgan.*

Sir,

May 12.

I RECEIVED two of yours upon Tuesday last, one to your brother, the other to me; but the superscriptions were mistaken, which makes me think on that famous civilian Doctor Dale, who being employed to Flanders by Queen Elizabeth, sent in a packet to the secretary of state two letters, one to the queen, the other to his wife; but that which was meant for the queen was subscribed, "To his dear Wife;" and that for his wife, "To her most excellent Majesty:" so that the queen having opened his letter, she found it beginning with Sweetheart, and afterwards with my dear, and dear love, with such expressions, acquainting her with the state of his body, and that he began to want money. You may easily guess what motions of mirth this mistake raised; but the doctor by this oversight (or cunningness rather) got a supply of money. This perchance may be your policy, to indorse me your brother, thereby to endear me the more to you; but you needed not to have done that, for the name *friend* goes sometimes further than brother; and there be more examples of friends that sacrifice their lives for one another, than of brothers; which the writer doth think he should do for you, if the case required. But since I am fallen upon Dr. Dale, who was a

witty kind of droll, I will tell you, instead of news (for there is little good stirring now) two other facetious tales of his; and familiar tales may become familiar letters well enough. When Queen Elizabeth did first propose to him that foreign employment to Flanders, among other encouragements she told him, that he should have twenty shillings *per diem* for his expences. "Then, Madam," said he, "I will spend nineteen shillings a-day." "What will you do with the odd shilling?" the queen replied.—"I will reserve that for my Kate, and for Tom and Dick;" meaning his wife and children. This induced the queen to enlarge his allowance. But this that comes last is the best of all, and may be called the superlative of the three: which was, when at the overture of the treaty the other ambassadors came to propose in what language they should treat, the Spanish ambassador answered, that the French was the most proper, because his mistress entitled herself "Queen of France." "Nay then," said Dr. Dale, "let us treat in Hebrew, for your master calls himself King of Jerusalem."

I performed the civilities you enjoined me to your friends here, who return you the like centuplicated, and so doth your entire friend.

Letter 14. *From the same to R. Davies, Esq.*

Sir,

London, 5th July.

DID your letters know how truly welcome they are to me, they would make more haste, and not loiter so long in the way; for I did not receive yours, of the 2d of June, till the 1st of July; which is time enough to have travelled, not only a hundred English, but so many Helvetian miles, that are five times bigger; for in some places they contain forty furlongs, whereas ours have but eight; unless

less it be in Wales, where they are allowed better measure, or in the North parts, where there is a wea-bit to every mile. But that yours should be a whole month in making scarce one hundred English miles, (for the distance between us is no more,) is strange to me, unless you purposely sent it by John Long the carrier. I know, being so near Lemster's Ore, that you dwell in a gentle soil, which is good for cheese as well as for cloth: therefore, if you send me a good one, I shall return my cousin (your wife) something from hence that may be equivalent. If you neglect me, I shall think that Wales is relapsed into her first barbarisms; for Strabo makes it one of his arguments to prove the Britons barbarous, because they had not the art of making cheese till the Romans came: but I believe you will preserve them from this imputation again. I know you can want no good grass thereabouts, which, as they say, grows so fast in some of your fields, that if one should put his horse there over night, he should not find him again the next morning. So, with my very respectful commends to yourself, and to the partner of your couch and cares, I rest, my dear cousin, yours always to dispose of.

Letter 15. *From the same to Mr. T. C. at his house upon Tower Hill.*

Sir,

TO inaugurate a good and jovial new-year to you, I send you a morning's draught, viz. a bottle of metheglin. Neither Sir John Barleycorn or Bacchus had any thing to do with it, but it is the pure juice of the bee, the laborious bee, and king of insects. The Druids and the old British bards were wont to take a carouse hereof before they entered into their speculations; and if you do so when your fancy labours with any thing, it will

do you no hurt, and I know your fancy to be very good.

But this drink always carries a kind of state with it, for it must be attended with a brown toast; nor will it admit but of one good draught, and that in the morning; if more, it will keep a humming in the head, and so speak too much of the house it comes from, I mean the hive, as I gave a caution elsewhere: and because the bottle might make more haste, I have made it to go upon these poetic feet:

*J. H. T. C. salutem, & annum Platonium.
Non vitis, sed apis succum tibi mitto bibendum,
Quem ligimus bardos olim potasse Britannos.
Qualibet in bacca vitis Megea latefcit,
Qualibet in gutta mellis Aglaia nitet.*

The juice of bees, not Bacchus here behold,
Which British bards were wont to quaff of old:
The berries of the grape with furies swell,
But in the honeycomb the graces dwell.

This alludes to a saying which the Turks have, "That there lurks a devil in every berry of the vine." So I wish you as cordially as to myself, an auspicious and joyful new-year, because you know I am your truly affectionate servitor.

Letter 16. *Lady Ruffel to King Charles II.*

(Indorsed by her, "My letter to the King a few days after my dear Lord's death.")

May it please your Majesty,

I FIND my husband's enemies are not appeased with his blood, and still continue to misrepresent him to your majesty. It is a great addition to my sorrows, to hear your majesty is prevailed upon to believe, that the paper he delivered to the sheriff at his death

was not his own. I can truly say, and am ready in the solemnest manner to attest, that (during his imprisonment *) I often heard him discourse of the chiefest matters contained in that paper, in the same expressions he therein uses, as some of those few relations that were admitted to him can likewise aver. And sure it is an argument of no great force, that there is a phrase or two in it that another uses, when nothing is more common than to take up such words we like, or are accustomed to in our conversation. I beg leave further to avow to your majesty, that all that is set down in the paper read to your majesty on Sunday night, to be spoken in my presence, is exactly true †; as I doubt not but the rest of the paper is, which was written at my request, and the author of it, in all his conversation with my husband that I was privy to, shewed himself a loyal subject to your majesty, a faithful friend to him, and a most tender and conscientious minister to his soul. I do, therefore, humbly beg your majesty would be so charitable to believe, that he who in all his life was observed to act with the greatest clearness and sincerity, would not, at the point of death, do so disingenuous and false a thing, as to deliver for his own what was not properly and expressly so. And if after the loss, in such a manner, of the best husband in the world, I were capable of any consolation, your majesty only could afford it by having better thought of him, which, when I was so importunate to speak with your majesty, I thought I had some reason to believe I should

* The words included in the parentheses are crossed out.

† It contained an account of all that passed between Dr. Burpet and his Lordship, concerning his last speech and paper.

have inclined you to, not from the credit of my word, but upon the evidence of what I had to say. I hope I have written nothing in this that will displease your majesty; if I have, I humbly beg of you to consider it as coming from a woman amazed with grief; and that you will pardon the daughter of a person who served your majesty's father in his greatest extremities, and your majesty in your greatest posts, and one that is not conscious of having ever done any thing to offend you (before). I shall ever pray for your majesty's long life and happy reign; who am, with all humility, may it please your majesty, &c.

Letter 17. *Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.*

Woborne Abbey, 30th Sept. 1683.

I NEED not tell you, good doctor, how little capable I have been of such an exercise as this *. You will soon find how unfit I am still for it, since my yet disordered thoughts can offer me no other than such words as express the deepest sorrows, and confused as my yet amazed mind is. But such men as you, and particularly one so much my friend, will, I know, bear with my weakness, and compassionate my distress, as you have already done by your good letter and excellent prayer. I endeavour to make the best use I can of both, but I am so evil and unworthy a creature, that though I have desires, yet I have no dispositions or worthiness towards receiving comfort. You that knew us both, and how we lived, must allow I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know it is common with others to lose a friend; but to have lived with such a one, it may be questioned how few

* Lord Russell, her husband, was executed, or rather murdered, July 21, 1683.

can glory in the like happiness, so consequently lament the like loss. Who can but shrink at such a blow, till by the mighty aids of his Holy Spirit, we will let the gift of God, which he hath put into our hearts, interpose? That reason which sets a measure to our souls in prosperity, will then suggest many things which we have seen and heard to moderate us in such sad circumstances as mine: but, alas! my understanding is clouded, my faith weak, sense strong, and the devil busy to fill my thoughts with false notions, difficulties, and doubts as of a future condition ———* of prayer: but this I hope to make matter of humiliation, not sin. Lord, let me understand the reason of these dark and wounding providences, that I sink not under the discouragements of my own thoughts! I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it; but yet secretly my heart mourns too sadly, I fear, and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat, and sleep with: all these things are irksome to me now: the day unwelcome, and the night so too: all company and meals I would avoid if it might be; yet all this is, that I enjoy not the world in my own way, and this sure hinders my comfort. When I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure he took in them; this makes my heart shrink. Can I regret his quitting a lesser good for a bigger? O! if I did stedfastly believe, I could not be dejected. For I will not injure myself to say, I offer my mind any inferior consolation to supply this loss. No; I most willingly forsake this world, this vexatious troublesome world, in which I have no other

* Two or three words torn out.

business but to rid my soul from sin; secure, by faith and a good conscience, my eternal interests; with patience and courage bear my eminent misfortunes, and ever after be above the smiles and frowns of it; and when I have done the remnant of my work appointed me on earth, then joyfully wait for the heavenly perfection in God's good time, when, by his infinite mercy, I may be accounted worthy to enter into the same place of rest and repose, where he is gone for whom only I grieve, I do ———* fear. From that contemplation must come my best support. Good doctor, you will think, as you have reason, that I set no bounds when I let myself loose to my complaints, but I will release you, first fervently asking the countenance of your prayers for your infinitely afflicted, but very faithful servant.

Letter 18. *From the same to the same.*

Woborne Abbey, 20th April, 1684.

BELIEVE me, good Doctor, I find myself uneasy at reading your short letter of 8th April, (which I have but newly received,) before I had answered yours of the 11th March. I have several times taken a pen in my hand to do it, and been prevented by dispatching less pleasing dispatches first, and so my time was spent before I came to that I intended before I laid away the pen.

The future part of my life will not, I expect, pass, as perhaps I would just chuse: sense has been long enough gratified, indeed so long I know not how to live by faith; yet the pleasant stream that fed it near fourteen years together being gone, I have no sort of refreshment, but when I can repair to that living fountain from whence all flows; while

* A word torn off.

I look not at the things which are seen, but at those which are not seen, expecting that day which will settle and compose all my tumultuous thoughts in perpetual peace and quiet; but am undone, irrecoverably so, as to my temporal longings and concerns. Time runs on, and usually wears off some of that sharpness of thought inseparable with my circumstances, but I cannot experience such an effect, every week making me more and more sensible of the miserable change in my condition: but the same merciful hand which has held me up from sinking in the extremest calamities, will, I verily believe, do so still, that I faint not to the end in this sharp conflict, nor add sin to my grievous weight of sorrows, by too high a discontent, which is all I have now to fear. You do, I doubt not, observe I let my pen run too greedily upon this subject; indeed it is very hard upon me to restrain it; especially to such as pity my distress, and would assist towards my relief any way in their power. I am glad I have so expressed myself to you, as to fix you in resolving to continue the course you have begun with me, which is to set before me plainly my duty in all kinds: it was my design to engage you to it; nor shall you be less successful with me in your desires, could there happen occasion for it, which is most unlikely, Dr. Fitzwilliam understanding himself and the world so well. On neither of the points, I believe, I shall give you reason to complain, yet please myself in both, so far of one mind we shall be.

I am entertaining some thoughts of going to that now desolate place Straton, for a few days, where I must expect new amazing reflections at first, it being a place where I have lived a in sweet and full content; considered the condition of others, and thought none deserved my envy: But I must pass no

more such days on earth; however, places are indeed nothing. Where can I dwell that his presence is not with me? Nor would I have it otherwise: so I resolve that shall be no bar, if it proves requisite for the better acquitting any obligation upon me. That which is the immediate one, is settling, and indeed giving up the trust my dear Lord had from my best sister*. Fain would I see that performed, as I know he would have done it had he lived. If I find I can do as I desire in it, I will (by God's permission) infallibly go; but indeed not to stay more than two or three weeks, my children remaining here, who shall ever have my diligent attendance, therefore shall hasten back to them.

I do not admit one thought of accepting your kind and religious offer, knowing it is not proper. I take, if I do go, my sister Margaret, and believe Lady Shaftsbury will meet me there. This I chuse, as thinking some persons being there to whom I would observe some rules, will engage me to restrain myself, or keep in better bounds my wild and sad thoughts. This is all I can do for myself. But, blessed by the good prayers of others for me, they will, I hope, help me forward towards the great end of our creation. I am, most cordially, good doctor, your ever mournful, but ever faithful friend, to serve you.

I hear my Lord Gainsborough and my Lady will be shortly at Chiltern. She is one I do truly respect: I can never regret being near her, though my design is to converse with none but lawyers and accomptants.

* Elizabeth Wriothesly, afterwards Noel.

Letter 19. *Lady Ruffel to Dr. Fitzwilliam.*

Woborne Abbey, 11th Oct. 1685.

NOW I know where to find you, good doctor, (which I do by your letter written at my cousin Spenser's,) you must be sure to hear from her who is still not ashamed to be on the receiving hand with you. God has given you the abilities; and opportunity for it, and not to me; and what am I that I should say, Why is it not otherwise? No; I do not; nor do I grudge or envy you the pious and ingenious pleasure you have in it: my part in this world is of another nature, and I thank you, Sir, (but God must give you the recompence,) you instruct me admirably how to overcome, that I may once make application of that text, Rev. iii. 12. and raise such hopes as cannot miscarry. The great thing is to acquiesce with all one's heart to the good pleasure of God, who will prove us by the ways and dispensations he sees best, and when he will break us to pieces, we must be broken. Who can tell his works from the beginning to the end? But who can praise his mercies more than wretched I, that he has not cut me off in anger, who have taken his chastisements so heavily, not weighing his mercies in the midst of judgments! The stroke was of the fiercest sure; but had I not then a reasonable ground to hope, that what I loved as I did my own soul, was raised from a prison to a throne? Was I not enabled to shut my own sorrows, that I increased not his sufferings by seeing mine? How were my sinking spirits supported by the early compassions of excellent and wise Christians, without ceasing admonishing me of my duty, instructing, reproofing, comforting me! You know, doctor, I was not destitute; and I must acknowledge that many others like

yourself, with devout zeal and great charity, contributed to the gathering together my scattered spirits, and then subjecting them by reason to such a submission as I could obtain under so astonishing a calamity: and further he has spared me hitherto the children of so excellent a friend, giving them hopeful understandings, and yet very tractable and sweet dispositions; spared my life in usefulness, I trust, to them; and being I am to linger in a world I can no more delight in, has given me a freedom from bodily pain to a degree I almost never knew; not so much as a strong fit of the head-ach have I felt since that miserable time, who used to be tormented with it very frequently. This calls for praises my dead heart is not exercised in, but I hope this is my infirmity: I bewail it. He that took our nature, and felt our infirmities, knows the weakness of my person, and the sharpness of my sorrows.

I should not forget to mention, Sir, I did receive your papers and a letter I never had the opportunity to tell you of, dated the 13th August; and another letter after that where you write of your being in London within a fortnight; so that time slipping, I know not where to find you, nor how I came to let time do so.

I know not if you have heard some unwished-for accidents in my family have hurried me into new disorders. A young lady my uncle Ruvigny brought with him falling ill of the small pox, I first removed my children to Bedford house, then followed myself, for the quieting of my good uncle's mind, who would have it so; from thence I brought my little tribe down to Woborne, and when I heard how fatal the end was of the young lady's distemper, I returned myself to Bedford house to take my last leave (for so I take

it to be) of as kind a relation, and as zealous tender a friend as ever any body had. To my uncle and aunt, their neice was an inexpressible loss, but to herself death was the contrary: she died (as most do) as she lived, a pattern to all who knew her. As her body grew weak, her faith and hope grew strong, comforting her comforters, and edifying all about her, ever magnifying the goodness of God, that she died in a country where she could in peace give up her soul to him that made it. What a glorious thing, doctor, it is to live and die as sure as she did! I heard my uncle and aunt say, that in seven years she had been with them, they never could tax her with a failure in her piety or worldly prudence, yet she had been roughly attacked, as the French Gazettes will tell you, if you have leisure to look over them now they are so many, however, I keep them together, and so send them to you, who shall ever be gratified in what you ask from me, as a recompence of all your labours, it is a poor one indeed, the weak unworthy prayers of your very much obliged servant.

You say, I may direct as I will about those papers now in my custody; I freely give my judgment, it is a great pity they should be hid like a candle under a bushel: as they are piously designed, they will carry the more effectual blessing with them into the hearts of such in whose hands they fall; and as I believe it is an excellent discourse, why would it not serve to excellent purposes? I could say more of my opinion concerning them, but truly methinks it is taking too much upon me; my modesty interposes.

Letter 20. *Dr. Tillotson to Lady Russell.*

[From Birch's Life of Tillotson.]

Canterbury Nov. 21, 1685.

Honoured Madam,

WHEN I look back upon the date of your ladyship's letter, I blush to see it has lain so long by me unanswered. And yet, I assure you, no day passeth in which your ladyship and your children are not in my mind. But I know not how, in the hurry I am in in London, one business presseth so hard upon another, that I have less time for the things to which I have most inclination. I am now, for a while, got out of the torment and noise of that great city, and do enjoy a little more repose.

It was a great trouble to me, to hear of the sad loss your dear friend sustained during his short stay in England*. But in some circumstances, to die is to live. And that voice from heaven runs much in my mind, which St. John heard in his vision of the last (as I think) and most extreme persecution, which should befall the faithful servants of God, before the final downfall of Babylon, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth:" meaning that they were happy who were taken away before that terrible and utmost trial of the faith and patience of the saints. But however that be, I do greatly rejoice in the preservation of your children from the great danger they were in upon that occasion, and thank God heartily for it, because, whatever becomes of us, I hope they will live to see better things.

Just now came the news of the prorogation

* The death of her cousin, niece of Mons. Ruvigny, mentioned in the letter of 11th October to Dr. Fitzwilliam.

of the parliament to the 10th of February, which was surprising to us. We are not without hopes, that in the mean time things will be disposed to a better agreement against the next meeting. But when all is done, our greatest comfort must be, that we are all in the hands of God, that he hath the care of us. And do not think, Madam, that he loves you the less for having put so bitter a cup into your hand. He, whom he loved infinitely best of all mankind, drank much deeper of it.

I did hope to have waited on my good Lord of Bedford at my return to London, but now I doubt this prorogation will carry him into the country before that time. I entreat you to present my most humble service to his lordship, to dear little master, and the young ladies. I am not worthy the consideration you are pleased to have of me; but I pray continually for you all, and ever shall be, madam, your ladyship's most faithful and humble servant.

Letter 21. *Dean Tillotson to Lady Russell.*

Honoured Madam,

I RECEIVED both your letters, and before the latter came to my hands, I gave your ladyship some kind of answer to the first, as the time would let me, for the post staid for it. But having now a little more leisure, you will, I hope, give me leave to trouble you with a longer letter.

I was not at Hampton Court last Sunday, being almost tired out with ten weeks attendance, so that I have had no opportunity to try further in the business I wrote of in my last, but hope to bring it to some issue the next opportunity I can get to speak with the king. I am sorry to see in Mr. Johnson so broad a mixture of human frailty, with so

considerable virtues. But when I look into myself, I must think it pretty well, when any man's infirmities are in any measure overbalanced by his better qualities. This good man I am speaking of has, at some times, not used me over well; for which I do not only forgive him, when I consider for whose sake he did it, but do heartily love him.

The king, besides his first bounty to Mr. Walker*, whose modesty is equal to his merit, hath made him bishop of Londonderry, one of the best bishoprics in Ireland; that so he may receive the reward of that great service in the place where he did it. It is incredible how much every body is pleased with what the king hath done in this matter, and is no small joy to me, to see that God directs him to do so wisely.

I will now give your ladyship a short account of his majesty's disposal of our English church preferments, which I think he has done as well as could be expected, in the midst of the powerful importunities of so many great men, in whom I discern too much of court art and contrivance for the

* Mr. George Walker, justly famous for his defence of Londonderry, in Ireland, when Lunde the governor would have surrendered it to King James the 11d. After the raising of that siege, he came to England, where he was most graciously received by their majesties; and on the 19th of November, 1689, received the thanks of the House of Commons, having just before published an account of that siege, and had a present of 5000l. He was created D. D. by the University of Oxford on the 26th February, 1689-90 in his return to Ireland, where he was killed the beginning of July, 1690, at the passage of the Boyne, having resolved to serve that campaign before he took possession of his bishopric.

preferment of their friends ; yea, even in my good Lord Nottingham, more than I could wish. This is a melancholy consideration to one in my station, in which I do not see how it is possible so to manage a man's self between civility and sincerity, between being willing to give good words to all, and able to do good to very few, as to hold out an honest man, or even the reputation of being so, a year to an end.

I promised a short account, but I am long before I come to it. The dean of St. Paul's *, the bishop of Worcester, the dean of Peterborough †, of Chichester. An humble servant of yours, dean of St. Paul's. The dean of Norwich ‡ is dean of Canterbury ; and Dr. Stanley, clerk of his majesty's closet, is residentiary of St. Paul's ; and Dr. Fairfax, dean of Norwich. The warden of All Souls §, in Oxford, is prebendary of Canterbury ; and Mr. Nixon hath the other prebend there, void by the death of Dr. Jeffreys. These too last merited of the king in the West, Mr. Finch by going in early to him, and Mr. Nixon, who is my lord of Bath's chaplain, by carrying messages between the king and my lord of Bath, as the king himself told me, with the hazard of his life. St. Andrew's and Covent-garden are not yet disposed. Dr. Birch (which I had almost forgot) is prebendary of Westminster ; and, which grieves me much, Mons. Allix put by at present ; but my lord privy seal || would not be denied. The

* Dr. Stillingfleet.

† Dr. Si. Patrick.

‡ Dr. John Sharp.

§ Leopard Wm. Finch, fifth son of Heneage Earl of Winchelsea.

|| Marquis of Halifax.

whole is as well as could easily be in the present circumstances.

But now begins my trouble. After I had kissed the king's hand for the deanery of St. Paul's, I gave his majesty my most humble thanks, and told him, that now he had set me at ease for the remainder of my life. He replied, "No such matter, I assure you ; and spoke plainly about a great place, which I dread to think of, and said, "It was necessary "for his service, and he must charge it upon "my conscience." Just as he had said this, he was called to supper, and I had only time to say, that when his majesty was at leisure, I did believe I could satisfy him that it would be most for his service, that I should continue in the station in which he had now placed me. This hath brought me into a real difficulty : For, on the one hand, it is hard to decline his majesty's commands, and much harder yet to stand out against so much goodness, as his majesty is pleased to use towards me. On the other, I can neither bring my inclination nor my judgment to it. This I owe to the bishop of Salisbury, one of the worst and best friends I know : best for his singular good opinion of me ; and the worst for directing the king to this method, which I know he did ; as if his lordship and I had concerted the matter how to finish this foolish piece of dissimulation, in running away from a bishopric to catch an archbishopric. This fine device hath thrown me so far into the briars, that, without his majesty's great goodness, I shall never get off without a scratched face. And now I will tell your ladyship the bottom of my heart. I have of a long time, I thank God for it, devoted myself to the public service without any regard for myself ; and to that end have done the best I could in the best manner I was able. Of late God hath

hath been pleased, by very severe ways *, but in great goodness to me, to wean me perfectly from the love of this world; so that worldly greatness is now not only undefirable, but distasteful to me. And I do verily believe, that I shall be able to do as much or more good in my present station than in a higher, and shall not have one jot less interest or influence upon any others to any goodness; for the people naturally love a man that will take great pains and little preferment. But, on the other hand, if I could force my inclination to take this great place, I foresee that I should sink under it, and grow melancholy, and good for nothing, and, after a little while, die as a fool dies.

But this, madam, is a great deal too much upon one of the worst and nicest subjects in the world, a man's self.

As I was finishing this long letter, which if your goodness will forgive I hope never to have occasion to try it so far again, I received your letter, and shall say no more of Dr. More, of whose preaching I always knew your ladyship's opinion. The person I mentioned was Mr. Kidder, on whom the king has bestowed the deanery of Peterborough, and therefore cannot have it. I am fully of your ladyship's opinion, that what my Lord Bedford does in this matter must not appear to be done by him, for fear of bringing other importunities upon the king. If my lord thinks well of Dr. Horneck, Dr. More would then certainly have St. Andrews.

I thank God for the health your family enjoys, as for that of my own; and equally pray for the continuance of it and all other blessings. I would fain find room to tender

* The loss of his children, and having been seized with an apoplectic disorder.

my humble service to my Lord Bedford, my Lord Russel, and two of the best young ladies I know. I am, honoured madam, more than I can express your most obliged and obedient servant.

Letter 22. *Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.*

Woborne Abbey, 28th Aug. 1690.

I ASSURE you, good doctor, I was very well pleased this evening to receive another letter from you; and much more than ordinary, because your last had some gentle hints in it, as if you thought I had taken some offence, though you kindly again said, you could not, or would not, imagine it, not being conscious of omission or commission, and indeed you have good reason for saying so; I will at any time justify you in it, and do more commend your belief, that I either had not your letters, or was not well, than I could your mistrust of me for what will never happen. But an old dated paper has convinced you, and a newer had, if I had known where to have found you; for in yours of the 5th of August, you intimate that you meant (if it did not too much offend the eyes of a friend of mine that were weak) to make a stay at Windsor of ten days longer, and made no mention then whither you went. Now truly I had that letter, when I was obliged to write much to such as would congratulate my being well again, some in kindness, and some in ceremony. But so it was, that when I went to write, I found I should not know where to send it, so I deferred it till I had learned that. I sent to Mrs. Smith; she could not tell: I bid John send to Richard at Straton to know if you were at Chilton; for I know Lady Gainborough was not there then, but now you have informed me yourself.

By

By report I fear poor Lady Gainsborough is in new trouble, for though she has all the help of religion to support her, yet that does not shut us out from all sorrow; it does not direct us to insensibility, if we could command it, but to a quiet submission to the will of God, making his ours as much as we can. Indeed, doctor, you are extremely in the right to think that my life hath been so embittered, it is now a very poor thing to me; yet I find myself careful enough of it. I think I am useful to my children, and would endure hard things to do for them till they can do for themselves; but, alas! I am apt to conclude if I had not that, yet I should still find out some reason to be content to live, though I am weary of every thing, and of the folly, the vanity, the madness of man most of all.

There is a shrinking from the separation of the soul from the body, that is implanted in our natures, which inforces us to conserve life: and it is a wise providence; for who would else endure much evil, that is not taught the great advantages of patient suffering? I am heartily sorry, good doctor, that you are not exempt, which I am sure you are not, when you cannot exercise your care as formerly among your flock at Cotenham*. But I will not enlarge on this matter, nor on any other at this time. That I might be certain not to omit this respect to you, I have begun with it, and have many behind, to which I must hasten, but first desire you will present my most humble service to my lady: I had done myself the honour to write to her, just, as I believe, she was writing to me, but I will thank her yet for that favour: either trouble, or the pleasure of her son's settlement, engrosses her, I apprehend, at this

* Ejected as a Nonjuror.

time, and business, I know, is an attendant of the last. I am, sir, your constant friend and servant.

Letter 23. *Lady Russell to ———.*
(*Supposed the Bishop of Salisbury.*)

16th October, 1690.

I HAVE, my lord, so upright an heart to my friends, that though your great weight of business had forced you to a silence of this kind, yet I should have had no doubt, but that one I so distinguish in that little number God has yet left me, does join with me to lament my late losses: the one was a just sincere man, and the only son of a sister and a friend I loved with too much passion; the other, my last sister, and I ever loved her tenderly.

It pleases me to think, that she deserves to be remembered by all those that knew her. But after above forty years acquaintance with so amiable a creature, one must needs, in reflecting, bring to remembrance so many engaging endearments as are yet at present embittering and painful; and indeed we may be sure, that when any thing below God is the object of our love, at one time or another, it will be matter of our sorrow. But a little time will put me again into my settled state of mourning; for a mourner I must be all my days upon earth, and there is no need I should be other. My glass runs low. The world does not want me, nor I want that: my business is at home, and within a narrow compass. I must not deny, as there was something so glorious in the object of my biggest sorrow, I believe that, in some measure, kept me from being then overwhelmed. So now it affords me, together with the remembrance how many early years we lived together, thoughts that are joy enough for one who

who looks no higher than a quiet submission to her lot; and such pleasures in educating my young folks as surmount the cares that it will afford. If I shall be spared the trial, where I have most thought of being prepared to bear the pain, I hope I shall be thankful, and I think I ask it faithfully, that it may be in mercy, not in judgment. Let me rather be tortured here, than they or I be rejected in that other blessed peaceful home to all ages, to which my soul aspires. There is something in the younger going before me, that I have observed all my life to give a sense I cannot describe; it is harder to be borne than a bigger loss, where there has been spun out a longer thread of life. Yet I see no cause for it, for every day we see the young fall with the old: but methinks it is a violence upon nature.

A troubled mind has a multitude of these thoughts. Yet I hope I master all murmurings: if I have had any, I am sorry, and will have no more, assisted by God's grace; and rest satisfied, that whatever I think, I shall one day be entirely satisfied what God has done, and shall do, will be best, and justify both his justice and mercy. I meant this as a very short epistle; but you have been some years acquainted with my infirmity, and have endured it, though you never had waste time, I believe, in your life; and better times do not, I hope, make your patience less. However it will become me to put an end to this, which I will do, signing myself cordially yours, &c.

Letter 24. *Lady Russell to Lord Cavendish.*

29th October, 1690.

THOUGH I know my letters do Lord Cavendish no service, yet, as a respect I love to pay him, and to thank him also for his last

from Limbeck: I had not been so long silent, if the death of two persons, both very near and dear to me, had not made me so uncomfortable to myself, that I knew I was utterly unfit to converse where I would never be ill company. The separation of friends is grievous. My sister Montague was one I loved tenderly; my Lord Gainsborough was the only son of a sister I loved with too much passion: they both deserved to be remembered by all that knew them. They both began their race long after me, and I hoped should have ended it so too; but the great and wise Disposer of all Things, and who knows where it is best to place his creatures, either in this or the other world, has ordered it otherwise. The best improvement we can make in these cases, and you, my dear lord, rather than I, whose glass runs low, while you are young, and I hope have many happy years to come, is, I say, that we should all reflect there is no passing through this to a better world without some crosses; and the scene sometimes shifts so fast, our course of life may be ended before we think we have gone half way; and that a happy eternity depends on our spending well or ill that time allotted us here for probation.

Live virtuously, my lord, and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long. I hope the last shall by your lot, with many blessings attending it. Your, &c.

Letter 25. *From Lady Russell to Dr. Fitzwilliam.*

July 21st, 1692.

I WILL say but very little for myself, why you were so long without hearing from me, yet I could say much to my justification, but am more willing to come to the more touching and serious part of your last letter; not

not but I should be very sorry indeed, if I suspected you had a thought I were unworthy towards you: I dare say you raise none upon appearances, and other reason you shall never have. In short, my daughter Cavendish being ill, carried me twice a-day to Arlington house, where I staid till twelve or one o'clock at night, and much business, being near leaving London, and my eyes serving me no longer by candle-light, which, perhaps, was the biggest let of all, and hindered my doing what I desired and ought to do.

But to come to the purpose of yours, which I received the 13th of this lamentable month, the very day of that hard sentence pronounced against my dear friend and husband; it was the fast day, and so I had the opportunity of retiring without any taking notice of it, which pleases me best. What shall I say, doctor? That I do live by your rules? No: I should lie. I bless God it has long been my purpose, with some endeavour, through mercy to do it. I hope I may conclude, I grieve without sinning; yet I cannot attain to that love of God, and submission to all his providences, that I can rejoice in; however, I bless him for his infinite mercy, in a support that is not wrought from the world, though my heart is too much bound up in the blessings I have yet left; and I hope chiefly he has enabled me to rejoice in him as my everlasting portion, and in the assured hope of good things in the other world.

Good doctor, we are travelling the same way, and hope, through mercy, to meet at the same happy end of all our labours here, in an eternal rest; and it is of great advantage to that attainment, communicating pious thoughts to each other: nothing on this side heaven goes so near it; and being where

God is, it is heaven. If he be in our hearts, there will be peace and satisfaction, when one recollects the happiness of such a state, which, if my heart deceives me not, I hope is mine: and I will try to experience more and more that blessed promise, "Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you ease." This day and this subject inclines me to be very long, and might to another be too tedious; but I know it is not so to Dr. Fitzwilliam, who uses to feast in the house of mourning. However, my time to open my chamber door is near; and I take some care not to affect in these retirements. In all circumstances I remain, sir, your constantly obliged friend and servant.

Letter 26. *Lady Russell to (Rouvigny) Earl of Galway*.*

June 1711.

ALAS! my dear Lord Galway, my thoughts are yet all disorder, confusion, and amazement; and I think I am very incapable of saying or doing what I should.

I did not know the greatness of my love to his person till I could see it no more. When nature, who will be mistress, has, in some measure, with time relieved herself, then, and not till then, I trust the goodness which hath no bounds, and whose power is irresistible, will assist me by his grace to rest contented with what his unerring providence has appointed and permitted. And I shall feel ease in this contemplation, that there was nothing uncomfortable in his death, but the losing

* Lady Russell's only son Wriothesley, Duke of Bedford, died of the small-pox in May 1711, in the thirty-first year of his age; upon which occasion this letter was written.

him.

him. His God was, I verily believe, ever in his thoughts. Towards his last hours he called upon him, and complained he could not pray his prayers. To what I answered, he said, he wished for more time to make up his accounts with God. Then with remembrance to his sisters, and telling me how good and kind his wife had been to him, and that he should have been glad to have expressed himself to her, said something to me and my double kindness to his wife, and so died away. There seemed no reluctance to leave this world, patient and easy the whole time, and I believe knew his danger, but loth to grieve those by him, delayed what he might have said. But why all this? The decree is past. I do not ask your prayers, I know you offer them with sincerity to Almighty God for your afflicted kinswoman.

Letter 27. *From Lord Shaftesbury to —.*

Feb. 24th, 1706-7.

I ACCEPT kindly the offer of your correspondence, and chiefly as it comes from you with heartiness, and the best of characters, simplicity. When this disposition of heart attends our searches into learning and philosophy, we need not fear being "vainly puffed up," or falling into that false way of wisdom, which the scripture calls "vain philosophy." When the improvement of our minds, and the advancement of our reason is all we aim at, and this only to fit us for a perfecter, more rational, and worthier service of God, we can have no scruples whether or no the work be an acceptable one to him. But where neither our duty to mankind, nor obedience to our Creator, is any way the end or object of our studies or exercises, be they ever so curious or exquisite, they may be justly styled "vain;" and often

the vainer for carrying with them the false shew of excellence and superiority.

On this account, though there be no part of learning more advantageous, even towards divinity, than logics, metaphysics, and what we call university-learning; yet nothing proves more dangerous to young minds unforewarned, or, what is worse, prepossessed with the excellency of such learning; as if all wisdom lay in the solution of those riddles of the school-men, who, in the last ages of the church, found out an effectual way to destroy religion by philosophy, and render reason and philosophy ridiculous under that garb they had put on it. If your circumstances or condition suffer you to enter into the world by a university, well it is for you that you have prevented such prepossession.

However, I am not sorry that I lent you Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding; which may as well qualify for business and the world, as for the sciences and a university. No one has done more towards the recalling philosophy from barbarity, into use and practice of the world, and into the company of the better and politer sort; who might well be ashamed of it in its other dress. No one has opened a better or clearer way to reasoning. And, above all, I wonder to hear him censured so much by any Church of England-men, for advancing reason and bringing the use of it so much into religion, when it is by this only that we fight against the enthusiasts, and repel the great enemies of our church. It is by this weapon alone that we combat those visionaries, who in the last age broke in so foully upon us, and are now (pretendedly at least) esteemed so terrible and dangerous.

But though I am one of those who in these truly happy times esteem our church as wholly

wholly out of danger; yet should we hearken to those men who disclaim this use of reason in religion, we must lay ourselves open afresh to all fanatics. For what else is all fanaticism? Where does the stress of their cause lie? Are not their unintelligible motions of the Spirit; their unexpressible pretended feelings, apprehensions, and lights within; their inspirations in prophecy, extempore prayer, preaching, &c. are not these, I say, the foundations on which they build their cause? Are not our cold dead reasonings (as they call them) a reproach and stumbling-block to them; if you will believe their leaders, who are instantly cut off from all their pretences to gifts, and spirits, and supernatural graces, if they are once brought to the test of cool reason and deliberate examination. And can we thus give up our cause, by giving up reason? Shall we give them up our Tillotsons, our Barrows, our Chillingworths, our Hammonds? For what else is it to give up this way of reason so much decried by those condemners of Mr. Locke? But such is the spirit of some men in controversial matters. A certain noted clergyman of learning and ability, and great reputed zeal, a great enemy of Master Locke, has (as I am lately told) turned rigid Calvinist, as to all the points of predestination, free-grace, &c. and not only this clergyman, but several more in the university of that high party, who ran as high in opposition to Calvinism but one reign or two since. The reason of this is but too obvious. Our bishops and dignified church-men, (the most worthily and justly dignified of any in any age,) are, as they ever where, inclinable to moderation in the high Calvinistic points. But they are also inclinable to moderation in other points.

Hinc illæ lacrymæ.

They are for toleration, inviolable toleration, as our queen nobly and christianly said it, in her speech a year or two since; and this is itself intolerable with our high gentlemen, who despise the gentleness of their Lord and Master, and the sweet mild government of our queen, preferring rather that abominable blasphemous representative of church power, attended with the worst of temporal governments, as we see it in perfection of each kind in France. From this, and from its abettors of every kind, and in every way, I pray God deliver us, whilst we are duly thankful for what in his providence he has already done towards it, and to the happiness and glory of our excellent queen and country. So farewell. I am your good friend to serve you.

Letter 28. *From Lord Shaftesbury to ———.*

May 10th, 1707.

SINCE your disposition inclines you so strongly towards university-learning; and your sound exercise of your reason, and the integrity of your heart, give good assurance against the narrow principles and contagious manner of those corrupted places, whence all noble and free principles ought rather to be propagated: I shall not be wanting to you on my part, when I shall see the fruit of your studies, life, and conversation, answerable to those good seeds of principles you seem to carry in you.

I am glad to find your love of reason and free-thought. Your piety and virtue, I know, you will always keep, especially since your desires and natural inclinations are towards so serious a station in life, which others under-

undertake too slightly, and without examining their hearts.

Pray God direct you, and confirm your good beginnings, and in the practice of virtue and religion; assuring yourself that the highest principle, which is the love of God, is best attained, not by dark speculations and monkish philosophy, but by moral practice, and love of mankind, and a study of their interests; the chief of which, and that which only raises them above the degree of brutes, is freedom of reason in the learned world, and good government and liberty in the civil world. Tyranny in one is ever accompanied, or soon followed, by tyranny in the other. And when slavery is brought upon a people, they are soon reduced to that base and brutal state, both in their understandings and morals.

True zeal therefore for God or religion, must be supported by real love for mankind: and love of mankind cannot consist but with a right knowledge of man's great interests, and of the only way and means (that of liberty and freedom) which God and nature has made necessary and essential to his manly dignity and character. They therefore who betray these principles, and the rights of mankind, betray religion even so as to make it an instrument against itself.

But I must have done, and am your good friend to serve you.

Letter 29. *Letter from the same to the same.*

November 19th, 1707.

TRULY if your heart correspond entirely with your pen, and if you thoroughly feel those good principles you have expressed, I cannot but have a great increase of kindness and esteem for you.

Imagine not, that I suspect you of so mean

a thing as hypocrisy or affected virtue: I am fully satisfied you mean and intend what you write. But alas! the misfortune of youth, and not of youth merely, but of human nature, is such, that it is a thousand times easier to frame the highest ideas of virtue and goodness, than to practise the least part. And perhaps this is one of the chief reasons why virtue is so ill practised; because the impressions, which seem so strong at first, are too far relied on. We are apt to think, that what appears so fair, and strikes us so forcibly, at the first view, will surely hold with us. We launch forth into speculation; and, after a time, when we look back and see how slowly practice comes up to it, we are the sooner led to despondency the higher we had carried our views before.

Remember therefore to restrain yourself within due bounds; and to adapt your contemplation to what you are capable of practising. For there is a sort of spiritual ambition; and in reading those truly divine authors whom you have sometimes cited to me, I have observed many to have miscarried by too fervent and eager a pursuit of such perfection.

Glad I am, however, that you are not one of those dull souls that are incapable of any spiritual refinement. I rejoice to see you raise yourself above the rank of sordid and sensual spirits, who, though set apart and destined to spirituals, understand not that there is any thing preparatory to it, beyond a little scholarship and knowledge of forms. I rejoice to see that you think of other preparations, and another discipline of the heart and mind, than what is thought of amongst that indolent and supine race of men.

You are sensible, I perceive, that there is another sort of study, a profounder meditation,

tion, which becomes those who are to set an example to mankind, and fit themselves to expound and teach those short and summary precepts and divine laws, delivered to us in positive commands by our sacred Legislator.

It is our business, and of all, as many as are raised in knowledge above the poor illiterate and laborious vulgar, to explain as far as possible the reasons of those laws; their consent with the law of nature; their suitableness to society, and to the peace, happiness, and enjoyment of ourselves. It is there alone that we have need of recourse to fire and brimstone, and what other punishments the divine goodness (for our good) has condescended to threaten us with; where the force of these arguments cannot prevail.

Our business within ourselves is to set ourselves free according to that perfect law of liberty, which we are bid to look into. And I am delighted to read these words from you, viz. that we are made to contemplate and love God intirely, and with a free and voluntary love. But this you well see is a mystery too deep for those souls whom you converse with, and see around you. They have scarce heard of what it is to combat with their appetites and senses. They think themselves sufficiently justified as men, and sufficiently qualified as holy men and teachers of religion, if they can compass matters by help of circumstances and outward fortune, so as happily to restrain these lusts and appetites of theirs within the bounds of ordinary human laws. Hence those allurements of external objects (as you well remark) they are so far from declining, that they rather raise and advance them by all possible means, without fear of adding fuel to their inflamed desires, in a heart which

can never burn towards God till those other fires are extinct.

God grant that since you know this better way, this chaste and holy discipline, you may still pursue it with that just and pious jealousy over your own heart, that neither your eyes, nor any of your senses, may be led away to serve themselves, or any thing but that Creator who made them for his service, and in whom alone is happiness and rest.

I wish you well, and shall be glad to hear still of you.

Letter 30. *From the same to the same.*

April 2, 1708.

I HAVE received yours every week, and am highly satisfied with your thoughts; not doubting but they are truly your own and natural, as well as your manner of expressing them; for in this I would have you keep an entire freedom, and deliver your sentiments still nakedly, and without art or ornament. For it is the heart I look for: and though the ornaments of style are what you are obliged to study and practise on other occasions, the less you regard them, and the greater simplicity you discover in writing privately to myself, the greater my satisfaction is, and the more becoming the part you have to act.

I was particularly pleased with your thoughts and reasonings on Christian liberty, and the zeal you shew for that noble principle, by which we cease to be slaves and drudges in religion; and by being reconciled to our duty, and to the excellence of those precepts and injunctions, which tend absolutely to our good and happiness in every respect, we become liberal servants and children of God.

A mind

A mind thus released and set at liberty, if it once sees its real good, will hardly be deprived of it, or disheartened in the pursuit, whatever discouragement surrounds it. It is the inward enemy alone can stop it. For when a mind set free from voluntary error and self-darkening conceit, aspires to what is generous and deserving, nothing but what is vile and slavish from within can deaden it; nothing but a base love of inward slavery, and an adherence to our vices and corruptions, is able to effect this.

In some, who are horridly degenerate, this submission is wholly voluntary. Self-interest leads them, whether it be a private one of their own, or in society and confederacy with some faction or party, to the support of temporal ends. In this case it carries a specious shew of public good; whether it be in church or state. And thus it is often the occasion of an open denial of reason, and of a barefaced opposition to the glorious search of truth.

In others, it is mere sloth and laziness, or sordid appetite and lust, which, bringing them under the power of sin and ignorance, fits them for political servitude by moral prostitution. For when the tyranny of lust and passion can be indulgently permitted, and even esteemed a happiness, no wonder if liberty of thought be in little esteem. Every thing civil or spiritual of this kind must needs be disregarded, or rather looked upon with jealousy and apprehension.

For one tyranny supports another: one slavery helps and ministers to another. Vice ministers to superstition; and a gainful mistress she is: superstition on the other hand returns the kindness, and will not be ungrateful. Superstition supports persecution, and persecution superstition.

Vice and intemperance is but an inward persecution. It is here the violence begins. Here the truth is first held in unrighteousness and the *γνωση*, "reason knowable, the intelligible, the divine part," is persecuted and imprisoned. Those who submit to this tyranny, in time not only come to like it, but pleased for it, and think the law of virtue tyrannical and against nature.

So in the absolute governments of the world: nations, that submit to arbitrary rule, love even their form of government; if one may call that a form which is without any, and, like vice itself, knows neither law nor order.

In this state the mind helps forward the ill work. For when reason, as an antagonist to vice, is become an inward enemy, and has once lost her interest with the soul by opposing every favourite passion, she will then be soon expelled another province, and lie under suspicion for every attempt she makes upon the mind. She is presently miscalled and abused. She is thought notional in the understanding, whimsical in company, seditious in the state, heretical in the church. Even in philosophy, her own proper dominions, she is looked upon as none of the best companions; and here also authority is respected as the most convenient guide.

This we find to be the temper of certain places; where wit and sense, however, are not wanting, nor learning of a certain kind. So that what is at the bottom of all this is easily seen by those who see those places, and can but make use of their eyes to observe manners and morals.

It is pretty visible indeed that the original of all is in those sordid vices of sloth, laziness, and intemperance. This makes way for ambition; for how should these be so industriously

lustriously maintained and vindicated, without large temporal power, and the umbrage of authority? Hence it is that those mother vices are so indulgently treated in those places, and that temperance and virtue are looked upon with an evil eye, as fanatically inclined. For who that is morally free and has asserted his inward liberty, can see truth thus held, reason and ingenuity suppressed, without some secret abhorrence and detestation?

But this you are happily apprized of; nor can you miscarry or be turned aside by imposture, or assuming formality and pride of any kind. You know your liberty: use it, and be free. But use it as becomes you, with all due meekness and submission as to outward carriage. It is the inward man that is to be relieved and rescued from his chains. Others need not your admonition; nor is this your duty, but far contrary. Preserve yourself from the contagion, and it is enough: a great task it is, and will appear so to you, if you are hearty in it, and concerned for the thing itself, not the appearance. For the inclination towards rebuke and rectifying of others, which feels like zeal in us, is often the deceit of pride and self-conceit, which finds this way to screen itself and manage undiscovered.

Keep your virtue and honesty to yourself; for if it be truly such, it will be in no pain for being kept secret. And thus you may be safe, and in due time, perhaps, useful also to others. Learn to discourse and reason with yourself, or as you honestly do, in letters to me. Trouble not others; nor be provoked to shew your sentiments, and betray noble and generous truths to such as can neither bear them, nor those whom they suspect to be in possession of them.

Mind that which is the chief of all, liberty; and subdue early your own temper and appetites. It will then be time for higher speculations, when those wandering imaginations, vain conceits, and wanton thoughts of youth, are mortified and subdued. Religion then will have no enemy opposed to her; and in spite of superstition, and all spiritual tyrannies of the world, will soon be found a joyful task, the pleasantest of all lives, quite other than is commonly represented.

Look chiefly to this practice; for this is always permitted you; this you can be employed in every hour, even when books and privacy are denied you, and business and attendance required. The more you are a servant in this sense, the more you will partake of that chief liberty which is learnt by obedience and submission. And thus even they, who, perhaps, by their haughtiness and harshness, would render you a slave, and awe you into servile thoughts, will most of all contribute to your manumission; if by their sad example they teach you (in meekness still and humility) to detest the more their narrow, persecuting, and bitter spirit, supported by their vices, and shew you evidently that great truth, that "tyranny can never be exercised but by one who is already a slave."

Be assured, therefore, that where the heart disdains this original corruption, the mind will be its friend; and by delivering it from all spiritual bondage will qualify it for a further progress, rewarding virtue by itself. For of virtue there can be no reward but of the same kind with itself; nothing can be superadded to it: and even heaven itself can be no other than the addition of grace to grace, virtue to virtue, and knowledge to know-

knowledge; by which we may still more and more comprehend the chief virtue, and highest excellence, the giver and dispenser of all; to whom I commit you, and pray your studies may be effectual. So farewell.

Letter 31. *Letter from the Earl of Shaftesbury to the Earl of Oxford.*

My Lord, Reygate, March 29, 1711.

THE honour you have done me in many kind inquiries after my health, and the favour you have shewn me lately, in forwarding the only means I have left for my recovery, by trying the air of a warmer climate, obliges me, ere I leave England, to return your lordship my most humble thanks and acknowledgments in this manner, since I am unable to do it in a better. I might perhaps my lord, do injustice to myself, having had no opportunity of late years to pay my particular respects to you, if I should attempt any otherwise to compliment your lordship on the late honours you have received, than by appealing to the early acquaintance and strict correspondence I had once the honour to maintain with you and your family, for which I had been bred almost from my infancy to have the highest regard. Your lordship well knows my principles and behaviour from the first hour I engaged in any public concern, and with what zeal I spent some years of my life in supporting your interest, which I thought of greater moment to the public, than my own or family's could ever be. What the natural effects are of private friendship so founded, and what the consequence of different opinions intervening, your lordship, who is so good a judge of men and things, can better resolve with yourself, than I can possibly suggest. And being so knowing in friends (of whom your lordship

has acquired so many), you can recollect how those ties or obligations have been hitherto preserved towards you, and whose friendships, affections, and principles you may for the future best depend upon in all circumstances and variations public and private. For my own part, I shall say only, that I very sincerely wish you all happiness, and can with no man living congratulate more heartily on what I account real honour and prosperity. Your conduct of the public will be the just earnest and insurance of your greatness and power; and I shall then chiefly congratulate with your lordship on your merited honours and advancement, when by the happy effects it appears evidently in the service of what cause, and for the advantage of what interest, they were acquired and enjoyed. Had I been to wish by what hands the public should have been served, the honour of the first part (your lordship well knows) had fallen to you long since. If others, from whom I least hoped, have done greatly and as became them, I hope, if possible, you will still exceed all they have performed, and accomplish the great work so gloriously begun and carried on for the rescue of liberty, and the deliverance of Europe and mankind. And in this presumption I cannot but remain with the same zeal and sincerity as ever, my lord, &c.

Letter 32. *From the same to Lord Godolphin.*

My Lord, Reygate, May 27, 1711.

BEING about to attempt a journey to Italy, to try what a warmer climate (if I am able to reach it) may do towards the restoring me a little breath and life, it is impossible for me to stir hence till I have acquitted myself of my respects the best I can to your lordship,
to

to whom alone, had I but strength enough to make my compliments, and pay a day's attendance in town, I should think myself sufficiently happy in my weak state of health. I am indeed, my lord, little able to render services of any kind; nor do I pretend to offer myself in such a capacity to any one, except your lordship only. But could I flatter myself that ere I parted hence, or while I passed through France, or staid in Italy, I could any where, in the least trifle, or in the highest concern, render any manner of service to your lordship, I should be proud of such

a commission. Sure I am, in what relates to your honour and name (if that can receive ever any advantage from such an hand as mine) your public as well as private merit will not pass unremembered into whatever region or climate I am transferred. No one has a more thorough knowledge in that kind than myself, nor no one there is, who on this account has a juster right to profess himself, as I shall ever do, with highest obligation and most constant zeal, my lord, your lordship's most faithful and most obedient humble servant.

BOOK III. LETTERS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY, AND OF LATE DATE.

SECT. I. FROM MR. POPE AND HIS FRIENDS.

Letter 1. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Wycherly.*

Binfield in Windsor Forest, Dec. 26, 1704*.

IT was certainly a great satisfaction to me to see and converse with a man, whom, in his writings, I had so long known with pleasure; but it was a high addition to it, to hear you, at our very first meeting, doing justice to your dead friend Mr. Dryden. I was not so happy as to know him: *Virgilium tantum vidi*. Had I been born early enough, I must have known and loved him: for I have been assured, not only by yourself, but by Mr. Congreve and Sir William Trumbull, that his personal qualities were as amiable as his poetical, notwithstanding the many libellous misrepresentations of them, against which the former of these gentlemen

has told me he will one day vindicate him†. I suppose those injuries were begun by the violence of party, but it is no doubt they were continued by envy at his success and fame. And those scribblers who attacked him in his latter times, were only like gnats in a summer's evening, which are never very troublesome but in the finest and most glorious season; for his fire, like the sun's, shined clearest towards its setting.

You must not therefore imagine, that when you told me my own performances were above those critics, I was so vain as to believe it; and yet I may not be so humble as to think myself quite below their notice. For critics, as they are birds of prey, have ever

† He since did so, in his Dedication to the Duke of Newcastle, prefixed to the duodecimo edition of Dryden's Plays, 1717.

* The author's age then sixt'en.

a natural inclination to carrion: and though such poor writers as I are but beggars, no beggar is so poor but he can keep a cur, and no author is so beggarly but he can keep a critic. I am far from thinking the attacks of such people either any honour or dishonour even to me, much less to Mr. Dryden. I agree with you, that whatever lesser wits have risen since his death, are but like stars appearing when the sun is set, that twinkle only in his absence, and with the rays they have borrowed from him. Our wit (as you call it) is but reflection or imitation, therefore scarce to be called ours. True wit, I believe, may be defined a justness of thought and a facility of expression; or (in the midwives' phrase) a perfect conception, with an easy delivery. However, this is far from a complete definition; pray help me to a better, as I doubt not you can. I am, &c.

Letter 2. *From the same to the same.*

March 25, 1705.

WHEN I write to you, I foresee a long letter, and ought to beg your patience before hand; for if it proves the longest, it will be of course the worst I have troubled you with. Yet to express my gratitude at large for your obliging letter, is not more my duty than my interest, as some people will abundantly thank you for one piece of kindness, to put you in mind of bestowing another. The more favourable you are to me, the more distinctly I see my faults: spots and blemishes, you know, are never so plainly discovered as in the brightest sunshine. Thus I am mortified by those commendations which were designed to encourage me: for praise to a young wit is like rain to a tender flower; if it be moderately bestowed, it cheers and revives; but if too lavishly, overcharges and

depresses him. Most men in years, as they are generally discouragers of youth, are like old trees, that, being past bearing themselves will suffer no young plants to flourish beneath them: but, as if it were not enough to have outdone all your coevals in wit, you will excell them in good nature too. As for my green essays*, if you find any pleasure in them, it must be such as a man naturally takes in observing the first shoots and bud-dings of a tree which he has raised himself: and it is impossible they should be esteemed any otherwise, than as we value fruits for being early, which nevertheless are the most insipid, and the worst of the year. In a word, I must blame you for treating me with so much compliment, which is, at best, but the smoke of friendship. I neither write nor converse with you to gain your praise, but your affection. Be so much my friend as to appear my enemy, and to tell me my faults, if not as a young man, at least as an unexperienced writer. I am, &c.

Letter 3. *From the same to the same.*

Oct. 26, 1705.

I HAVE now changed the scene from the town to the country; from Will's coffee-house to Windsor-forest. I find no other difference than this, betwixt the common town wits, and the downright country fools; that the first are partly in the wrong, with a little more flourish and gaiety; and the last neither in the right nor the wrong, but confirmed in a stupid settled medium betwixt both. However, methinks, these are most in the right, who quietly and easily resign themselves over to the gentle reign of dullness which the wits must do at last, though after

* His pastorals, written at sixteen years of age.
F a great

a great deal of noise and resistance. Ours are a sort of modest inoffensive people, who neither have sense, nor pretend to any, but enjoy a jovial sort of dullness: they are commonly known in the world by the name of honest, civil gentlemen: they live, much as they ride, at random; a kind of hunting life, pursuing with earnestness and hazard something not worth the catching; never in the way nor out of it. I cannot but prefer solitude to the company of all these: for though a man's self may possibly be the worst fellow to converse with in the world, yet one would think the company of a person whom we have the greatest regard to and affection for, could not be very unpleasant. As a man in love with a mistress, desires no conversation but hers, so a man in love with himself (as most men are) may be best pleased with his own. Besides, if the truest and most useful knowledge be the knowledge of ourselves, solitude, conducing most to make us look into ourselves, should be the most instructive state of life. We see nothing more commonly, than men who, for the sake of the circumstantial part, and mere outside of life, have been half their days rambling out of their nature, and ought to be sent into solitude to study themselves over again. People are usually spoiled, instead of being taught, at their coming into the world; whereas, by being more conversant with obscurity, without any pains, they would naturally follow what they were meant for. In a word, if a man be a coxcomb, solitude is his best school; and if he be a fool it is his best sanctuary.

These are good reasons for my own stay here, but I wish I could give you any for your coming hither, except that I earnestly invite you. And yet I cannot help saying I have suffered a great deal of discontent that

you do not come, though I so little merit that you should.

I must complain of the shortness of your last. Those who have most wit, like those who have most money, are generally most sparing of either.

Letter 4. *From the same to the same.*

April 27, 1708.

I HAVE nothing to say to you in this letter; but I was resolved to write to tell you so. Why should not I content myself with so many great examples, of deep divines, profound casuists, grave philosophers, who have written, not letters only, but whole tomes and voluminous treatises, about nothing? Why should a fellow like me, who all his life does nothing, be ashamed to write nothing? and that to one who has nothing to do but to read it? But perhaps you'll say, the whole world has something to do, something to talk of, something to wish for, something to be employed about: but pray, Sir, cast up the account, put all these things together, and what is the sum total but just nothing? I have no more to say, but to desire you to give my service (that is nothing) to your friends, and to believe that I am nothing more than your, &c.

Ex nihilo nil fit. LUCR.

Letter 5. *From the same to the same.*

July 17, 1709.

THE morning after I parted from you, I found myself (as I had prophesied) all alone, in an uneasy stage coach; a doleful change from that agreeable company I enjoyed the night before! without the least hope of entertainment but from my last recourse in such cases, a book. I then began to enter into acquaintance with your moralists, and had just

just received from them some cold consolation for the inconveniences of this life, and the uncertainty of human affairs; when I perceived my vehicle to stop, and heard from the side of it the dreadful news of a sick woman preparing to enter it. It is not easy to guess at my mortification; but being so well fortified with philosophy, I stood resigned with a stoical constancy to endure the worst of evils, a sick woman. I was indeed a little comforted to find, by her voice and dress, that she was young and a gentlewoman; but no sooner was her hood removed, but I saw one of the finest faces I ever beheld, and, to increase my surprise, heard her salute me by my name. I never had more reason to accuse nature for making me short-sighted than now, when I could not recollect I had ever seen those fair eyes which knew me so well, and was utterly at a loss how to address myself; till with a great deal of simplicity and innocence she let me know (even before I discovered my ignorance) that she was the daughter of one in our neighbourhood, lately married, who, having been consulting her physicians in town, was returning into the country, to try what good air and a husband could do to recover her. My father, you must know, has sometimes recommended the study of physic to me, but I never had any ambition to be a doctor till this instant. I ventured to prescribe some fruit (which I happened to have in the coach), which being forbidden her by her doctors, she had the more inclination to. In short, I tempted, and she eat; nor was I more like the Devil than she like Eve. Having the good success of the foresaid tempter before my eyes, I put on the gallantry of the old serpent, and in spite of my evil form accosted her with all the gaiety I was master of; which

had so good an effect, that in less than an hour she grew pleasant; her colour returned, and she was pleased to say my prescription had wrought an immediate cure: in a word, I had the pleasantest journey imaginable.

Thus far (methinks) my letter has something of the air of a romance, though it be true. But I hope you will look on what follows as the greatest of truths, that I think myself extremely obliged by you in all points especially for your kind and honourable information and advice in a matter of the utmost concern to me, which I shall ever acknowledge as the highest proof at once of your friendship, justice, and sincerity. At the same time be assured, that gentleman we spoke of shall never, by any alteration in me, discover my knowledge of his mistake; the hearty forgiving of which is the only kind of return I can possibly make him for so many favours: and I may derive this pleasure at least from it, that whereas I must otherwise have been a little uneasy to know my incapacity of returning his obligations, I may now, by bearing his frailty, exercise my gratitude and friendship more than himself either is, or perhaps ever will be sensible of.

*Ille meos, primus qui me sibi junxit, amores
Abstulit; ille babeat secum, sevetque sepulchro!*

But in one thing, I must confess, you have yourself obliged me more than any man; which is, that you have shewed me many of my faults, to which as you are the more an implacable enemy, by so much the more are you a kind friend to me. I could be proud in revenge, to find a few slips in your verses, which I read in London, and since in the country, with more application and pleasure:

the thoughts are very just, and you are sure not to let them suffer by the verification. If you would oblige me with the trust of any thing of yours, I should be glad to execute any commissions you would give me concerning them. I am here so perfectly at leisure, that nothing would be so agreeable an entertainment to me; but if you will not afford me that, do not deny me at least the satisfaction of your letters as long as we are absent, if you would not have him very unhappy, who is very sincerely your, &c.

Having a vacant space here, I will fill it with a short ode on Solitude, which I found yesterday by great accident, and which I find by the date, was written when I was not twelve years old; that you may perceive how long I have continued in my passion for a rural life, and in the same employments of it.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation,

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus, unlamented, let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

Letter 6. *Mr. Pope to H. Cromwell, Esq.*

Nov. 12, 1711.

I RECEIVED the entertainment of your letter the day after I had sent you one of mine, and I am but this morning returned hither. The news you tell me of the many difficulties you found in your return from Bath, gives me such a kind of pleasure as we usually take in accompanying our friends in their mixed adventures; for, methinks, I see you labouring through all your inconveniences of the rough roads, the hard saddle, the trotting horse, and what not? What an agreeable surprise would it have been to me, to have met you by pure accident (which I was within an ace of doing), and to have carried you off triumphantly, set you on an easier pad, and relieved the wandering knight with a night's lodging and rural repast, at our castle in the forest? But these are only the pleasing imaginations of a disappointed lover, who must suffer in a melancholy absence yet these two months. In the mean time, I take up with the muses for want of your better company; the muses, *quæ nobiscum pernoctant, peregrinantur, rusticantur*. Those aerial ladies just discover enough to me of their beauties to urge my pursuit, and draw me into a wandering maze of thought, still in hopes (and only in hopes) of attaining those favours from them, which they confer on the more happy admirers. We grasp some more beautiful idea in our own brain, than our endeavours to express it can set to the view of others; and still do but labour to fall short of our first imagination.

imagination. The gay colouring which fancy gave at the first transient glance we had of it, goes off in the execution, like those various figures in the gilded clouds, which, while we gaze long upon, to separate the parts of each imaginary image, the whole faints before the eye, and decays into confusion.

I am highly pleased with the knowledge you give me of Mr. Wycherley's present temper, which seems so favourable to me. I shall ever have such a fund of affection for him as to be agreeable to myself when I am so to him, and cannot but be gay when he is in good humour, as the surface of the earth (if you will pardon a poetical similitude) is clearer or gloomier, just as the sun is brighter or more over-cast.—I should be glad to see the verses to Lintot which you mention, for, methinks, something oddly agreeable may be produced from that subject.—For what remains, I am so well, that nothing but the assurance of your being so, can make me better; and if you would have me live with any satisfaction these dark days in which I cannot see you, it must be by your writing sometimes to your, &c.

Letter 7. *From the same to the same.*

Dec. 21, 1711.

IF I have not writ to you so soon as I ought, let my writing now atone for the delay; as it will infallibly do, when you know what a sacrifice I make you at this time and that every moment my eyes are employed upon this paper, they are taken off from two of the finest faces in the universe. But indeed it is some consolation to me to reflect, that while I but write this period, I escape some hundred fatal darts from those unerring eyes, and about a thousand deaths or better.

Now you, that delight in dying, would not once have dreamt of an absent friend in these circumstances; you that are so nice an admirer of beauty, or (as a critic would say after Terence) so elegant a spectator of forms; you must have a sober dish of coffee, and a solitary candle at your side, to write an epistle lucubratory to your friend; whereas I can do it as well with two pair of radiant lights, that outshine the golden god of day and silver goddess of night, and all the refulgent eyes of the firmament.—You fancy now that Sappho's eyes are two of these my tapers, but it is no such matter; they are eyes that have more persuasion in once glance than all Sappho's oratory and gesture together, let her put her body into what moving postures she pleases. Indeed, indeed, my friend, you never could have found so improper a time to tempt me with interest or ambition; let me but have the reputation of these in my keeping, and as for my own, let the devil, or let Dennis, take it for ever.—How gladly would I give all I am worth, that is to say, my pastorals, for one of them, and my Essay for the other? I would lay out all my poetry in love; an original for a lady, and a translation for a waiting-maid! Alas! what have I to do with Jane Gray, as long as Miss Molly, Miss Betty, or Miss Patty are in this world? Shall I write of beauties murdered long ago, when there are those at this instant that murder me? I will e'en compose my own tragedy, and the poet shall appear in his own person to move compassion: it will be far more effectual than Bays's entering with a rope about his neck, and the world will own there never was a more miserable object brought upon the stage.

Now you that are a critic, pray inform me, in what manner I may connect the foregoing

part of this letter with that which is to follow, according to the rules? I would willingly return Mr. Gay my thanks for the favour of his poem, and in particular for this kind mention of me; I hoped, when I heard a new comedy had met with success upon the stage, that it had been his, to which I really wish no less; and (had it been any way in my power) should have been very glad to have contributed to its introduction into the world. His verses to Lintot* have put a whim into my head, which you are like to be troubled with in the opposite page: take it as you find it, the production of half an hour the other morning. I design very soon to put a task of a more serious nature upon you, in reviewing a piece of mine that may better deserve criticism; and by that time you have done with it, I hope to tell you in person with how much fidelity I am your, &c.

Letter 8. *Mr. Pope to Sir William Trumbull†.*

March 12, 1713.

THOUGH any thing you write is sure to be a pleasure to me, yet I must own your last letter made me uneasy: you really use a style of compliment, which I expect as little as I deserve it. I know it is a common opinion that a young scribbler is as ill pleased to hear truth as a young lady. From the moment one sets up for an author, one must be treated as ceremoniously, that is, as unfaithfully,

As a King's favourite, or as a King.

* These verses are printed in Dr. Swift's and Pope's Miscellanies.

† Secretary of State to King William the Third.

This proceeding, joined to that natural vanity which first makes a man an author, is certainly enough to render him a coxcomb for life. But I must grant it is a judgment upon poets, that they, whose chief pretence is wit, should be treated as they themselves treat fools, this is, be cajoled with praises. And, I believe, poets are the only poor fellows in the world whom any body will flatter.

I would not be thought to say this, as if the obliging letter you sent me deserved this imputation, only it put me in mind of it; and I fancy one may apply to one's friend what Cæsar said of his wife: "It was not sufficient that he knew her to be chaste himself, but she should not be so much as suspected."

As to the wonderful discoveries, and all the good news you are pleased to tell me of myself, I treat it, as you who are in the secret treat common news, as groundless reports of things at a distance; which I, who look into the true springs of the affair, in my own breast, know to have no foundation at all. For fame, though it be (as Milton finely calls it) the last infirmity of noble minds, is scarce so strong a temptation as to warrant our loss of time here: it can never make us lie down contentedly on a death-bed (as some of the ancients are said to have done with that thought). You, Sir, have yourself taught me, that an easy situation at that hour can proceed from no ambition less noble than that of an eternal felicity, which is unattainable by the strongest endeavours of the wit, but may be gained by the sincere intentions of the heart only. As in the next world, so in this, the only solid blessings are owing to the goodness of the mind, not the extent of the capacity: friendship here is an emanation from the same source

source as beatitude there: the same benevolence and grateful disposition that qualifies us for the one, if extended farther, makes us partakers of the other. The utmost point of my desires in my present state, terminates in the society and good-will of worthy men, which I look upon as no ill earnest and foretaste of the society and alliance of happy souls hereafter.

The continuance of your favours to me is what not only makes me happy, but causes me to set some value upon myself as a part of your care. The instances I daily meet with of these agreeable awakenings of friendship are of too pleasing a nature not to be acknowledged whenever I think of you. I am your, &c.

Letter 9. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Steele.*

June 18, 1712.

YOU have obliged me with a very kind letter, by which I find you shift the scene of your life from the town to the country and enjoy that mixed state which wise men both delight in, and are qualified for. Methinks the moralists and philosophers have generally run too much into extremes in commending entirely either solitude, or public life. In the former, men, for the most part, grow useless by too much rest, and in the latter are destroyed by too much precipitation; as waters, lying still, putrify, and are good for nothing; and running violently on, do but the more mischief in their passage to others, and are swallowed up and lost the sooner themselves. Those indeed who can be useful to all states, should be like gentle streams, that not only glide through lonely valleys and forests, amidst the flocks and the shepherds, but visit populous towns in their course, and are at

once of ornament and service to them. But there are another sort of people who seem designed for solitude, such, I mean, as have more to hide than to show. As for my own part I am one of those whom Seneca says, *Tam umbratiles sunt, ut putent in turbido esse, quicquid in luce est.* Some men, like some pictures, are fitter for a corner than a full light; and, I believe, such as have a natural bent to solitude (to carry on the former similitude) are like waters, which may be forced into fountains, and exalted into a great height, may make a noble figure and a louder noise; but after all they would run more smoothly, quietly, and plentifully, in their own natural course upon the ground. The consideration of this would make me very well contented with the possession only of that quiet which Cowley calls the companion of obscurity. But whoever has the Muses too for his companions, can never be idle enough to be uneasy. Thus, Sir, you see, I would flatter myself into a good opinion of my own way of living. Plutarch just now told me, that it is in human life, as in a game at tables, where a man may wish for the highest cast; but, if his chance be otherwise, he is e'en to play it as well as he can, and to make the best of it. I am your, &c.

Letter 10. *From the same to the same.*

July. 15, 1712,

YOU formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the disparity we often find in him sick and well: thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and, I hope,

I hope, have received some advantage by it, if what Whaller says be true, that

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lies in new light thro' chinks that time has made.

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age: it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependance upon our out-works. Youth, at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age: it is like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, What care I for the house? I am only a lodger. I fancy it is the best time to

die when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought, that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its own course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast, as they were used to do. The memory of man (as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of Wisdom) passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. "For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair to men, and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul," &c. I am your, &c.

Letter 11. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Addison.*

July 20, 1713.

I AM more joyed at your return than I should be at that of the sun, so much as I wish for him this melancholy wet season; but it is his fate too, like yours, to be displeasing to owls and obscene animals, who cannot bear his lustre. What put me in mind of these night-birds was John Dennis, whom, I think, you are best revenged upon, as the sun was in the fable upon these bats and beastly

beastly birds above-mentioned, only by *shining on*. I am so far from esteeming it any misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your share in that which all the great men, and all the good men that ever lived, have had their part of, envy and calumny. To be uncensured and to be obscure is the same thing. You may conclude from what I here say, that it was never in my thoughts to have offered you my pen in any direct reply to such a critic, but only in some little raillery; not in defence of you, but in contempt of him*. But, indeed, your opinion that it is entirely to be neglected, would have been my own had it been my own case: but I felt more warmth here than I did when first I saw his book against myself, though, indeed, in two minutes it made me heartily merry. He has written against every thing the world has approved these many years. I apprehend but one danger from Dennis's disliking our sense, that it may make us think so very well of it, as to become proud and conceited upon his disapprobation.

I must not here omit to do justice to Mr. Gay, whose zeal in your concern is worthy a friend and honourer of you. He writ to me in the most pressing terms about it, though with that just contempt of the critic that he deserves. I think in these days one honest man is obliged to acquaint another who are his friends; when so many mischievous insects are daily at work to make people of merit suspicious of each other; that they may have the satisfaction of seeing them looked upon no better than themselves. I am your, &c.

* This relates to the paper occasioned by Dennis's Remarks upon Cato, called, "Dr. Norris's Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis."

Letter 12. *Mr. Addison to Mr. Pope.*

Oct. 26, 1713.

I WAS extremely glad to receive a letter from you, but more so upon reading the contents of it. The work* you mention will, I dare say, very sufficiently recommend itself when your name appears with the proposals: and if you think I can any way contribute to the forwarding of them, you cannot lay a greater obligation upon me, than by employing me in such an office. As I have an ambition of having it known that you are my friend, I shall be very proud of shewing it by this, or any other instance. I question not but your translation will enrich our tongue, and do honour to our country; for I conclude of it already from those performances with which you have obliged the public. I would only have you consider how it may most turn to your advantage. Excuse my impertinence in this particular, which proceeds from my zeal for your ease and happiness. The work would cost you a great deal of time, and, unless you undertake it, will, I am afraid, never be executed by any other; at least I know none of this age that is equal to it beside yourself.

I am at present wholly immersed in country business, and begin to take delight in it. I wish I might hope to see you here some time, and will not despair of it when you engage in a work that will require solitude and retirement. I am your, &c.

Letter 13. *Mr. Pope to the Earl of Halifax*

My Lord,

Dec. 1, 1714.

I AM obliged to you both for the favours you have done me, and for those you intend

* The translation of the Iliad.

me. I distrust neither your will nor your memory, when it is to do good; and if ever I become troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your lordship may either cause me to live agreeably in the town, or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference I set between an easy fortune and a small one.

It is indeed a high strain of generosity in you, to think of making me easy all my life, only because I have been so happy as to divert you some few hours: but if I may have leave to add, it is because you think me no enemy to my native country, there will appear a better reason; for I must of consequence be very much, as I sincerely am, yours, &c.

Letter 14. *Mr. Congreve to Mr. Pope.*

May 6.

I HAVE the pleasure of your very kind letter. I have always been obliged to you for your friendship and concern for me, and am more affected with it than I will take upon me to express in this letter. I do assure you there is no return wanting on my part, and am very sorry I had not the good luck to see the dean before I left the town: it is a great pleasure to me, and not a little vanity, to think that he misses me. As to my health, which you are so kind to enquire after, it is not worse than in London: I am almost afraid yet to say that it is better; for I cannot reasonably expect much effect from these waters in so short a time; but in the main they seem to agree with me. Here is not one creature that I know which, next to the few I would chuse, contributes very much to my satisfaction. At the same time that I regret the want of your conversation, I please myself with thinking that you are where you

first ought to be, and engaged where you cannot do too much. Pray give my humble service and best wishes to your good mother. I am sorry you do not tell me how Mr. Gay does in his health; I should have been glad to have heard he was better. My young amanuensis, as you call him, I am afraid, will prove but a wooden one: and you know *ex quo vis ligno, &c.* You will pardon Mrs. R——'s pedantry, and believe me to be your, &c.

P. S. By the enclosed you will see I am like to be impressed, and enrolled in the list of Mr. Curll's authors; but, I thank God! I shall have your company. I believe it high time you should think of administering another emetic.

Letter 15. *The Rev. Dean Berkeley to Mr. Pope.*

Leghorn, May 1, 1714.

AS I take ingratitude to be a greater crime than impertinence: I chuse rather to run the risque of being thought guilty of the latter, than not to return you my thanks for a very agreeable entertainment you just now gave me. I have accidentally met with your *Rape of the Lock* here, having never seen it before. Style, painting, judgment, spirit, I had already admired in other of your writings, but in this I am charmed with the magic of your invention, with all those images, allusions, and inexplicable beauties, which you raise so surprisngly, and at the same time so naturally, out of a trifle. And yet I cannot say that I was more pleased with the reading of it than I am with the pretext it gives me to renew in you thoughts the remembrance of one who values no happiness beyond the friendship of men of wit, learning, and good-nature,

I remem-

I remember to have heard you mention some half-formed design of coming to Italy. What might we not expect from a muse that sings so well in the bleak climate of England, if she felt the same warm sun, and breathed the same air with Virgil and Horace?

There are here an incredible number of poets that have all the inclination, but want the genius, or perhaps the art, of the ancients. Some among them, who understand English, begin to relish our authors; and I am informed that at Florence they have translated Milton into Italian verse. If one who knows so well how to write like the old Latin poets came among them, it would probably be a means to retrieve them from their cold, trivial conceits, to an imitation of their predecessors.

As merchants, antiquaries, men of pleasure, &c. have all different views in travelling, I know not whether it might not be worth a poet's while to travel, in order to store his mind with strong images of nature.

Green fields and groves, flowery meadows and purling streams, are no where in such perfection as in England: but if you would know lightsome days, warm suns, and blue skies, you must come to Italy; and to enable a man to describe rocks and precipices, it is absolutely necessary that he pass the Alps.

You will easily perceive that it is self-interest makes me so fond of giving advice to one who has no need of it. If you came into these parts, I should fly to see you. I am here (by the favour of my good friend the dean of St. Patrick's) in quality of chaplain to the earl of Peterborough; who, about three months since, left the greatest part of his family in this town. God knows how long we shall stay here. I am your, &c.

Letter 16. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Jervas in Ireland.*

July 9, 1716.

THOUGH, as you rightly remark, I pay my tax but once in half a year, yet you shall see by this letter upon the neck of my last, that I pay a double tax, as we non-jurors ought to do. Your acquaintance on this side of the sea are under terrible apprehensions from your long stay in Ireland, that you may grow too polite for them; for we think, since the great success of such a play as the Non-juror, that politeness is gone over the water. But others are of opinion it has been longer among you, and was introduced much at the same time with frogs, and with equal success. Poor poetry! the little that is left of it here longs to cross the sea, and leave Eusden in full and peaceful possession of the British laurel: and we begin to wish you had the singing of our poets, as well as the croaking of our frogs, to yourselves, *in secula seculorum*. It would be well in exchange, if Parnelle, and two or three more of your swans, would come hither; especially that swan, who, like a true modern one, does not sing at all, Dr. Swift. I am, like the rest of the world, a sufferer by his idleness. Indeed I hate that any man should be idle, whilst I must translate and comment; and I may the more sincerely wish for good poetry from others, because I am become a person out of the question; for a translator is no more a poet, than a taylor is a man.

You are, doubtless, persuaded of the validity of that famous verse,

'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear:

But why would you make your friends
F 6 fonder

sonder of you than they are? There is no manner of need for it. We begin to expect you no more than anti-christ: a man that hath absented himself so long from his friends ought to be put into the Gazette.

Every body here has great need of you. Many faces have died for want of your pencil, and blooming ladies have withered in expecting your return. Even Frank and Betty (that constant pair) cannot console themselves for your absence: I fancy they will be forced to make their own picture in a pretty babe, before you come home: it will be a noble subject for a family piece. Come, then, and having peopled Ireland with a world of beautiful shadows, come to us, and see with that eye, which, like the eye of the world, creates beauties by looking on them; see, I say, how England has altered the airs of all its heads in your absence; and with what sneaking city-attitudes our most celebrated personages appear in the mere mortal works of our painters.

Mr. Fortesque is much yours; Gay commemorates you; and, lastly, to climb by just steps and degrees, my Lord Burlington desires you may be put in mind of him. His gardens flourish, his structures rise, his pictures arrive, and, what is far more valuable than all, his own good qualities daily extend themselves to all about him; of whom I, the meanest, (next to some Italian fiddlers and English bricklayers,) am a living instance. Adieu!

Letter 17. *From the same to the same.*

Nov. 14, 1716.

IF I had not done my utmost to lead my life so pleasantly as to forget all misfortunes, I should tell you I reckoned your absence no small one; but I hope you have also had

many good and pleasant reasons to forget your friends on this side the world. If a wish could transport me to you and your present companions, I could do the same. Dr. Swift, I believe, is a very good landlord, and a cheertul host at his own table: I suppose he has perfectly learnt himself, what he has taught so many others: *rupta non insanire lagena*: else he would not make a proper host for your humble servant, who, you know, though he drinks a glass as seldom as any man, contrives to break one as often. But it is a consolation to me, that I can do this, and many other enormities, under my own roof.

But that you and I are upon equal terms in all friendly laziness, and have taken an inviolable oath to each other always to do what we will, I should reproach you for so long a silence. The best amends you can make for saying nothing to me, is by saying all the good you can of me, which is, that I heartily love and esteem the dean and Dr. Parnelle.

Gay is yours and theirs. His spirit is awakened very much in the cause of the dean, which has broke forth in a courageous couplet or two upon Sir Richard Blackmore; he has printed it with his name to it, and bravely assigns no other reason, than that the said Sir Richard has abused Dr. Swift. I have also suffered in the like cause, and shall suffer more: unless Parnelle send me his Zoilus and Book-worm (which the bishop of Clogher, I hear, greatly extols,) it will be shortly, *concurrere bellum atque virum*.—I love you all as much as I despise most wits in this dull country. Ireland has turned the tables upon England; and if I have no poetical friend in my own nation, I will be as proud as Scipio, and say, since I am reduced to

skin

skin and bone, *Ingrata patria, ne ossa quidem habeas.*

Letter 18. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Fenton.*

Sir,

May 5.

I HAD not omitted answering your's of the 18th of last month, but out of a desire to give you some certain and satisfactory account which way, and at what time you might take your journey. I am now commissioned to tell you, that Mr. Craggs will expect you on the rising of the parliament, which will be as soon as he can receive you in the manner he would receive a man *de Belles Lettres*, that is, in tranquillity and full leisure. I dare say, your way of life, which, in my taste, will be the best in the world, and with one of the best men in the world, must prove highly to your contentment. And, I must add, it will be still the more a joy to me, as I shall reap a particular advantage from the good I shall have done in bringing you together, by seeing it in my own neighbourhood. Mr. Craggs has taken a house close by mine, whither he proposes to come in three weeks: in the mean time I heartily invite you to live with me, where a frugal and philosophical diet, for a time, may give you a higher relish of that elegant way of life you will enter into after. I desire to know, by the first post, how soon I may hope to see you,

I am a little scandalized at your complaint, that your time lies heavy on your hands, when the Muses have put so many good materials into your head to employ them. As to your question, What I am doing? I answer, Just what I have been doing some years, my duty; secondly, relieving myself with necessary amusements, or exercises, which shall serve me instead of physic as long as they can; thirdly,

reading till I am tired; and, lastly, writing when I have no other thing in the world to do, or no friends to entertain in company.

My mother is, I thank God, the easier, if not the better, for my cares; and I am the happier in that regard, as well as in the consciousness of doing my best. My next felicity is in retaining the good opinion of honest men, (who think me not quite undeserving of it,) and in finding no injuries from others hurt me, as long as I know myself, I will add the sincerity with which I act towards ingenuous and undefining men, and which makes me always (even by a natural bond) their friend: therefore believe me very affectionately your, &c.

Letter 19. *Rev. Dean Berkeley* to Mr. Pope.*

Naples, Oct. 22, N. S. 1717.

I HAVE long had it in my thoughts to trouble you with a letter, but was discouraged for want of something that I could think worth sending fifteen hundred miles. Italy is such an exhausted subject, that, I dare say, you would easily forgive my saying nothing of it; and the imagination of a poet is a thing so nice and delicate, that it is no easy matter to find out images capable of giving pleasure to one of the few who, in any age, have come up to that character. I am, nevertheless, lately returned from an island where I passed three or four months; which, were it set out in its true colours, might, methinks, amuse you agreeably enough for a minute or two.

The island Inarime is an epitome of the

* Afterwards bishop of Cloyne in Ireland, author of the Dialogues of Hylas and Philonous, the Minute Philosopher, &c,

whole earth, containing, within the compass of eighteen miles, a wonderful variety of hills, vales, ragged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in a most romantic confusion. The air is, in the hottest season, constantly refreshed by cool breezes from the sea. The vales produce excellent wheat and Indian corn; but are mostly covered with vineyards intermixed with fruit trees. Besides the common kinds, as cherries, apricots, peaches, &c. they produce oranges, limes, almonds, pomegranates, figs, water-melons, and many other fruits unknown to our climates, which lie every where open to the passenger. The hills are the greater part covered to the top with vines, some with chesnut groves, and others with thickets of myrtle and lentiscus. The fields in the northern side are divided by hedge-rows of myrtle. Several fountains and rivulets add to the beauty of this landscape, which is likewise set off by the variety of some barren spots and naked rocks. But that which crowns the scene is a large mountain, rising out of the middle of the island, once a terrible volcano, by the ancients called *Mons Epomeus*; its lower parts are adorned with vines, and other fruits; the middle affords pasture to flocks of goats and sheep, and the top is a sandy pointed rock, from which you have the finest prospect in the world, surveying at one view, besides several pleasant islands lying at your feet, a tract of Italy about three hundred miles in length, from the promontory of Antium to the cape of Palinurus: the greater part of which hath been sung by Homer and Virgil, as making a considerable part of the travels and adventures of their two heroes. The islands Caprea, Prochyta, and Parthenope, together with Cajeta, Cumæ, Monte Miseno, the habitations of Circe, the

Syrens, and the Læstrigones, the bay of Naples, the promontory of Minerva, and the whole Campagna Felice, make but a part of this noble landscape, which would demand an imagination as warm, and numbers as flowing as your own, to describe it. The inhabitants of this delicious isle, as they are without riches and honours, so are they without the vices and follies that attend them; and where they but as much strangers to revenge, as they are to avarice and ambition, they might, in fact, answer the poetical notions of the golden age. But they have got, as an alloy to their happiness, an ill habit of murdering one another on slight offences. We had an instance of this the second night after our arrival, a youth of eighteen being shot dead by our door: and yet by the sole secret of minding our own business, we found a means of living securely among those dangerous people. Would you know how we pass the time at Naples? Our chief entertainment is the devotion of our neighbours. Besides the gait of their churches, (where folks go to see what they call *una bella devotione*, i. e. a sort of religious opera,) they make fire-works almost every week, out of devotion; the streets are often hung with arras, out of devotion; and, what is still more strange, the ladies invite gentlemen to their houses, and treat them with music and sweetmeats, out of devotion. In a word, were it not for this devotion of its inhabitants, Naples would have little else to recommend it beside the air and situation. Learning is in no very thriving state here, as indeed no where else in Italy: however, among many pretenders, some men of taste are to be met with. A friend of mine told me, not long since, that being to visit Salvini at Florence, he found him

him reading your Homer: he liked the notes extremely, and could find no other fault with the version, but that he thought it approached too near a paraphrase; which shews him not to be sufficiently acquainted with our language. I wish you health to go on with that noble work, and when you have that, I need not wish you success. You will do me the justice to believe that whatever relates to your welfare is sincerely wished by your, &c.

Letter 20. *Mr. Pope to * * **

Dec. 12, 1718.

THE old project of a window in the bosom, to render the soul of man visible, is what every honest friend has manifold reason to wish for; yet even that would not do in our case, while you are so far separated from me, and so long. I begin to fear you will die in Ireland, and that denunciation will be fulfilled upon you, *Hibernus es, et in Hiberniam reverteris*. I should be apt to think you in Sancho's case; some duke has made you governor of an island, or wet place, and you are administering laws to the wild Irish. But I must own, when you talk of building and planting, you touch my string, and I am as apt to pardon you, as the fellow that thought himself Jupiter, would have pardoned the other madman who called himself his brother Neptune. Alas! sir, do you know whom you talk to? One that has been a poet, was degraded to a translator, and at last, through mere dulness, is turned an architect. You know Martial's censure, *Præconem facito vel architectum*. However, I have one way left, to plan, to elevate, and to surprise, as Bays says; the next news you may expect to hear is, that I am in debt.

The history of my transplantation and settlement, which you desire, would require a volume, were I to enumerate the many projects, difficulties, vicissitudes, and various fates attending that important part of my life: much more, should I describe the many draughts, elevations, profiles, perspectives, &c. of every palace and garden proposed, intended, and happily raised, by the strength of that faculty wherein all great geniuses excel, imagination. At last, the gods and fate have fixed me on the borders of the Thames, in the districts of Richmond and Twickenham. It is here I have passed an entire year of my life, without any fixed abode in London, or more than casting a transitory glance (for a day or two at most in a month) on the pomps of the town. It is here I hope to receive you, sir, returned from eternizing the Ireland of this age. For you my structures rise; for you my colonades extend their wings; for you my groves aspire, and roses bloom. And, to say truth, I hope posterity (which, no doubt, will be made acquainted with all these things) will look upon it as one of the principal motives of my architecture, that it was a mansion prepared to receive you, against your own should fall to dust, which is destined to be the tomb of poor Frank and Betty, and the immortal monument of the fidelity of two such servants, who have excelled in constancy the very rats of your family.

What more can I tell you of myself? so much, and yet all put together so little, that I scarce care or know how to do it. But the very reasons that are against putting it upon paper, are as strong for telling it you in person; and I am uneasy to be so long denied the satisfaction of it.

At

At present I consider you bound in by the Irish sea, like the ghosts in Virgil,

*Tristi palus inamabilis unda
Alligat, et novies Styx circumfusa coercet!*

And I cannot express how I long to renew our old intercourse and conversation, our morning conferences in bed in the same room, our evening walks in the park, our amusing voyages on the water, our philosophical suppers, our lectures, our dissertations, our gravities, our reveries, our fooleries, or what not. This awakens the memory of some of those who have made a part in all these. Poor Parnelle, Garth, Rowe! You justly reprove me for not speaking of the death of the last: Parnelle was too much in my mind, to whose name I am erecting the best monument I can. What he gave me to publish was but a small part of what he left behind him: but it was the best, and I will not make it worse by enlarging it. I would fain know if he be buried at Chester or Dublin, and what care has been, or is to be taken for his monument, &c. Yet I have not neglected my devoirs to Mr. Rowe; I am writing this very day his epitaph for Westminster-Abbey.—After these, the best natured of men, Sir Samuel Garth, has left me in the truest concern for his loss. His death was very heroical, and yet unaffected enough to make a saint or a philosopher famous. But ill tongues, and worse hearts, have branded even his last moments, as wrongfully as they did his life, with irreligion. You must have heard many tales on this subject; but if ever there was a good Christian, without knowing himself to be so, it was Dr. Garth. Your's, &c.

Letter 21. Mr. Pope to * * * *.

Sept. 17.

THE gaiety of your letter proves you not so studious of wealth as many of your profession are, since you can derive matter of mirth from want of business. You are none of those lawyers who deserve the motto of the devil, *Circuit quærens quem devoret*. But your *Circuit* will at least procure you one of the greatest of temporal blessings, health. What an advantageous circumstance is it for one that loves rambling so well, to be a grave and reputable Rambler; while, like your fellow circuiter, the sun, you travel the round of the earth, and behold all the iniquities under the heavens. You are much a superior genius to me in rambling; you, like a pigeon, (to which I would sooner compare a lawyer than to a hawk,) can fly some hundred leagues at a pitch: I, like a poor squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three foot: my little excursions are but like those of a shop-keeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his business all the while. Your letter of the cause lately before you, I could not but communicate to some ladies of your acquaintance. I am of opinion, if you continued a correspondence of the same sort during a whole circuit, it could not fail to please the sex better than half the novels they read; there would be in them, what they love above all things, a most happy union of truth and scandal. I assure you, the Bath affords nothing equal to it: it is, on the contrary, full of grave and sad men, Mr. Baron S. Lord Chief Justice A. Judge P. and Counsellor B. who has a large pimple on the tip of his nose, but thinks it inconsistent with his gravity to wear a patch,

patch, notwithstanding the precedent of an eminent judge. I am, dear sir, your, &c.

Letter 22. *Mr. Pope to Dr. Arbuthnot.*

Sept. 10.

I AM glad your travels delighted you; improve you I am sure they could not; you are not so much a youth as that, though you run about with a king of sixteen, and, what makes him still more a child, a king of Frenchmen. My own time has been more melancholy, spent in an attendance upon death, which has seized one of our family: my mother is something better, though at her advanced age every day is a climacteric. There was joined to this an indisposition of my own, which I ought to look upon as a slight one compared with my mother's, because my life is not of half the consequence to any body, that her's is to me. All these incidents have hindered my more speedy reply to your obliging letter.

The article you enquire of, is of little concern to me as you desire it should; namely, the railing papers about the *Odyssæy*. If the book has merit, it will extinguish all such nasty scandal; as the sun puts an end to stinks, merely by coming out.

I wish I had nothing to trouble me more; an honest mind is not in the power of any dishonest one. To break its peace, there must be some guilt or consciousness, which is inconsistent with its own principles. Not but malice and injustice have their day, like some poor short-lived vermin that die in shooting their own stings. Falsehood is folly, says Homer, and liars and calumniators, at last, hurt none but themselves, even in this world: in the next, it is charity to say, God have mercy on them! They were the devil's vicegerents upon earth, who is the father of

lies, and, I fear, has a right to dispose of his children.

I have had an occasion to make these reflections of late more justly than from any thing that concerns my writings, for it is one that concerns my morals, and, which I ought to be as tender of as my own, the good character of another very innocent person, who, I am sure, shares your friendship no less than I do. No creature has better natural dispositions, or would act more rightly or reasonably in every duty, did she act by herself, or from herself; but you know it is the misfortune of that family to be governed like a ship, I mean the head guided by the tail, and that by every wind that blows in it.

Letter 23. *From the same to Edw. Blount, Esq.*

Feb. 10, 1715-16.

I AM just returned from the country whither Mr. Rowe accompanied me, and passed a week in the Forest. I need not tell you how much a man of his turn entertained me; but I must acquaint you, there is a vivacity and gaiety of disposition almost peculiar to him, which makes it impossible to part from him without that uneasiness which generally succeeds all our pleasures. I have been just taking a solitary walk by moonshine, full of reflections on the transitory nature of all human delights; and giving my thoughts a loose in the contemplation of those satisfactions which probably we may hereafter taste in the company of separate spirits, when we shall range the walks above, and perhaps gaze on this world at as vast a distance as we now do on those worlds. The pleasures we are to enjoy in that conversation must, undoubtedly, be of a nobler kind, and, not unlikely, may proceed from the discoveries each

each shall communicate to another, of God and of nature; for the happiness of minds can surely be nothing but knowledge.

The highest gratification we receive here from company is mirth, which at the best is but a fluttering unquiet motion, that beats about the breast for a few moments, and after leaves it void and empty. Keeping good company, even the best, is but a less shameful art of losing time. What we here call science and study, are little better: the greater number of arts to which we apply ourselves are mere groping in the dark, and even the search of our most important concerns in a future being, is but a needless, anxious, and uncertain haste to be knowing, sooner than we can, what without all this solicitude we shall know a little later. We are but curious impertinents in the case of futurity. It is not our business to be guessing what the state of souls shall be, but to be doing what may make our own state happy; we cannot be knowing, but we can be virtuous.

If this be my notion of a great part of that high science, divinity, you will be so civil as to imagine I lay no mighty stress upon the rest. Even of my darling poetry I really make no other use, than horses of the bells that jingle about their ears (though now and then they toss their heads as if they were proud of them), only to jog on a little more merrily.

Your observations on the narrow conceptions of mankind in the point of friendship, confirm me in what I was so fortunate as at my first knowledge of you to hope, and since so amply to experience. Let me take so much decent pride and dignity upon me as to tell you, that for opinions like these which I discovered in your minds, I had never made the

trial I have done; which has succeeded so much to mine, and, I believe, not less to your satisfaction: for, if I know you right, your pleasure is greater in obliging me, than I can feel on my part, till it falls in my power to oblige you.

Your remark, that the variety of opinions in politics or religion is often rather a gratification, than an objection, to people who have sense enough to consider the beautiful order of nature in her variations; makes me think you have not construed Johannes Secundus wrong, in the verse which precedes that which you quote: *be nota fides*, as I take it, does no way signify the Roman Catholic religion, though Secundus was of it. I think it was a generous thought, and one that flowed from an exalted mind, that it was not improbable but God might be delighted with the various methods of worshipping him, which divided the whole world. I am am pretty sure you and I should no more make good inquisitors to the modern tyrants in faith, than we could have been qualified for Lictors to Procrustes, when he converted refractory members with the rack. In a word, I can only repeat to you what, I think, I have formerly said; that I as little fear God will damn a man who has charity, as I hope that any priest can save him without it. I am, &c.

Letter 24. *Mr. Pope to Edw. Blount, Esq.*

Nov. 27, 1717.

THE question you proposed to me is what at present I am the most unfit man in the world to answer, by my loss of one of the best of fathers.

He had lived in such a course of temperance as was enough to make the longest life agreeable to him, and in such a course of

of piety as sufficed to make the most sudden death so also. Sudden indeed it was: however, I heartily beg of God to give me such a one, provided I can lead such a life. I leave him to the mercy of God, and to the piety of a religion that extends beyond the grave; *Si qua est ea cura, &c.*

He has left me to the ticklish management of so narrow a fortune, that any one false step would be fatal. My mother is in that dispirited state of resignation, which is the effect of long life, and the loss of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a friend, of such an humane turn as yourself, to make almost any thing desirable to us. I feel your absence more than ever, at the same time I can less express my regards to you than ever; and shall make this, which is the most sincere letter I ever writ to you, the shortest and faintest perhaps of any you have received. It is enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any person when one's mind is taken up with a sensible sorrow, is a great degree of friendship. I can say no more but that I love you, and all that are yours; and that I wish it may be very long before any of yours shall feel for you what I now feel for my father. Adieu.

Letter 25. *From the same to the same.*

Rentcomb in Gloucestershire, Oct. 3, 1721.
YOUR kind letter has overtaken me here, for I have been in and about this country ever since your departure. I am well pleased to date this from a place so well known to Mrs. Blount, where I write as if I were dictated to by her ancestors, whose faces are all upon me. I fear none so much as Sir Christopher Guise, who, being in his shirt, seems as ready to combat me, as her own Sir John was to demolish Duke Lan-

castere. I dare say your Lady will recollect his figure. I looked upon the mansion, walls, and terraces; the plantations, and slopes, which nature has made to command a variety of valleys and rising woods; with a veneration mixed with a pleasure, that represented her to me in those puerile amusements, which engaged her so many years ago in this place. I fancied I saw her sober over a sampler, or gay over a jointed baby. I dare say she did one thing more, even in those early times; "remembered her Creator in the days of her youth."

You describe so well your hermetical state of life, that none of the ancient anchorites could go beyond you, for a cave in a rock, with a fine spring, or any of the accommodations that besit a solitary. Only I do not remember to have read, that any of those venerable and holy personages took with them a lady, and begat sons and daughters. You must modestly be content to be accounted a patriarch. But were you a little younger, I should rather rank you with Sir Amadis, and his fellows. If piety be so romantic, I shall turn hermit in good earnest; for, I see, one may go so far as to be poetical, and hope to save one's soul at the same time. I really wish myself something more, that is, a prophet; for I wish I were, as Habakkuk, to be taken by the hair of his head, and visit Daniel in his den. You are very obliging in saying, I have now a whole family upon my hands to whom to discharge the part of a friend; I assure you, I like them all so well, that I will never quit my hereditary right to them; you have made me yours, and consequently them mine. I still see them walking on my green at Twickenham, and gratefully remember, not only their green gowns, but the instructions they give me how to slide down

down and trip up the steepest slopes of my mount.

Pray think of me sometimes, as I shall often of you; and know me for what I am, that is, your, &c.

Letter 26. *From the same to the same.*

October 21, 1721.

YOUR very kind and obliging manner of inquiring after me, among the first concerns of life, at your resuscitation, should have been sooner answered and acknowledged. I sincerely rejoice at your recovery from an illness which gave me less pain than it did you, only from my ignorance of it. I should have else been seriously and deeply afflicted, in the thought of your danger by a fever. I think it a fine and a natural thought, which I lately read in a letter of Montaigne's, published by P. Coste, giving an account of the last words of an intimate friend of his: "Adieu, my friend! the pain I feel will soon be over; but I grieve for that you are to feel, which is to last you for life"

I join with your family in giving God thanks for lending us a worthy man somewhat longer. The comforts you receive from their attendance, put me in mind of what old Fletcher of Saltoun said one day to me: "Alas, I have nothing to do but to die: I am a poor individual; no creature to wish or fear for my life or death: it is the only reason I have to repent being a single man; now I grow old, I am like a tree without a prop, and without young trees to grow round me, for company and defence."

I hope the gout will soon go after the fever, and all evil things remove far from you. But pray tell me, when will you

move towards us? If you had an interval to get hither, I care not what fixes you afterwards, except the gout. Pray come, and never stir from us again. Do away your dirty acres, cast them to dirty people, such as in the scripture-phrase possess the land. Shake of your earth, like the noble animal in Milton;

The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts, he springs as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane: the ounce,
The lizard, and the tyger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks!

But, I believe, Milton never thought these fine verses of his should be applied to a man selling a parcel of dirty acres; though in the main, I think, it may have some resemblance, For, God knows! this little space of ground nourishes, buries, and confines us, as that of Eden did those creatures, till we can shake it loose, at least in our affections and desires.

Believe, dear Sir, I truly love and value you; let Mrs. Blount know that she is in the list of my *Memento Domine, famulorum famulorumque's*, &c. My poor mother is far from well, declining; and I am watching over her, as we watch an expiring taper, that even when it looks brightest, wastes fastest. I am (as you will see from the whole air of this letter) not in the gayest nor easiest humour, but always with sincerity your, &c.

Letter 27. *Mr. Pope to Edw. Blount, Esq.*

June 27, 1723.

YOU may truly do me the justice to think no man is more your sincere well-wisher than myself, or more the sincere well-wisher

wisher of your whole family; with all which, I cannot deny but I have a mixture of envy to you all, for loving one another so well; and for enjoying the sweets of that life, which can only be tasted by people of good-will.

They from all shades the darkness can exclude,
And from a desert banish solitude.

Torbay is a paradise, and a storm is but an amusement to such people. If you drink tea upon a promontory that overhangs the sea, it is preferable to an assembly: and the whistling of the wind better music to contented and loving minds, than the opera to the spleenful, ambitious, diseased, distasted, and distracted soul which this world affords; nay, this world affords no other. Happy they who are banished from us! but happier they, who can banish themselves; or more properly banish the world from them!

Alas! I live at Twickenham!

I take that period to be very sublime, and to include more than a hundred sentences that might be writ to express distraction, hurry, multiplication of nothings, and all the fatiguing perpetual business of having no business to do. You'll wonder I reckon translating the *Odyssey* as nothing. But whenever I think seriously (and of late I have met with so many occasions of thinking seriously, that I begin never to think otherwise,) I cannot but think these things very idle; as idle as if a beast of burden should go on jingling his bells, without bearing any thing valuable about him, or ever serving his master.

Life's vain amusements, amidst which we dwell;
Not weigh'd, or understood, by the grim god
of hell?

said a Heathen poet; as he is translated by a

Christian bishop, who has, first by his exhortations, and since by his example, taught me to think as becomes a reasonable creature—but he is gone!

I remember I promised to write to you, as soon as I should hear you were got home. You must look on this as the first day I have been myself, and pass over the mad interval un-imputed to me. How punctual a correspondent I shall henceforward be able or not able to be, God knows: but he knows I shall ever be a punctual and grateful friend, and all the good wishes of such an one will ever attend you.

Letter 23. *From the same to the same.*

Twickenham, June 2. 1725.

YOU shew yourself a just man and a friend in those guesses and suppositions you make at the possible reasons of my silence: every one of which is a true one. As to forgetfulness of you, or yours, I assure you, the promiscuous conversations of the town serve only to put me in mind of better, and more quiet, to be had in a corner of the world (undisturbed, innocent, serene, and sensible) with such as you. Let no access of any distrust make you think of me differently in a cloudy day from what you do in the most sun-shiny weather. Let the young ladies be assured I make nothing new in my gardens without wishing to see the print of their fairy steps in every part of them. I have put the last hand to my works of this kind, in happily finishing the subterraneous way and grotto: I there found a spring of the clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes through the cavern day and night. From the river Thames, you see through my arch up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open temple, wholly composed

of shells in the rustic manner; and from that distance, under the temple you look down through a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing, as through a perspective glass. When you shut the doors of this grotto it becomes on the instant, from a luminous room, a *camera obscura*; on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations: and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene; it is finished with shells interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms; and in the cieling is a star of the same material, at which, when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaster) is hung in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place. There are connected to this grotto by a narrower passage two porches; one towards the river, of smooth stones full of light, and open; the other toward the garden, shadowed with trees, rough with shells, flints, and iron ore. The bottom is paved with simple pebble, as is also the adjoining walk up the wilderness to the temple, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to complete it but a good statue with an inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of.

*Hujus Nympha loci sacri custodia fortis;
Dormio, dum blandæ sentior murmur aquæ.
Parce mecum, quisquis in grotto cava marmorea sem-
num
Rumpere; si bibas, sive lavere, tace.*

Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,
And to the murmur of these waters sleep;

Ah! spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave!
And drink in silence, or in silence lave!

You will think I have been very poetical in this description, but it is pretty near the truth. I wish you were here to bear testimony how little it owes to art, either the place itself, or the image I give of it. I am, &c.

Letter 29. *From the same to the same.*

Sept. 13, 1725.

I SHOULD be ashamed to own the receipt of a very kind letter from you, two whole months from the date of this; if I were not more ashamed to tell a lie, or to make an excuse, which is worse than a lie, (for being built upon some probable circumstance, it makes use of a degree of truth to falsify with, and is a lie guarded). Your letter has been in my pocket in constant wearing, till that, and the pocket, and the suit, are worn out; by which means I have read it forty times, and I find by so doing that I have not enough considered and reflected upon many others you have obliged me with; for true friendship, as they say of good writing, will bear reviewing a thousand times, and still discover new beauties.

I have had a fever, a short one, but a violent: I am now well, so it shall take up no more of this paper.

I begin now to expect you in town to make the winter to come more tolerable to us both. The summer is a kind of heaven, when we wander in a paradisaical scene among groves and gardens; but at this season, we are, like our poor first parents, turned out of that agreeable though solitary life, and forced to look about for more people to help to bear our labours, to get into warmer houses, and live together in cities.

I hope

I hope you are long since perfectly restored, and risen from your gout, happy in the delights of a contented family, smiling at storms, laughing at greatness, merry over a Christmas fire, and exercising all the functions of an old patriarch in charity and hospitality. I will not tell Mrs. B— what I think she is doing; for I conclude it is her opinion, that he only ought to know it for whom it is done; and she will allow herself to be far enough advanced above a fine lady not to desire to shine before men.

Your daughters, perhaps, may have some other thoughts, which even their mother must excuse them for, because she is a mother. I will not however suppose those thoughts get the better of their devotions, but rather excite them and assist the warmth of them; while their prayer may be, that they may raise up and breed as irreproachable a young family as their parents have done. In a word, I fancy you all well, easy, and happy, just as I wish you; and next to that I wish you all with me.

Next to God is a good man; next in dignity, and next in valour. *Minuisti eum paullo minus ab angelis.* If, therefore, I wish well to the good and the deserving, and desire they only should be my companions and correspondents, I must very soon and very much think of you. I want your company and your example. Pray make haste to town, so as not again to leave us; discharge the load of earth that lies on you, like one of the mountains under which, the poets say, the giants, (the men of the earth,) are whelmed: leave earth to the sons of earth; your conversation is in heaven. Which that it may be accomplished in us all, is the prayer of him who maketh this small sermon, value, to you, three pence. Adieu!

Letter 30. *Mr. Pope to the Hon. Robert Digby.*

June 2, 1717.

I HAD pleased myself sooner in writing to you, but that I had been your successor in a fit of sickness, and am not yet so much recovered, but that I have thoughts of using your physicians*. They are as grave persons as any of the faculty, and, like the ancients, carry their own medicaments about with them. But indeed the moderns are such lovers of raillery, that nothing is grave enough to escape them. Let them laugh, but people will still have their opinions: as they think our doctors asses to them, we will think them asses to our doctors.

I am glad you are so much in a better state of health, as to allow me to jest about it. My concern, when I heard of your danger, was so very serious, that I almost take it ill that Dr. Evans should tell you of it, or you mention it. I tell you fairly, if you and a few more such people were to leave the world, I would not give six-pence to stay in it.

I am not so much concerned as to the point, whether you are to live fat or lean; most men of wit or honesty are usually decreed to live very lean, so I am inclined to the opinion that it is decreed you shall; however, be comforted, and reflect that you will make the better bulst for it.

It is something particular in you, not to be satisfied with sending me your own books, but to make your acquaintance continue the frolic. Mr. Warton forced me to take *Gorboduc*, which has since done me great credit with several people, as it has done Dryden and Oldham some dislikes, in shewing there is as much difference between their *Gorboduc* and this, as between Queen Anne and King George.

* Asses.

George. It is truly a scandal, that men should write with contempt of a piece which they never once saw, as those two poets did, who were ignorant even of the sex, as well as sense of Gorboduc.

Adieu ! I am going to forget you : this minute you took up all my mind ; the next I shall think of nothing but the reconciliation with Agamemnon, and the recovery of Briseis. I shall be Achilles's humble servant these two months (with the good leave of all my friends). I have no ambition so strong at present, as that noble one of Sir Salathiel Lovel, recorder of London, to furnish out a decent and plentiful execution of Greeks and Trojans. It is not to be expressed how heartily I wish the death of all Homer's heroes, one after another. The Lord preserve me in the day of battle, which is just approaching ! Join in your prayers for me, and know me to be always your, &c.

Letter 31. *From the same to the same.*

London, March 31, 1718.

TO convince you how little pain I give myself in corresponding with men of good nature and good understanding, you see I omit to answer your letters till a time when another man would be ashamed to own he had received them. If, therefore, you are ever moved on my account by that spirit, which I take to be as familiar to you as a quotidian ague, I mean the spirit of goodness ; pray never stint it in any fear of obliging me to a civility beyond my natural inclination. I dare trust you, sir, not only with my folly when I write, but with my negligence when I do not, and expect equally your pardon for either.

If I knew how to entertain you through the rest of this paper, it should be spotted and

diversified with conceits all over ; you should be put out of breath with laughter at each sentence, and pause at each period, to look back over how much wit you have passed. But I have found by experience, that people now-a-days regard writing as little as they do preaching : the most we can hope is to be heard with decency and patience, once a-week by folks in the country. Here in town we hum over a piece of fine writing, and we whistle at a sermon. The stage is the only place we seem alive at : there indeed we stare and roar, and clap hands for King George and the government. As for all other virtues but this loyalty, they are an obsolete train, so that men, women, and children hiss them out of all good company. Humility knocks so sneakingly at the door, that every footman outraps it, and makes it give way to the free entrance of pride, prodigality, and vain-glory.

My Lady Scudamore, from having rusticated in your company too long, really behaves herself scandalously among us : she pretends to open her eyes for the sake of seeing the sun, and to sleep because it is night ; drinks tea at nine in the morning, and is thought to have said her prayers before : talks, without any manner of shame, of good books, and has not seen Cibber's play of the Non-juror. I rejoiced the other day to see a libel on her toilette, which gives me some hope that you have, at least, a taste of scandal left you, in defect of all other vices.

Upon the whole matter, I heartily wish you well ; but as I cannot entirely desire the ruin of all the joys of this city, so all that remains is to wish you would keep your happiness to yourselves, that the happiest here may not die with envy at a bliss which they cannot attain to. I am, &c.

Letter

Letter 32. *Mr. Digby to Mr. Pope.*

Colehill, April 17, 1718.

I HAVE read your letter over and over with delight. By your description of the town I imagine it to lie under some great enchantment, and am very much concerned for you and all my friends in it. I am the more afraid, imagining, since you do not fly those horrible monsters, rapine, dissimulation, and luxury, that a magic circle is drawn about you, and you cannot escape. We are here in the country in quite another world, surrounded with blessings and pleasures, without any occasion of exercising our irascible faculties: indeed we cannot boast of good breeding and the art of life, but yet we do not live unpleasantly in primitive simplicity and good humour. The fashions of the town affect us but just like a raree-show; we have a curiosity to peep at them, and nothing more. What you call pride, prodigality, and vain-glory, we cannot find in pomp and splendour at this distance; it appears to us a fine glittering scene, which, if we do not envy you, we think you happier than we are, in your enjoying it. Whatever you may think to persuade us of the humility of Virtue, and her appearing in rags amongst you, we can never believe: our uninformed minds represent her so noble to us, that we necessarily annex splendour to her; and we could as soon imagine the order of things inverted, and that there is no man in the moon, as believe the contrary. I cannot forget telling you, we indeed read the Spoils of Rapine as boys do the English Rogue, and hug ourselves full as much over it; yet our roses are not without thorns. Pray give me the pleasure of hearing (when you are at leisure) how soon I may expect to see the next volume of Homer. I am, &c.

Letter 33. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby.*

May, 1, 1720.

YOU will think me very full of myself, when, after long silence, (which however, to say the truth, has rather been employed to contemplate of you, than to forget you,) I begin to talk of my own works. I find it is in the finishing a book, as in concluding a session of parliament, one always thinks it will be very soon, and finds it very late. There are many unlooked-for incidents to retard the clearing any public account, and so I see it is in mine. I have plagued myself, like great ministers, with undertaking too much for one man; and, with a desire of doing more than was expected from me, have done less than I ought. For having designed four very laborious and uncommon sort of indexes to Homer, I am forced, for want of time, to publish two only, the design of which you will own to be pretty, though far from being fully executed. I have also been obliged to leave unfinished in my desk the heads of two Essays, one on the Theology and Morality of Homer, and another on the Oratory of Homer and Virgil. So they must wait for future editions, or perish: and (one way or other, no great matter which) *dabit Deus his quoque finem*. I think of you every day, I assure you, even without such good memorials of you as your sisters, with whom I sometimes talk of you, and find it one of the most agreeable of all subjects to them. My Lord Digby must be perpetually remembered by all who ever knew them, or knew his children. There needs no more than an acquaintance with your family, to make all elder sons wish they had fathers to their lives end.

I cannot touch upon the subject of filial
G love,

love, without putting you in mind of an old woman who has a sincere, hearty, old-fashioned respect for you, and constantly blames her son for not having writ to you oftener to tell you so.

I very much wish (but what signifies my wishing? my Lady Scudamore wishes, your sisters wish) that you were with us, to compare the beautiful contrast this season affords us, of the town and the country. No ideas you could form in the winter can make you imagine what Twickenham is (and what your friend Mr. Johnson of Twickenham is) in this warmer season. Our river glitters beneath an unclouded sun, at the same time that its banks retain the verdure of flowers: our gardens are offering their first nosegays; our trees, like new acquaintance brought happily together, are stretching their arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour: the birds are paying their thanksgiving songs for the new habitations I have made them: my building rises high enough to attract the eye and curiosity of the passenger from the river, where, upon beholding a mixture of beauty and ruin, he enquires what house is falling, or what church is rising? so little taste have our common Tritons of Vitruvius; whatever delight the poetical gods of the river may take, in reflecting on their streams, by Tuscan porticos and Ionic pilasters.

But, to descend from all this pomp of style, the best account of what I am building is, that it will afford me a few pleasant rooms for such a friend as yourself, or a cool situation for an hour or two for Lady Scudamore, when she will do me the honour, at this public house on the road, to drink her own cyder.

The moment I am writing this, I am sur-

prised with the account of the death of a friend of mine, which makes all I have here been talking of a mere jest. Building, gardens, writings, pleasures, works of whatever stuff man can raise, none of them, God knows, capable of advantaging a creature that is mortal, or of satisfying a soul that is immortal! Dear sir, I am, &c.

Letter 34. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby.*

July 20, 1720.

YOUR kind desire to know the state of my health had not been unsatisfied so long, had not that ill state been the impediment. Nor should I have seemed an unconcerned party in the joys of your family, which I heard of from Lady Scudamore, whose short eschantillon of a letter (of a quarter of a page) I value as the short glimpse of a vision afforded to some devout hermit; for it includes, as those revelations do, a promise of a better life in the Elysian groves of Cirencester, whither, I could say almost in the style of a sermon, the Lord bring us all, &c. Thither may we tend, by various ways, to one blissful bower: thither may health, peace, and good humour wait upon us as associates: thither may whole cargoes of nectar (liquor of life and longevity!) by mortals called spa-water, be conveyed; and there, as Milton has it, may we, like the deities,

On flow'rs repos'd, and with fresh garlands
crown'd,
Quaff immortality and joy.

When I speak of garlands, I should not forget the green vestments and scarfs which your sisters promised to make for this purpose: I expect you too in green, with a hunting-horn by your side, and a green hat, the model of
which

which you may take from Osborne's description of King James the First.

What words, what numbers, what oratory, what poetry can suffice, to express how infinitely I esteem, value, love, and desire you all, above all the great ones of this part of the world; above all the Jews, jobbers, bubbleers, subscribers, projectors, directors, governors, treasurers, &c. &c. &c. *in secula seculorum.*

Turn your eyes and attention from this miserable mercenary period; and turn yourself, in a just contempt of these sons of Mammon, to the contemplation of books, gardens, and marriage: in which I now leave you, and return, wretch that I am, to water-gruel and palladio! I am, &c.

Letter 35. *From the same to the same.*

Sept. 1, 1722.

DOCTOR Arbuthnot is going to Bath, and will stay there a fortnight or more: perhaps you will be comforted to have a sight of him, whether you need him or not. I think him as good a doctor as any man for one that is ill, and a better doctor for one that is well. He would do admirably for Mrs. Mary Digby: she needed only to follow his hints, to be in eternal business and amusement of mind, and even as active as she could desire. But, indeed, I fear she would out-walk him; for, as Dean Swift observed to me the very first time I saw the doctor, "He is a man that can do every thing but walk." His brother, who is lately come into England, goes also to the bath; and is a more extraordinary man than he, worth your going thither on purpose to know him. The spirit of philanthropy, so long dead to our world, is revived in him. He is a philosopher all of fire; so warmly, nay so wildly

in the right, that he forces all others about him to be so too, and draws them into his own vortex. He is a star that looks as if it were all fire, but is all benignity, all gentle and beneficial influence. If there be other men in the world that would serve a friend, yet he is the only one, I believe, that could make even an enemy serve a friend.

As all human life is chequered and mixed with acquisitions and losses, (though the latter are more certain and irremediable, than the former lasting or satisfactory,) so at the time I have gained the acquaintance of one worthy man, I have lost another, a very easy, humane, and gentlemanly neighbour, Mr. Stoner. It is certain, the loss of one of this character puts us naturally upon setting a greater value on the few that are left, though the degree of our esteem may be different. Nothing, says Seneca, is so melancholy a circumstance in human life, or so soon reconciles us to the thought of our own death, as the reflection and prospect of one friend after another dropping round us. Who would stand alone, the sole remaining ruin, the last tottering column of all the fabric of friendship, once so large, seemingly so strong, and yet so suddenly sunk and buried? I am, &c.

Letter 36. *From the same to the same.*

1722.

YOUR making a sort of apology for your not writing, is a very genteel reproof to me. I know I was to blame, but I know I did not intend to be so, and, what is the happiest knowledge in the world, I know you will forgive me; for sure nothing is more satisfactory than to be certain of such a friend as will overlook one's failings, since every such instance is a conviction of his kindness.

If I am all my life to dwell in intentions, and never to rise to actions, I have but too much need of that gentle disposition which I experience in you. But I hope better things of myself, and fully purpose to make you a visit this summer at Sherburne. I am told, you are all upon removal very speedily, and that Mrs. Mary Digby talks, in a letter to Lady Scudamore, of seeing my Lord Bathurst's wood in her way. How much I wish to be her guide through that enchanted forest, is not to be expressed: I look upon myself as the magician appropriated to the place, without whom no mortal can penetrate into the recesses of those sacred shades. I could pass whole days in only describing to her the future, and as yet visionary beauties, that are to rise in those scenes: the palace that is to be built, the pavillions that are to glitter, the colonades that are to adorn them; nay more, the meeting of the Thames and the Severn, which, when the noble owner has finer dreams than ordinary, are to be led into each other's embraces through secret caverns of not above twelve or fifteen miles, till they rise and celebrate their marriage in the midst of an immense amphitheatre, which is to be the admiration of posterity a hundred years hence. But till the destined time shall arrive that is to manifest these wonders, Mrs. Digby must content herself with seeing what is at present no more than the finest wood in England.

The objects that attract this part of the world, are of a quite different nature. Women of quality are all turned followers of the camp in Hyde-park this year, whither all the town resort to magnificent entertainments given by the officers, &c. The Scythian ladies that dwelt in the waggons of war, were not more closely attached to the

luggage. The matrons, like those of Sparta, attend their sons to the field, to be witnesses of their glorious deeds; and the maidens, with all their charms displayed, provoke the spirit of the soldiers: tea and coffee supply the place of Lacedemonian black broth. This camp seems crowned with perpetual victory, for every gun that rises in the thunder of cannon, sets in the music of violins. Nothing is yet wanting but the constant presence of the prince's, to represent the *mater exercitus*.

At Twickenham the world goes otherwise. There are a certain old people who take up all my time, and will hardly allow me to keep any other company. They were introduced here by a man of their own sort, who has made me perfectly rude to all contemporaries, and will not so much as suffer me to look upon them. The person I complain of is the bishop of Rochester. Yet he allows me (from something he has heard of your character, and that of your family, as if you were of the old sect of moralists) to write three or four sides of paper to you, and to tell you (what these sort of people never tell but with truth and religious sincerity) that I am, and ever will be your, &c.

Letter 37. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby.*

THE same reason that hindered your writing, hindered mine; the pleasing expectation to see you in town. Indeed, since the willing confinement I have lain under here with my mother, (whom it is natural and reasonable I should rejoice with as well as grieve,) I could the better bear your absence from London, for I could hardly have seen you there; and it would not have been quite reasonable to have drawn you to a sick room hither from the first embraces of your friends.

My

My mother is now, I thank God, wonderfully recovered, though not so much as yet to venture out of her chamber, but enough to enjoy a few particular friends, when they have the good nature to look upon her. I may recommend to you the room we sit in, upon one, and that a favourite account, that it is the very warmest in the house; we and our fires will equally smile in your face. There is a Persian proverb that says, (I think very prettily,) "The conversation of a friend brightens the eyes." This I take to be a splendour still more agreeable than the fires you so delightfully describe.

That you may long enjoy your own fire-side in the metaphorical sense, that is, all those of your family who make it pleasing to sit and spend whole wintry months together; a far more rational delight, and better felt by an honest heart, than all the glaring entertainments, numerous lights, and false splendours, of an assembly of empty heads, aching hearts, and false faces. This is my sincere wish to you and yours.

You say you propose much pleasure in seeing some new faces about town of my acquaintance. I guess you mean Mrs. Howard's and Mrs. Blount's. And, I assure you, you ought to take as much pleasure in their hearts, if they are what they sometimes express with regard to you.

Believe me, dear sir, to you all a very faithful servant.

Letter 38. *From the same to the same.*

Oct. 10.

I WAS upon the point of taking a much greater journey than to Bermudas, even to that *undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns!*

A fever carried me on the high gallop to-

wards it for six or seven days; but here you have me now, and that is all I shall say of it: since which time an impertinent lameness kept me at home twice as long; as if Fate should say, (after the other dangerous illness) "You shall neither go into the other world, nor any where you like in this." Else who knows but I had been at Hom-lacy.

I conspire in your sentiments, emulate your pleasures, wish for your company. You are all of one heart and one soul, as was said of the primitive Christians: it is like the kingdom of the just upon earth; not a wicked wretch to interrupt you, but a set of tried experienced friends and fellow-comforters, who have seen evil men and evil days; and have, by a superior rectitude of heart, set yourselves above them, and reap your reward. Why will you ever, of your own accord, end such a millenary year in London? transmute (if I may so call it) into other creatures, in that scene of folly militant, when you may reign for ever at Hom-lacy in sense and reason triumphant? I appeal to a third lady in your family, whom I take to be the most innocent, and the least warped by idle fashion and custom of you all; I appeal to her, if you are not every soul of you better people, better companions, and happier where you are? I desire her opinion, under her hand, in your next letter, I mean Miss Scudamore's*. I am confident, if she would or durst speak her sense, and employ that reasoning which God has given her, to infuse more thoughtfulness into you all; those arguments could not fail to put you to the blush, and keep you out of town, like people sensible of your own felicities. I am not

* Afterwards Dutches Beaufort, at this time very young.

without hopes, if she can detain a parliament-man and a lady of quality from the world one winter, that I may come upon you with such irresistible arguments another year, as may carry you all with me to Bermudas*, the seat of all earthly happiness, and the New Jerusalem of the righteous.

Do not talk of the decay of the year, the season is good where the people are so: it is the best time of the year for a painter; there is more variety of colours in the leaves, the prospects begin to open through the thinner woods, over the vallies, and through the high canopies of trees to the higher arch of heaven: the dews of the morning impearl every thorn, and scatter diamonds on the verdant mantle of the earth; the frosts are fresh and wholesome. What would you have? The moon shines too, though not for lovers these cold nights, but for astronomers.

Have ye not reflecting telescopes†, whereby ye may innocently magnify her spots and blemishes? Content yourselves with them, and do not come to a place where your own eyes become reflecting telescopes, and where those of all others are equally such upon their neighbours. Stay you at least; (for what I have said before relates only to the ladies; do not imagine I will write about any eyes but theirs;) stay, I say, from that idle, busy-looking sanhedrim, where wisdom or no wisdom is the eternal debate, not (as it lately was in Ireland) an accidental one.

* About this time the Rev. Dean Berkley conceived his project of erecting a settlement in Bermudas for the propagation of the Christian faith, and introduction of the sciences into America.

† These instruments were just then brought to perfection.

If, after all, you will despise good advice, and resolve to come to London, here you will find me, doing just the things I should not, living where I should not, and as worldly, as idle, in a word, as much an Anti-Bermudanist as any body. Dear sir, make the ladies know I am their servant; you know I am your's, &c.

Letter 39. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby.*

Aug. 12.

I HAVE been above a month strolling about in Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire, from garden to garden, but still returning to Lord Cobham's with fresh satisfaction. I should be sorry to see my Lady Scudamore's till it has had the full advantage of Lord B——'s improvements; and then I will expect something like the waters of Risks, and the woods of Oakley together, which, without flattery, would be at least as good as any thing in our world: for as to the hanging gardens of Babylon, the paradise of Cyrus, and the Sharriwaggi's of China, I have little or no ideas of them; but, I dare say, Lord B—— has, because they were certainly very great and very wild. I hope Mrs. Mary Digby is quite tired of his lordship's *extravagante bergerie*: and that she is just now sitting, or rather inclining on a bank, fatigued with over much dancing and singing at his unwearied request and instigation. I know your love of ease so well, that you might be in danger of being too quiet to enjoy quiet, and too philosophical to be a philosopher, were it not for the ferment Lord B—— will put you into. One of his lordship's maxims is, that a total abstinence from intemperance or business, is no more philosophy, than a total consopiation of the senses is repose: one must feel enough of its contrary to have a relish of either.

either. But, after all, let your temper work, and be as sedate and contemplative as you will, I will engage you shall be fit for any of us, when you come to town in the winter. Folly will laugh you into all the customs of the company here; nothing will be able to prevent your conversion to her, but indisposition, which I hope will be far from you. I am telling the worst that can come of you; for as to vice, you are safe; but folly is many an honest man's, nay every good-humoured man's lot: nay, it is the seasoning of life; and fools (in one sense) are the salt of the earth: a little is excellent, though indeed a whole mouthful is justly called the devil.

So much for your diversions next winter, and for mine. I envy you much more at present, than I shall then: for if there be on earth an image of Paradise, it is in such perfect union and society as you all possess. I would have my innocent envies and wishes of your state known to you all; which is far better than making your compliments, for it is inward approbation and esteem. My lord Digby has in me a sincere servant, or would have, were there any occasion for me to manifest it.

Letter 40. *From the same to the same.*

Dec. 28, 1724.

IT is now the season to wish you a good end of one year, and a happy beginning of another: but both these you know how to make yourself, by only continuing such a life as you have been long accustomed to lead. As for good works, they are things I dare not name, either to those that do them, or to those that do them not: the first are too modest, and the latter too selfish, to bear the mention of what are become either too old-fashioned, or too private, to constitute any

part of the vanity or reputation of the present age. However, it were to be wished people would now and then look upon good works as they do upon old wardrobes, merely in case any of them should by chance come into fashion again; as ancient fardingales revive in modern hooped petticoats (which may be properly compared to charities, as they cover a multitude of sins).

They tell me, that at Colehill certain antiquated charities, and obsolete devotions, are yet subsisting: that a thing called Christian cheerfulness (not incompatible with Christmas pyes and plumbroth), whereof frequent is the mention in old sermons and almanacks, is really kept alive, and in practice: that feeding the hungry, and giving alms to the poor, do yet make a part of good house-keeping, in a latitude not more remote from London than fourscore miles: and lastly, that prayers and roast-beef actually make some people as happy as a whore and a bottle. But here in town, I assure you, men, women and children have done with these things. Charity not only begins, but ends, at home. Instead of the four cardinal virtues, now reign four courtly ones: we have cunning for prudence, rapine for justice, time-serving for fortitude, and luxury for temperance. Whatever you may fancy where you live in a state of ignorance, and see nothing but quiet, religion, and good humour, the case is just as I tell you where people understand the world, and know how to live with credit and glory.

I wish that Heaven would open the eyes of men, and make them sensible which of these is right; whether, upon a due conviction, we are to quit faction, and gaming, and high feeding, and all manner of luxury, and to take to your country way? or you to leave prayers, and almsgiving, and reading, and exercise,

exercise, and come into our measures? I wish (I say) that this matter were as clear to all men, as it is to your affectionate, &c.

Letter 41. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Digby.*

Dear Sir,

April 21, 1726.

I HAVE a great inclination to write to you, though I cannot by writing, any more than I could by words, express what part I bear in your sufferings. Nature and esteem in you are joined to aggravate your affliction: the latter I have in a degree equal even to yours, and a tie of friendship approaches near to the tenderness of nature: yet, God knows, no man living is less fit to comfort you, as no man is more deeply sensible than myself of the greatness of the loss. That very virtue which secures his present state from all the sorrows incident to ours, does but aggrandise our sensation of its being removed from our sight, from our affection, and from our imitation; for the friendship and society of good men does not only make us happier, but it makes us better. Their death does but complete their felicity before our own, who probably are not yet arrived to that degree of perfection which merits an immediate reward. That your dear brother and my dear friend was so, I take his very removal to be a proof; Providence would certainly lend virtuous men to a world that so much wants them, as long as in its justice to them it could spare them to us. May my soul be with those who have meant well, and have acted well to that meaning! and, I doubt not, if this prayer be granted, I shall be with him. Let us preserve his memory in the way he would best like, by recollecting what his behaviour would have been, in every incident of our lives to come, and doing in each just as we think he would have done;

so we shall have him always before our eyes, and in our minds, and (what is more) in our lives and manners. I hope when we shall meet him next, we shall be more of a piece with him, and consequently not to be evermore separated from him. I will add but one word that relates to what remains of yourself and me, since so valued a part of us is gone; it is to beg you to accept, as your's by inheritance, of the vacancy he has left in a heart, which (while he could fill it with such hopes, wishes, and affections for him as suited a mortal creature) was truly and warmly his; and shall (I assure you in the sincerity of sorrow for my own loss) be faithfully at your service while I continue to love his memory, that is, while I continue to be myself.

Letter 42. *Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester.*

March 14, 1721-2.

I WAS disappointed (much more than those who commonly use that phrase on such occasions) in missing you at the Deanery, where I lay solitary two nights. Indeed I truly partake in any degree of concern that affects you, and I wish every thing may succeed as you desire in your own family, and in that which, I think, you no less account your own, and is no less your family, the whole world: for I take you to be one of the true friends of it, and to your power its protector. — Though the noise and daily bustle for the public be now over, I dare say, a good man is still tendering its welfare; as the sun in the winter, when seeming to retire from the world is preparing benedictions and warmth for a better season. No man wishes your lordship more quiet, more tranquillity, than I, who know you should understand the value of it; but

but I do not wish you a jot less concerned or less active than you are, in all sincere, and therefore warm, desires of public good.

I beg the kindness (and it is for that chiefly I trouble you with this letter) to favour me with notice as soon as you return to London, that I may come and make you a proper visit of a day or two; for hitherto I have not been your visitor, but your lodger, and I accuse myself of it. I have now no earthly thing to oblige my being in town (a point of no small satisfaction to me), but the best reason, the seeing a friend. As long, my Lord, as you will let me call you so (and I dare say you will, till I forfeit what, I think, I never shall, my veracity and integrity), I shall esteem myself fortunate, in spite of the South-Sea, poetry, popery, and poverty.

I cannot tell you how sorry I am, you should be troubled a-new by any sort of people. I heartily wish, *Quod superest ut tibi vivas*—that you may teach me how to do the same; who, without any real impediment to acting and living rightly, do act and live as foolishly as if I were a great man. I am, &c.

Letter 43. *From the same to the same.*

My Lord, March 19, 1721-2.

I AM extremely sensible of the repeated favour of your kind letters, and your thoughts of me in absence, even among thoughts of much nearer concern to yourself on the one hand, and of much more importance to the world on the other, which cannot but engage you at this juncture. I am very certain of your good-will, and of the warmth which is in you inseparable from it.

Your remembrance of Twickenham is a

fresh instance of that partiality. I hope the advance of the fine season will set you upon your legs, enough to enable you to get into my garden, where I will carry you up a mount, in a point of view to shew you the glory of my little kingdom. If you approve it, I shall be in danger to boast, like Nebuchadnezzar, of the things I have made, and to be turned to converse, not with the beasts of the field, but with the birds of the grove, which I shall take to be no great punishment. For indeed I heartily despise the ways of the world, and most of the great ones of it.

Oh keep me innocent, make others great!

And you may judge how comfortably I am strengthened in this opinion, when such as your Lordship bear testimony to its vanity and emptiness. *Tinnit, inane est*, with the picture of one ringing on the globe with his finger, is the best thing I have the luck to remember in that great poet Quarles (not that I forget the devil at bowls; which I know to be your Lordship's favourite cut, as well as favourite diversion.)

The situation here is pleasant, and the view rural enough, to humour the most retired, and agree with the most contemplative. Good air, solitary groves, and sparing diet, sufficient to make you fancy yourself (what you are in temperance, though elevated into a greater figure by your station) one of the fathers of the desert. Here you may think (to use an author's words, whom you so justly prefer to all his followers that you will receive them kindly, though taken from his worst work *;)

* The Paradise Regained.

G 5

That

That in Elijah's banquet you partake,
Or sit a guest with Daniel, at his pulse.

I am sincerely free with you, as you desire I should, and approve of your not having your coach here, for if you would see Lord C— or any body else, I have another chariot, besides that little one you laughed at when you compared me to Homer in a nut-shell. But if you would be entirely private, nobody shall know any thing of the matter. Believe me (my Lord) no man is with more perfect acquiescence, nay with more willing acquiescence (not even any of your own sons of the church), your obedient, &c.

Letter 44. *The Bishop of Rochester to Mr. Pope.*

April 6, 1722.

UNDER all the leisure in the world, I have no leisure, no stomach to write to you: the gradual approaches of death are before my eyes. I am convinced that it must be so; and yet make a shift to flatter myself sometimes with the thought, that it may possibly be otherwise. And that very thought, though it is directly contrary to my reason, does for a few moments make me easy—however, not easy enough in good earnest to think of any thing but the melancholy object that employs them. Therefore wonder not that I do not answer your kind letter: I shall answer it too soon, I fear, by accepting your friendly invitation. When I do so, no conveniences will be wanting: for I will see nobody but you and your mother, and the servants. Visits to statesmen always were to me (and are now more than ever) insipid things; let the men that expect, that wish to thrive by them, pay them that homage; I am free. When I want them, they shall hear of me at

their doors; when they want me, I shall be sure to hear of them at mine. But probably they will despise me so much, and I shall court them so little, that we shall both of us keep our distance.

When I come to you, it is in order to be with you only; a president of the council, or a star and a garter, will make no more impression upon my mind, at such a time, than the hearing of a bag-pipe, or the sight of a puppet-show. I have said to greatness some time ago—*Tuas tibi res habeto, egomet curabo meas.* The time is not far off when we shall all be upon the level: and I am resolved, for my part, to anticipate that time, and be upon the level with them now: for he is so, that neither seeks nor wants them. Let them have more virtue and less pride; and then I will court them as much as any body: but till they resolve to distinguish themselves some way else than by their outward trappings, I am determined (and, I think, I have a right) to be as proud as they are: though, I trust in God, my pride is neither of so odious a nature as theirs, nor of so mischievous a consequence.

I know not how I have fallen into this train of thinking—when I sat down to write, I intended only to excuse myself for not writing, and to tell you that the time drew nearer and nearer, when I must dislodge: I am preparing for it; for I am at this moment building a vault in the abbey for me and mine. It was to be in the abbey, because of my relation to the place; but it is at the west door of it; as far from Kings and Cæsars as the space would admit of.

I know not but I may step to town tomorrow to see how the work goes forward; but if I do, I shall return hither in the evening. I would not have given you the trouble

of this letter, but that they tell me it will cost you nothing, and that our privilege of franking (one of the most valuable we have left) is again allowed us. Your, &c.

Letter 45. *From the same to the same.*

June 15, 1722.

YOU have generally written first, after our parting; I will now be beforehand with you in my inquiries, how you got home, and how you do, and whether you met with Lord —, and delivered my civil reproach to him in the manner I desired? I suppose you did not, because I have heard nothing either from you or from him on that head; as, I suppose, I might have done, if you had found him.

I am sick of these men of quality; and the more so, the oftener I have any business to transact with them. They look upon it as one of their distinguishing privileges, not to be punctual in any business, of how great importance soever; nor to set other people at ease, with the loss of the least part of their own. This conduct of his vexes me; but to what purpose? or how can I alter it?

I long to see the original MS. of Milton; but do not know how to come at it, without your repeated assistance.

I hope you will not utterly forget what passed in the coach about Samson Agonistes. I shall not press you as to time, but some time or other, I wish you would review and polish that piece. If upon a new perusal of it (which I desire you to make) you think as I do, that it is written in the very spirit of the ancients, it deserves your care, and is capable of being improved, with little trouble, into a perfect model and standard of tragic poetry—always allowing for its being a story taken out of the Bible; which is an objec-

tion that at this time of day, I know, is not to be got over. I am, &c.

Letter 46. *From the same to the same.*

The Tower, April 10, 1723.

I THANK you for all the instances of your friendship, both before and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me; and will please myself with the thought, that I still live in your esteem and affection, as much as ever I did; and that no accident of life, no distance of time, or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me; who have loved and valued you, ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so; as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Dr. Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the purpose, if any thing can be said to be to the purpose, in a case that is already determined. Let him know my defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion of triumph, though sure of the victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad, in many things. But I question whether I shall be permitted to see him, or any body, but such as are absolutely necessary towards the dispatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both; and may no part of the ill fortune that attends me, ever pursue either of you! I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the Deanery, which did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall consider.—You
and

and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects; and, that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily, and not without some degree of concern, apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

Some nat'ral tears he dropt, but wip'd them soon:
Tho world was all before him, where to chuse
His place of rest, and Providence his guide.

Letter 47. *Mr. Pope to the Bishop of Rochester.*

April 20, 1723.

IT is not possible to express what I think, and what I feel; only this, that I have thought and felt for nothing but you, for some time past: and shall think of nothing so long for the time to come. The greatest comfort I had was an intention (which I would have made practicable) to have attended you in your journey, to which I had brought that person to consent, who only could have hindered me, by a tie which, though it may be more tender, I do not think more strong, than that of friendship. But I fear there will be no way left me to tell you this great truth, that I remember you, that I love you, that I am grateful to you, that I entirely esteem and value you: no way but that one, which needs no open warrant to authorise it, or secret conveyance to secure it; which no bills can preclude, and no kings prevent; a way that can reach to any part of the world, where you may be, where the very whisper, or even the wish, of a friend must not be heard, or even suspected: by this way I dare tell my esteem and affection of you, to your enemies in the gates, and you, and they, and their sons, may hear of it,

You prove yourself, my Lord, to know me for the friend I am; in judging that the manner of your defence, and your reputation by it, is a point of the highest concern to me: and assuring me, it shall be such, that none of your friends shall blush for you. Let me further prompt you to do yourself the best and most lasting justice: the instruments of your fame to posterity will be in your own hands. May it not be, that Providence has appointed you to some great and useful work, and calls you to it this severe way? You may more eminently and more effectually serve the public even now, than in the stations you have so honourable filled. Think of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon*; is it not the latter, the disgraced part of their lives, which you most envy, and which you would choose to have lived?

I am tenderly sensible of the wish you express, that no part of your misfortune may pursue me. But, God knows, I am every day less and less fond of my native country (so torn as it is by party-rage), and begin to consider a friend in exile as a friend in death; one gone before, where I am not unwilling nor unprepared to follow after; and where (however various or uncertain the roads and voyages of another world may be) I cannot but entertain a pleasing hope that we may meet again.

I faithfully assure you, that in the mean time there is no one, living or dead, of whom I shall think oftener or better than of you. I shall look upon you as in a state between

* Clarendon indeed wrote his best works in his banishment: but the best of Bacon's were written before his disgrace, and the best of Tully's after his return from exile.

both,

both, in which you will have from me all the passions and warm wishes that can attend the living, and all the respect, and tender sense of loss, that we feel for the dead. And I shall ever depend upon your constant friendship, kind memory, and good offices, though I were never to see or hear the effects of them: like the trust we have in benevolent spirits, who, though we never see or hear them, we think are constantly serving us, and praying for us.

Whenever I am wishing to write to you, I shall conclude you are intentionally doing so to me. And every time that I think of you, I will believe you are thinking of me. I never shall suffer to be forgotten (nay to be but faintly remembered) the honour, the pleasure, the pride I must ever have, in reflecting how frequently you have delighted me, how kindly you have distinguished me, how cordially you have advised me! In conversation, in study, I shall always want you, and wish for you: in my most lively, and in my most thoughtful hours, I shall equally bear about me the impressions of you; and perhaps it will not be in this life only, that I shall have cause to remember and acknowledge the friendship of the Bishop of Rochester. I am, &c.

Letter 48. *From the same to the same.*

May, 1723.

ONCE more I write to you, as I promised, and this once, I fear, will be the last! the curtain will soon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good-night. May you enjoy a state of repose in this life, not unlike that sleep of the soul which some have believed is to succeed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If

you retain any memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best; sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation. But upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future; as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your studies; they will tend to the benefit of men against whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all posterity; and perhaps, at your time of life, nothing else is worth your care. What is every year of a wise man's life but a censure or critic on the past? Those whose date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it: the boy despises the infant, the man the boy, the philosopher both, and the Christian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility; and you will never suffer your age to be but a second infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than those toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents not to serve a party, or a few, but all mankind. Your genius should mount above that mist in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it; to shine abroad and to heaven, ought to be the business and the glory of your present situation. Remember it was at such a time, that the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the most in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death; but why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became guides to mankind.

Thos

Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished in the noblest minds; but revenge never will harbour there: higher principles than those of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men whose thoughts and whose hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self.

Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a spirit entered into another life *, as one just upon the edge of immortality; where the passions and affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views and all mean retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration. I am, with the greatest sincerity, and passion for your fame, as well as happiness, your, &c.

Letter 49. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.*

Dear Mr. Gay.

Sept. 23, 1714.

WELCOME to your native soil! † welcome to your friends! thrice welcome to me! whether returned in glory, blest with court-interest, the love and familiarity of the great, and filled with agreeable hopes; or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of the

* The Bishop of Rochester went into exile the month following, and continued in it till his death, which happened at Paris on the fifteenth day of February, in the year 1732.

† In the beginning of this year Mr. Gay went over to Hanover with the Earl of Clarendon, who was sent thither by Queen Anne. On her death they returned to England; and it was on this occasion that Mr. Pope met him with this friendly welcome.

changes of fortune, and doubtful for the future: Whether returned a triumphant Whig, or a desponding Tory, equally all hail! equally beloved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to partake in your elevation; if unhappy, you have still a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at Binfield in the worst of times at your service. If you are a Tory, or thought so by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your gratitude to a few people who endeavour to serve you, and whose politics were never your concern. If you are a Whig, as I rather hope, and, as I think, your principles and mine (as brother poets) had ever a bias to the side of liberty, I know you will be an honest man, and an inoffensive one. Upon the whole, I know you are incapable of being so much of either party as to be good for nothing. Therefore once more, whatever you are, or in whatever state you are, all hail!

One or two of your old friends complained they had heard nothing of you since the Queen's death; I told them no man living loved Mr. Gay better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his voyage. This I thought a convincing proof, how truly one may be a friend to another without telling him so every month. But they had reasons to themselves to allege in your excuse; as men who really value one another will never want such as make their friends and themselves easy. The late universal concern in public affairs, threw us all into a hurry of spirits: even I, who am more a philosopher than to expect any thing from any reign, was borne away with the current, and full of the expectation of the Successor. During your journey I knew not whether to aim a letter after you; that was a sort of shooting flying: add to this the demand

Homer

Homer had upon me, to write fifty verses a day, besides learned notes, all which are at a conclusion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my friend, that my labour is over; come and make merry with me in much feasting: we will feed among the lilies (by the lilies I mean the ladies). Are not the Rosalindas of Britain as charming as the Bloufalindas of the Hague? or have the two great Pastoral poets of our nation renounced love at the same time? for Philips, immortal Philips, hath deserted, yea, and in a rustic manner kicked, his Rosalinda. Dr. Parnell and I have been inseparable ever since you went. We are now at the Bath, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engaged) your coming would be the greatest pleasure to us in the world. Talk not of expences; Homer shall support his children. I beg a line from you directed to the Post-house in Bath. Poor Parnell is in an ill state of health.

Pardon me if I add a word of advice in the poetical way. Write something on the King, or Prince, or Princess. On whatsoever foot you may be with the court, this can do no harm,—I shall never know where to end, and am confounded in the many things I have to say to you, though they all amount but to this, that I am entirely as ever, your, &c.

Letter 50. *Mr. Gay to Mr. F——.*

Stanton-Harcourt, Aug. 9, 1718.

THE only news that you can expect to have from me here, is news from heaven, for I am quite out of the world, and there is scarce any thing can reach me except the noise of thunder, which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old authors of high towers levelled by it to the ground, while the humble valleys have escaped: the only thing that is proof against it is the

laurel, which, however, I take to be no great security to the brains of modern authors. But to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant heap of towers in the universe, which is in this neighbourhood, stand still undefaced, while a cock of barley in our next field has been consumed to ashes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that had perished! for unhappily beneath this little shelter sat two more constant lovers than were found in romance under the shade of a beach tree. John Hewet was a well-set man of about five-and-twenty; Sarah Drew might rather be called comely than beautiful, and was about the same age. They had passed through the various labours of the year together, with the greatest satisfaction; if she milked, it was his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand; it was but last fair that he bought her a present of green silk for her straw hat, and the posie on her silver ring was of his chusing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for scandal never affirmed that they had any other views than the lawful possession of each other in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtained the consent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of the wedding clothes, and John was suiting several sort of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to chuse her a knot for the wedding day. While they were thus busied (it was in the last of July between two and three in the afternoon) the clouds grew black, and such a storm of lightning and thunder ensued, that all the labourers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frightened, and fell down in

in a swoon, on a heap of barley. John, who never separated from her, sat down by her side, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had split asunder; every one was now solicitous for the safety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field; no answer being returned to those who called to our lovers, they stept to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a smoke, and then spied this faithful pair: John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as to skreen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and stiffened in this tender posture. Sarah's left eye-brow was singed, and there appeared a black spot on her breast: her lover was all over black, but not the least signs of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were conveyed to the town, and the next day were interred in Stanton-Harcourt church-yard. My Lord Harcourt, at Mr. Pope's and my request, has caused a stone to be placed over them, upon condition that we furnished the epitaph, which is as follows:

When Eastern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the same pile the faithful pair expire.
Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz'd.

But my Lord is apprehensive the country people will not understand this, and Mr. Pope says he'll make one with something of scripture in it, and with as little of poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold*. Your, &c.

* The Epitaph was this:

Near this place lie the bodies of
JOHN HEWET and SARAH DREW,

Letter 51. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Gay.*

July 13, 1722.

I WAS very much pleased, not to say obliged, by your kind letter, which sufficiently warmed my heart to have answered it sooner, had I not been deceived (a way one often is deceived) by hearkening to women; who told me that both Lady Burlington and yourself were immediately to return to Tunbridge, and that my Lord was gone to bring you back. The world furnishes us with too many examples of what you complain of in yours, and, I assure you, none of them touch and grieve me so much as what relates to you. I think your sentiments upon it are the very same I should entertain: I wish those we call great men had the same notions, but they are really the most little creatures in the world; and the most interested, in all but one point: which is, that they want judgment to know their greatest interest, to encourage and chuse honest men for their friends.

an industrious young man
and virtuous maiden of this parish;
Who, being at harvest work
(with several others),
were in one instant killed by lightning,
the last day of July 1718.

Think not, by rig'rous judgment seiz'd,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleas'd,
And snatch'd them in celestial fire.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate;
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.

Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

I have

I have not once seen the person you complain of, whom I have late thought to be, as the Apostle admonisheth, one flesh with his wife.

Pray make my sincere compliments to Lord Burlington, whom I have long known to have a stronger bent of mind to be all that is good and honourable, than almost any one of his rank.

I have not forgot yours to Lord Bolingbroke, though I hope to have speedily a fuller opportunity, he returning for Flanders and France next month.

Mrs. Howard has writ you something or other in a letter, which, she says, she repents. She has as much good nature as if she had never seen any ill nature, and had been bred among lambs and turtle-doves, instead of princes and court-ladies.

By the end of this week, Mr. Fortescue will pass a few days with me: we shall remember you in our potations, and wish you a fisher with us, on my grass-plat. In the mean time we wish you success as a fisher of women at the Wells, a rejoicer of the comfortless and widow, and a play-fellow of the maiden. I am your, &c.

Letter 52. *Mr. Pope to Hugh Bethel, Esq.*

August 9, 1726.

I NEVER am unmindful of those I think so well of as yourself; their number is not so great as to confound one's memory. Nor ought you to decline writing to me, upon an imagination, that I am much employed by other people. For though my house is like the house of a Patriarch of old, standing by the highway-side and receiving all travellers, nevertheless I seldom go to-bed without the reflection, that one's chief business is to be really at home: and I agree with you in your

opinion of company, amusements, and all the silly things which mankind would fain make pleasures of, when in truth they are labour and sorrow.

I condole with you on the death of your relation, the E. of C. as on the fate of a mortal man: esteem I never had for him, but concern and humanity I had: the latter was due to the infirmity of his last period, though the former was not due to the triumphant and vain part of his course. He certainly knew himself best at last, and knew best the little value of others: whose neglect of him, whom they so grossly followed and flattered in the former scene of his life, shewed him as worthless as they could imagine him to be, were he all his worst enemies believed of him: for my own part, I am sorry for his death, and wish he had lived long enough to see so much of the faithlessness of the world, as to have been above the mad ambition of governing such wretches as he must have found it to be composed of.

Though you could have no great value for this great man, yet acquaintance itself, the custom of seeing the face, or entering under the roof, of one that walks along with us in the common way of the world, is enough to create a wish at least for his being above ground, and a degree of uneasiness at his removal. It is the loss of an object familiar to us: I should hardly care to have an old post pulled up, that I remembered ever since I was a child. And add to this the reflection (in the case of such as were not the best of their species) what their condition in another life may be, it is yet a more important motive for our concern and compassion. To say the truth, either in the case of death or life, almost every body and every thing is a cause or object for humanity, even prosperity

prosperity itself, and health itself; so many weak pitiful incidentals attend on them.

I am sorry any relation of yours is ill, whoever it be, for you do not name the person. But I conclude it is one of those to whose houses, you tell me, you are going, for I know no invitation with you is so strong as when any one is in distress, or in want of your assistance: the strongest proof in the world of this, was your attendance of the late Earl.

I have been very melancholy for the loss of Mr. Blount. Whoever has any portion of good-nature will suffer on these occasions; but a good mind rewards its sufferings. I hope to trouble you as little as possible, if it be my fate to go before you. I am of old Ennius's mind, *Nemo me decoret lachrymis*—I am but a lodger here: this is not an abiding city, I am only to stay out my lease: for what has perpetuity and mortal man to do with each other? but I could be glad you would take up with an inn at Twickenham, as long as I am host of it: if not, I would take up freely with any inn of yours.—Adieu, dear Sir: let us while away this life; and (if we can) meet in another.

Letter 53. *Mr. Pope to Hugh Bethel, Esq.*

June 17, 1728.

AFTER the publishing of my boyish letters to Mr. Cromwell, you will not wonder if I should forswear writing a letter again while I live; since I do not correspond with a friend upon the terms of any other free subject of this kingdom. But to you I can never be silent, or reserved; and, I am sure, my opinion of your heart is such, that I could open mine to you in no manner which I could fear the whole world should know. I could publish my own heart too, I will venture to say, for any mischief or malice there

is in it: but a little too much folly or weakness might (I fear) appear, to make such a spectacle either instructive or agreeable to others.

I am reduced to beg of all my acquaintance to secure me from the like usage for the future, by returning me any letters of mine which they may have preserved; that I may not be hurt, after my death, by that which was the happiness of my life, their partiality and affection to me.

I have nothing of myself to tell you, only that I have had but indifferent health. I have not made a visit to London: curiosity and the love of dissipation die apace in me. I am not glad nor sorry for it, but I am very sorry for those who have nothing else to live on.

I have read much, but writ no more. I have small hopes of doing good, no vanity in writing, and little ambition to please a world not very candid or deserving. If I can preserve the good opinion of a few friends, it is all I can expect, considering how little good I can do even to them to merit it. Few people have your candour, or are so willing to think well of another from whom they receive no benefit, and gratify no vanity. But of all the soft sensations, the greatest pleasure is to give and receive mutual trust. It is my belief and firm hope, that men are made happy, in this life, as well as in the other. My confidence in your good opinion, and dependance upon that of one or two more, is the chief cordial drop I taste, amidst the insipid, the disagreeable, the cloying, or the dead-sweet, which are the common draughts of life. Some pleasures are too pert, as well as others too flat, to be relished long: and vivacity in some cases is worse than dulness. Therefore, indeed, for many years I have not chosen my companions

nions for any of the qualities in fashion, but almost entirely for that which is the most out-of-fashion, sincerity. Before I am aware of it, I am making your panegyric, and perhaps my own too; for next to possessing the best qualities is the esteeming and distinguishing those who possess them. I truly love and value you, and so I stop short.

Letter 54. *Dr. Swift to the Earl of Peterborough.*

My Lord,

I NEVER knew or heard of any person so volatile, and so fixed as your lordship: you, while your imagination is carrying you through every corner of the world, where you have or have not been, can at the same time remember to do offices of favour and kindness to the meanest of your friends; and in all the scenes you have passed, have not been able to attain that one quality peculiar to a great man, of forgetting every thing but injuries. Of this I am a living witness against you; for being the most insignificant of all your old humble servants, you were so cruel as never to give me time to ask a favour, but prevented me, in doing whatever you thought I desired, or could be for my credit or advantage.

I have often admired at the capriciousness of fortune in regard to your lordship. She hath forced courts to act against their oldest and most constant maxims; to make you a general, because you had courage and conduct; an ambassador, because you had wisdom and knowledge in the interests of Europe; and an admiral on account of your skill in maritime affairs; whereas, according to the usual method of court-proceedings, I should have been at the head of the

army, and you of the church, or rather a curate under the Dean of St. Patrick's.

The Archbishop of Dublin laments that he did not see your lordship till he was just upon the point of leaving the Bath; I pray God you may have found success in that journey, else I shall continue to think there is a fatality in all your lordship's undertakings, which only terminate in your own honour, and the good of the public, without the least advantage to your health or fortune.

I remember Lord Oxford's ministry used to tell me, that not knowing where to write to you, they were forced to write at you. It is so with me, for you are in one thing an evangelical man, that you know not where to lay your head, and, I think, you have no house. Pray, my Lord, write to me, that I may have the pleasure, in this scoundrel country, of going about, and shewing my depending parsons a letter from the Earl of Peterborough. I am, &c.

Letter 55. *Mr. Pope to Mr. Richardson.*

Twickenham, June 10, 1733.

AS I know you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hoped that this day our wishes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reason which possibly might hinder your coming, that my poor mother is dead*. I thank God, her death was as easy, as her life was innocent; and as it cost her not a groan, or even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of tranquility, nay, almost of pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest image of a faint expired, that ever painting drew; and it would

* Mrs. Pope died the 7th of June, 1733, aged 93.

be the greatest obligation which even that obliging art could ever bestow on a friend, if you would come and sketch it for me. I am sure, if there be no very prevalent obstacle, you will leave any common business to do this; and I hope to see you this evening as late as you will, or to-morrow morning as early, before this winter-flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to-morrow night. I know you love me, or I could not have written this—I could not (at this time) have written at all—Adieu! May you die as happily! Your, &c.

Letter 56. *Mr. Pope to Dr. Arbuthnot.*

July 26, 1734.

I THANK you for your letter, which has all those genuine marks of a good mind by which I have ever distinguished yours, and for which I have so long loved you. Our friendship has been constant; because it was grounded on good principles, and therefore not only uninterrupted by any distrust, but by any vanity, much less any interest.

What you recommend to me with the solemnity of a last request, shall have its due weight with me. That disdain and indignation against vice, is (I thank God) the only disdain and indignation I have: it is sincere, and it will be a lasting one. But sure it is as impossible to have a just abhorrence of vice, without hating the vicious, as to bear a true love for virtue, without loving the good. To reform and not to chastise, I am afraid, is impossible; and that the best precepts, as well as the best laws, would prove of small use, if there were no examples to enforce them. To attack vices in the abstract, without touching persons, may be safe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with shadows. General propositions are obscure, misty, and uncertain, compared

with plain, full, and home examples: precepts only apply to our reason, which in most men is but weak: examples are pictures, and strike the senses, may raise the passions, and call in those (the strongest and most general of all motives) to the aid of reformation. Every vicious man makes the case his own; and that is the only way by which such men can be affected, much less deterred. So that to chastise is to reform. The only sign by which I found my writings ever did any good, or had any weight, has been that they raised the anger of bad men. And my greatest comfort, and encouragement to proceed, has been to see, that those who have no shame, and no fear of any thing else, have appeared touched by my satires.

As to your kind concern for my safety, I can guess what occasions it at this time. Some characters * I have drawn are such, that if there be any who deserve them, it is evidently a service to mankind to point those men out; yet such as, if all the world gave them, none, I think, will own they take to themselves. But if they should, those of whom all the world think in such a manner, must be men I cannot fear. Such in particular as have the meanness to do mischiefs in the dark, have seldom the courage to justify them in the face of day; the talents that make a cheat or a whisperer, are not the same that qualify a man for an insulter; and as to private villainy, it is not so safe to join in an assassination, as in a libel. I will consult my safety so far as I think becomes a prudent man: but not so far as to omit any thing which I think becomes an honest one. As to personal attacks beyond the law, every man is liable to

* The character of Sporus in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.

them;

them: as for danger within the law, I am not guilty enough to fear any. For the good opinion of all the world, I know, it is not to be had: for that of worthy men, I hope, I shall not forfeit it: for that of the great, or those in power, I may wish I had it; but if through misrepresentations (too common about persons in that station) I have it not, I shall be sorry, but not miserable in the want of it.

It is certain, much freer satirists than I, have enjoyed the encouragement and protection of the princes under whom they lived. Augustus and Mæcenæ made Horace their companion, though he had been in arms on the side of Brutus; and allow me to remark, it was out of the suffering party too, that they favoured and distinguished Virgil. You will not suspect me of comparing myself with Virgil and Horace, nor even with another court-favourite, Boileau. I have always been too modest to imagine my panegyrics were worthy of a court; and that, I hope, will be thought the true reason why I have never offered any. I would only have observed, that it was under the greatest princes and best ministers, that moral satirists were most encouraged; and that then poets exercised the same jurisdiction over the follies, as historians did over the vices of men. It may also be worth considering, whether Augustus himself makes the greater figure in the writings of the former, or of the latter? and whether Nero and Domitian do not appear as ridiculous for their false taste and affectation in Persius and Juvenal, as odious for their bad government in Tacitus and Suetonius? In the first of these reigns it was, that Horace was protected and caressed; and in the latter that Lucan was put to death, and Juvenal banished.

I would not have said so much, but to shew you my whole heart on this subject; and to convince you, I am deliberately bent to perform that request which you make your last to me, and to perform it with temper, justice, and resolution. As your approbation (being the testimony of a sound head and honest heart) does greatly confirm me herein, I wish you may live to see the effect it may hereafter have upon me, in something more deserving of that approbation. But if it be the will of God (which, I know, will also be yours) that we must separate, I hope it will be better for you than it can be for me. You are fitter to live, or to die, than any man I know. Adieu, my dear friend! and may God preserve your life easy, or make your death happy*.

Letter 57. *Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.*

June 18, 1714.

WHATEVER apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I shall use none now, to a man who has owned himself as splenetic as a cat in the country. In that circumstance, I know by experience a letter is a very useful, as well as amusing thing: if you are too busied in state affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures, either doubling it into a pyramidical, or twisting it into a serpentine form: or if your disposition should not be so mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of studious minds are apt to sit longer than ordinary; where, after an abrupt division of the paper, it may not be unpleasant to try to fit and re-join the broken lines together. All these amusements I am no stranger to in the

* This excellent person died Feb. 27, 1734-5.
country,

country, and doubt not (by this time) you begin to relish them, in your present contemplative situation.

I remember a man, who was thought to have some knowledge in the world, used to affirm, that no people in town ever complained they were forgotten by their friends in the country; but my increasing experience convinces me he was mistaken, for I find a great many here grievously complaining of you, upon this score. I am told further, that you treat the few you correspond with in a very arrogant style, and tell them you admire at their insolence in disturbing your meditations, or even inquiring of your retreat*: but this I will not positively assert, because I never received any such insulting epistle from you. My Lord Oxford says you have not written to him once since you went: but this perhaps may be only policy, in him or you; and I, who am half a Whig, must not entirely credit any thing he affirms. At Button's it is reported you are gone to Hanover, and that Gay goes only on an embassy to you. Others apprehend some dangerous state treatise from your retirement: and a wit, who affects to imitate Balfac, says, that the ministry now are like those Heathens of old, who received their oracles from the woods. The gentlemen of the Roman Catholic persuasion are not unwilling to credit me, when I whisper, that you are gone to meet some Jesuits commissioned from the court of Rome, in order to settle the most convenient methods to be taken for the coming of the Pretender. Dr.

* Some time before the death of Queen Anne, when her ministers were quarreling, and the Dean could not reconcile them, he retired to a friend's house in Berkshire, and never saw them after.

Arbuthnot is singular in his opinion, and imagines your only design is to attend at full leisure to the life and adventures of Scriblerus. This indeed must be granted of greater importance than all the rest; and I wish I could promise so well of you. The top of my ambition is to contribute to that great work, and I shall translate Homer by the by. Mr. Gay has acquainted you what progress I have made in it. I cannot name Mr. Gay, without all the acknowledgments which I shall ever owe you, on his account. If I writ this in verse, I would tell you, you are like the sun; and while men imagine you to be retired or absent, are hourly exerting your indulgence, and bringing things to maturity for their advantage. Of all the world, you are the man (without flattery) who serve your friends with the least ostentation; it is almost ingratitude to thank you, considering your temper; and this is the period of all my letter which I fear you will think the most impertinent. I am, with the truest affection, yours, &c.

Letter 58. *Anthony Henley, Esq. to Dr. Swift.*

Dear Doctor,

Nov. 2, 1708.

THOUGH you will not send me your broomstick †, I will send you as good a reflection upon death as even Adrian's himself, though the fellow was but an old farmer of mine, that made it. He had been ill a good while; and when his friends saw him a going they all came croaking about him as usual; and one of them asking him how he did? he replied, "In great pain. If I could but get this same breath out of my body, I would

* Meditations on a Broomstick, written by Dr. Swift about this time.

take care, by G—, how I let it come in again." This, if it were put in fine Latin, I fancy would make as good a sound as any I have met with. I am, &c.

Letter 59. *Lord Bolingbroke to Dr. Swift.*

I AM not so lazy as Pope, and therefore you must not expect from me the same indulgence to laziness; in defending his own cause he pleads yours, and becomes your advocate while he appeals to you as his judge: you will do the same on your part; and I, and the rest of your common friends, shall have great justice to expect from two righteous tribunals: you resemble perfectly the two alehouse-keepers in Holland, who were at the same time Burgomasters of the town, and taxed one another's bills alternately. I declare before-hand I will not stand to the award; my title to your friendship is good, and wants neither deeds nor writings to confirm it; but annual acknowledgments at least are necessary to preserve it: and I begin to suspect, by your defrauding me of them, that you hope in time to dispute it, and to urge prescription against me. I would not say one word to you about myself (since it is a subject on which you appear to have no curiosity), was it not to try how far the contrast between Pope's fortune and manner of life, and mine, may be carried.

I have been, then, infinitely more uniform and less dissipated, than when you knew me, and cared for me. That love which I used to scatter with such profusion among the female kind, has been these many years devoted to one object. A great many misfortunes (for so they are called, though sometimes very improperly), and a retirement from the world, have made that just and nice discrimination

between my acquaintance and my friends, which we have seldom sagacity enough to make for ourselves; those insects of various hues, which used to hum and buz about me, while I stood in the sunshine, have since disappeared since I lived in the shade. No man comes to a hermitage but for the sake of the hermit; a few philosophical friends come often to mine, and they are such as you would be glad to live with, if a dull climate and duller company have not altered you extremely from what you was nine years ago.

The hoarse voice of party was never heard in this quiet place; gazettes and pamphlets are banished from it, and if the Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff be admitted, this distinction is owing to some strokes by which it is judged that this illustrious philosopher had (like the Indian Fohu, the Grecian Pythagoras, the Persian Zoroaster, and others his Precursors among the Zabians, Magians, and the Egyptian Seers) both his outward and his inward doctrine, and that he was of no side at the bottom. When I am there, I forget I ever was of any party myself; nay, I am often so happily absorbed by the abstracted reason of things, that I am ready to imagine there never was any such monster as party. Alas, I am soon awakened from that pleasing dream by the Greek and Roman historians, by Guicciardine, by Machiavel, and Thuanus; for I have vowed to read no history of our own country, till that body of it which you promise to finish appears.

I am under no apprehension that a glut of study and retirement should cast me back into the hurry of the world; on the contrary, the single regret which I ever feel is, that I fell so late into this course of life; my philosophy grows

grows confirmed by habit, and if you and I meet again, I will extort this approbation from you: *Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eo perductus, ut non tantum recte facere possim, sed nisi recte facere non possim.* The little incivilities I have met with from opposite sets of people, have been so far from rendering me violent or sour to any, that I think myself obliged to them all; some have cured me of my fears, by shewing me how impotent the malice of the world is: others have cured me of my hopes, by shewing how precarious popular friendships are; all have cured me of surprise. In driving me out of party, they have driven me out of cursed company; and in stripping me of titles and rank, and estate, and such trinkets, which every man that will may spare, they have given me that which no man can be happy without.

Reflection and habit have rendered the world so indifferent to me, that I am neither afflicted nor rejoiced, angry nor pleased, at what happens in it, any further than personal friendships interest me in the affairs of it, and this principle extends my cares but a little way. Perfect tranquility is the general tenour of my life: good digestions, serene weather, and some other mechanic springs, wind me above it now and then, but I never fall below it; I am sometimes gay, but I am never sad. I have gained new friends, and have lost some old ones; my acquisitions of this kind give me a good deal of pleasure, because they have not been made lightly: I know no vows so solemn as those of friendship, and therefore a pretty long noviciate of acquaintance should, methinks, precede them: my losses of this kind give me but little trouble, I contributed nothing to them; and

a friend who breaks with me unjustly, is not worth preserving. As soon as I leave this town (which will be in a few days), I shall fall back into that course of life, which keeps knaves and fools at a great distance from me. I have an aversion to them both, but, in the ordinary course of life, I think I can bear the sensible knave better than the fool. One must indeed with the former be in some or other of the attitudes of those wooden men whom I have seen before a sword-cutler's shop in Germany; but even in these constrained postures the witty rascal will divert me; and he that diverts me does me a great deal of good, and lays me under an obligation to him, which I am not obliged to pay him in another coin: the fool obliges me to be almost as much upon my guard as the knave, and he makes me no amends; he numbs me like the torpor, or he teazes me like the fly. This is the picture of an old friend, and more like him than that will be which you once asked, and which he will send you, if you continue still to desire it.—Adieu, dear Swift, with all thy faults I love thee entirely; make an effort, and love me on with all mine.

Letter 60. *Mr. Pope to Dr. Swift.*

Oct. 2, 1727.

IT is a perfect trouble to me to write to you; and your kind letter left for me at Mr. Gay's affected me so much, that it made me like a Girl. I cannot tell what to say to you. I only feel that I wish you well in every circumstance of life; that it is almost as good to be hated as to be loved, considering the pain it is to minds of any tender turn, to find themselves so utterly impotent to do any good or give any ease to those who deserve most from

from us. I would very fain know, as soon as you recover your complaints, or any part of them. Would to God I could ease any of them, or had been able even to have alleviated any! I found I was not, and truly it grieved me. I was sorry to find you could think yourself easier in any house than mine, though at the same time I can allow for a tenderness in your way of thinking, even when it seemed to want that tenderness. I cannot explain my meaning, perhaps you know it: But the best way of convincing you of my indulgence, will be, if I live, to visit you in Ireland, and act there as much in my own way as you did here in yours. I will not leave your roof, if I am ill. To your bad health I fear there was added some disagreeable news from Ireland, which might occasion your sudden departure: For the last time I saw you, you assured me you would not leave us the whole winter, unless your health grew better, and I do not find it did so. I never complied so unwillingly in my life with any friend as with you, in staying so entirely from you: Nor could I have had the constancy to do it, if you had not promised that before you went, we should meet, and you would send to us all to come. I have given your remembrances to those you mention in yours: We are quite sorry for you, I mean for ourselves. I hope, as you do, that we shall meet in more durable and more satisfactory state; but the less sure I am of that, the more I would indulge it in this. We are to believe, we shall have something better than even a friend there, but certainly here we have nothing so good. Adieu for this time; may you find every friend you go to as pleased and happy, as every friend you went from is sorry and troubled! Your's, &c.

Letter 61. *Lord B. to Dr. Swift.*

March 29.

I HAVE delayed several posts answering your letter of January last, in hopes of being able to speak to you about a project which concerns us both, but me the most, since the success of it would bring us together. It has been a good while in my head, and at my heart; if it can be set a-going, you shall hear more of it. I was ill in the beginning of the winter for near a week, but in no danger either from the nature of my distemper, or from the attendance of three physicians. Since that bilious intermitting fever, I have had, as I had before, better health than the regard I have paid to health deserves. We are both in the decline of life, my dear Dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us: Let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. I renounce the alternative you propose. But we may, nay (if we will follow nature, and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates) we shall of course grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy, for passion may decay, and stupidity not succeed. Passions (says Pope, our Divine, as you will see one time or other) are the *gales* of life: Let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us, in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now fix in the morning: I recall the time (and am glad it is over) when about this

H

hour

hour I used to be going to bed, surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business: My head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour, refreshed, serene, and calm? that the past, and even the present affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Passions in their force would bring all these, nay even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and Reason would but ill defend me in the scuffle.

I leave Pope to speak for himself, but I must tell you how much my wife is obliged to you. She says, she would find strength enough to nurse you, if you was here, and yet, God knows, she is extremely weak: The slow fever works under, and mines the constitution; we keep it off sometimes, but still it returns, and makes new breaches before nature can repair the old ones. I am not ashamed to say to you, that I admire her more every hour of my life: Death is not to her the King of Terrors; she beholds him without the least. When she suffers much, she wishes for him as a deliverer from pain; when life is tolerable, she looks on him with dislike, because he is to separate her from those friends to whom she is more attached than to life itself.—You shall not stay for my next, as long as you have for this letter; and in every one, Pope shall write something much better than the scraps of old philosophers, which were the presents, munuscula, that stoical sop Seneca used to send in every epistle to his friend Lucilius.

P. S. My Lord has spoken justly of his lady: Why not I of my mother? Yesterday

was her birth-day, now entering on the ninety-first year of her age; her memory much diminished, but her senses very little hurt, her sight and hearing good; she sleeps not ill, eats moderately, drinks water, says her prayers; this is all she does. I have reason to thank God for continuing so long to me a very good and tender parent, and for allowing me to exercise for some years those cares which are now as necessary to her, as her's have been to me. An object of this sort daily before one's eyes very much softens the mind, but perhaps may hinder it from the willingness of contracting other ties of the like domestic nature, when one finds how painful it is even to enjoy the tender pleasures. I have formerly made some strong efforts to get and to deserve a friend: Perhaps it were wiser never to attempt it, but live extempore, and look upon the world only as a place to pass through, just pay your hosts their due, disperse a little charity, and hurry on. Yet I am just now writing (or rather planning) a book, to make mankind look upon this life with comfort and pleasure, and put morality in good humour.—And just now too, I am going to see one I love very tenderly; and to morrow to entertain several civil people, whom if we call friends, it is by the courtesy of England.—*Sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras.* While we do live, we must make the best of life,

Cantantes licet usque (minus via ledet) eamus,

as the shepherd said in Virgil, when the road was long and heavy. I am your's.

Letter 62. Dr. Swift to Mr. Gay.

Dublin, Nov. 19, 1730.

I WRET to you a long letter about a fortnight

fortnight past, concluding you were in London, from whence I understood one of your former was dated: Nor did I imagine you were gone back to Aimsbury so late in the year, at which season I take the country to be only a scene for those who have been ill-used by a court on account of their virtues; which is a state of happiness the more valuable, because it is not accompanied by envy, although nothing deserves it more. I would gladly sell a Dukedom to lose favour in the manner their Graces have done. I believe my Lord Carteret, since he is no longer Lieutenant, may not wish me ill, and I have told him often that I only hated him as Lieutenant: I confess he had a genteeler manner of binding the chains of this kingdom than most of his predecessors, and I confess at the same time that he had, six times, a regard to my recommendation by preferring so many of my friends in the church; the two last acts of his favour were to add to the dignities of Dr. Delany and Mr. Stopford, the last of whom was by you and Mr. Pope put into Mr. Pultney's hands. I told you in my last, that a continuance of giddiness (though not in a violent degree) prevented my thoughts of England at present. For in my case a domestic life is necessary, where I can, with the centurion, say to my servant, go, and he goeth, and do this, and he doth it. I now hate all people whom I cannot command, and consequently a Duchess is at this time the hatefullest lady in the world to me, one only excepted, and I beg her Grace's pardon for that exception, for, in the way I mean, her Grace is ten thousand times more hateful. I confess I begin to apprehend you will squander my money, because I hope you never less wanted it; and if you go on with success for two

years longer, I fear I shall not have a farthing of it left. The Doctor hath ill-informed me, who says that Mr. Pope is at present the chief poetical favourite, yet Mr. Pope himself talks like a philosopher and one wholly retired. But the vogue of our few honest folks here is, that Duck is absolutely to succeed Eusden in the laurel, the contention being between Concannen or Theobald, or some other hero of the Dunciad. I never charged you for not talking, but the dubious state of your affairs in those days was too much the subject, and I wish the Duchess had been the voucher of your amendment. Nothing so much contributed to my ease as the turn of affairs after the Queen's death; by which all my hopes being cut off, I could have no ambition left, unless I would have been a greater rascal than happened to suit with my temper. I therefore sat down quietly at my morsel, adding only thereto a principle of hatred to all succeeding measures and ministries by way of sauce to relish my meat: And I confess one point of conduct in my Lady Duchess's life hath added much poignancy to it. There is a good Irish practical bull towards the end of your letter, where you spend a dozen lines in telling me you must leave off, that you may give my Lady Duchess room to write, and so you proceed to within two or three lines of the bottom; though I would have remitted you my 200*l.* to have left place for as many more.

Madam,

To the Duchess.

MY beginning thus low is meant as a mark of respect, like receiving your Grace at the bottom of the stairs. I am glad you know your duty; for it hath been a known and established rule above twenty years in
 H 2
 England,

England, that the first advances hath been constantly made me by all ladies who aspired to my acquaintance, and the greater their quality, the greater were their advances. Yet, I know not by what weakness, I have condescended graciously to dispense with you upon this important article. Though Mr. Gay will tell you that a nameless person sent me eleven messages before I would yield to a visit: I mean a person to whom he is infinitely obliged, for being the occasion of the happiness he now enjoys under the protection and favour of my Lord Duke and your Grace. At the same time, I cannot forbear telling you, Madam, that you are a little imperious in your manner of making your advances. You say, perhaps, you shall not like me; I affirm you are mistaken, which I can plainly demonstrate: For I have certainty, that another person dislikes me of late, with whose likings your's have not for some time past gone together. However, if I shall once have the honour to attend your Grace, I will out of fear and prudence appear as vain as I can, that I may not know your thoughts of me. This is your own direction, but it was needless: For Diogenes himself would be vain, to have received the honour of being one moment of his life in the thoughts of your Grace.

Letter 63. *Dr. Swift to Mr. Gay.*

Dublin, April 15, 1730-1.

YOUR situation is an odd one: The Duchess is your treasurer, and Mr. Pope tells me you are the Duke's. And I had gone a good way in some verses on that occasion, prescribing lessons to direct your conduct, in a negative way, not to do so and so, like other treasurers; how to deal with servants, tenants, or neighbouring 'squires,

which I take to be courtiers, parliaments, and princes in alliance; and so the parallel goes on, but grows too long to please me: I prove that poets are the fittest persons to be treasurers and managers to great persons, from their virtue, and contempt of money, &c.—Pray, why did you not get a new heel to your shoe, unless you would make your court at St. James's by affecting to imitate the Prince of Lilliput.—But the rest of your letter being wholly taken up in a very bad character of the Duchess, I shall say no more to you, but apply myself to her Grace.

Madam, since Mr. Gay affirms, that you love to have your own way, and since I have the same perfection, I will settle that matter immediately, to prevent those ill consequences he apprehends. Your Grace shall have your own way, in all places except your own house, and the domains about it. There and there only, I expect to have mine, so that you have all the world to reign in, bating only two or three hundred acres, and two or three houses in town and country. I will likewise, out of my special grace, certain knowledge, and mere motion, allow you to be in the right against all human kind, except myself, and to be never in the wrong but when you differ from me. You shall have a greater privilege in the third article of speaking your mind; which I shall graciously allow you now and then to do even to myself, and only rebuke you when it does not please me.

Madam, I am now got as far as your Grace's letter, which having not read this fortnight (having been out of town, and not daring to trust myself with the carriage of it), the presumptuous manner in which you begin had slipped out of my memory. But I for-

I forgive you to the seventeenth line, where you begin to banish me for ever, by demanding me to answer all the good character some partial friends have given me. Madam, I have lived sixteen years in Ireland, with only an intermission of two summers in England; and consequently am fifty years older than I was at the Queen's death, and fifty thousand times duller, and fifty million times more peevish, perverse, and morose; so that under these disadvantages I can only pretend to excel all your other acquaintance about some twenty bars' length. Pray, Madam, have you a clear voice? and will you let me sit at your left hand at least within three of you, for of two bad ears, my right is the best? My groom tells me that he likes your park, but your house is too little. Can the parson of the parish play at back-gammon, and hold his tongue? Is any one of your women a good nurse, if I should fancy myself sick for four-and-twenty hours? how many days will you maintain me and my equipage? When these preliminaries are settled, I must be very poor, very sick, or dead, or to the last degree unfortunate, if I do not attend you at Aimsbury. For I profess you are the first lady that I ever desired to see since the first of August 1714, and I have forgot the date when that desire grew strong upon me, but I know I was not then in England, else I would have gone on foot for that happiness as far as to your house in Scotland. But I can soon recollect the time, by asking some ladies here the month, the day, and the hour when I began to endure their company? which, however, I think was a sign of my ill-judgment, for I do not perceive they mend in any thing but envying or admiring your Grace. I dislike nothing in your letter but an affected apology for bad writing,

bad spelling, and a bad pen, which you pretend Mr. Gay found fault with, wherein you affront Mr. Gay, you affront me, and you affront yourself. False spelling is only excusable in a chambermaid, for I would not pardon it in any of your waiting-women. —Pray God preserve your Grace and family, and give me leave to expect that you will be so just to remember me among those who have the greatest regard for virtue, goodness, prudence, courage, and generosity; after which you must conclude that I am with the greatest respect and gratitude, Madam, your Grace's most obedient, and most humble servant, &c.

To Mr. GAY.

I have just got your's of February 24, with a postscript by Mr. Pope. I am in great concern for him: I find Mr. Pope dictated to you the first part, and with great difficulty some days after added the rest. I see his weakness by his hand-writing. How much does his philosophy exceed mine! I could not bear to see him: I will write to him soon.

Letter 64. Lady B—— G—— to Dr. Swift.

Feb. 23, 1730-1.

NOW were you in vast hopes you should hear no more from me, I being slow in my motions; but do not flatter yourself; you began the correspondence, set my pen a-going, and God knows when it will end; for I had it by inheritance from my father, ever to please myself when I could; and though I do not just take the turn my mother did of fasting and praying, yet to be sure that was her pleasure too, or else she would not have been so greedy of it. I do not care to deliver your message this great while to Lieutenant Head, he having been

dead these two years. And though he had, as you say, a head, I loved him very well; but, however, from my dame Wadgar's * first impression, I have ever had a natural antipathy of spirits.

I have not acquaintance enough with Mr. Pope, which I am sorry for, and expect you should come to England, in order to improve it. If it was the Queen, and not the Duke of Grafton, that picked out such a laureat †, she deserves his poetry in her praise.

Your friend Mrs. Barber has been here. I find she has some request; but neither you nor she has yet let it out to me what it is; for certainly you cannot mean that by subscribing to her book: If so, I shall be mighty unhappy to have you call that a favour. For surely there is nothing so easy as what one can do one's self, nor any thing so heavy as what one must ask other people for; though I do not mean by this, that I shall ever be unwilling, when you require it; yet shall be much happier, when it is in my own power to shew, how sincerely I am my old friend's most faithful humble servant.

Mrs. Floyd is much your's; but dumber than ever, having a violent cold.

Letter 65. *Lady B—— G—— to Dr. Swift.*

Nov. 4, 1731.

I BELIEVE in my conscience, that though you had answered mine before, the second was never the less welcome. So much for your topscript, not postscript; and in very sincere earnest I heartily thank you for remembering me so often. Since I came out of the country, my riding days are

* The deaf housekeeper at Lord Berkeley's.

† Colley Cibber.

over; for I never was for your Hyde-Park courses, although my courage serves me very well at a hand-gallop in the country for six or seven miles, with one horseman, and a ragged lad, a labourer's boy, that is to be cloathed when he can run fast enough to keep up with my horse, who has yet only proved his dexterity by escaping from school. But my courage fails me for riding in town, where I should have the happiness to meet with plenty of your very pretty fellows, that manage their own horses to shew their art; or that think a postilion's cap, with a white frock, the most becoming dress. These and their grooms I am most bitterly afraid of; because, you must know, if my complaisant friend, your Presbyterian housekeeper *, can remember any thing like such days with me that is a very good reason for me to remember that time is past; and your toupees would rejoice to see a horse throw an ancient gentlewoman.

I am sorry to hear you are no wiser in Ireland than we English; for our birth-day was as fine as hands could make us; but I question much whether we all paid ready money. I mightily approve of my Duchess's being dressed in your manufacture †; if your Ladies will follow her example in all things, they cannot do amiss. And I dare say you will soon find that the more you know of them both, the better you will like them; or else Ireland has strangely depraved your taste, and that my own vanity will not let me believe, since you still flatter me.

* Mrs. Brent.

† The Duchess also appeared at the castle of Dublin, wholly clad in the manufactures of Ireland, on his Majesty's birth-day in 1753, when the Duke was a second time Lord Lieutenant.

Why do you tantalize me? Let me see you in England again, if you dare; and choose your residence, summer or winter, St. James's-square, or Drayton. I defy you in all shapes; be it Dean of St. Patrick governing England or Ireland, or politician Drapier. But my choice should be the parson in Lady Betty's chamber. Make haste then, if you have a mind to oblige your ever sincere and hearty old friend.

Letter 66. *From the same to the same.*

Jan. 11, 1731-2.

IT is well for Mr. Pope your letter came as it did, or else I had called for my coach, and was going to make a thorough search at his house; for that I was most positively assured that you were there in private, the Duke of Dorset can tell you. *Non credo* is the Latin I know, and the most useful word upon all occasions to me. However, like most other people, I can give it up for what I wish; so for once I believed, or at least went half way in what I hoped was true, and then, for the only time, your letter was unwelcome. You tell me you have request, which is purely personal to me: *Non credo* for that; for I am sure you would not be so disagreeable as not to have made it, when you know it is a pleasure and satisfaction to me to do any thing you desire, by which you may find you are not *sans consequence* to me.

I met with your friend Mr. Pope the other day. He complains of not being well, and indeed looked ill. I fear that neither his wit or sense do arm him enough against being hurt by malice; and that he is too sensible of what fools say; the run is much against him on the Duke of Chandos's * account; but I

* It was said that Mr. Pope intended the cha-

believe their rage is not kindness to the Duke, but they are glad to give it vent with some tolerable pretence. I wish your presence would have such a miraculous effect as your design on Mrs. Biddy's † speech: You know formerly her tongue was not apt to run much by inclination; but now every winter is kept still *per force*, for she constantly gets a violent cold that lasts her all winter. But as to that quarrelsome friend of the Duke of Dorset's, I will let her loose at you, and see which can get the better. Miss Kelly was a very pretty girl when she went from hence, and the beaux shew their good taste by liking her. I hear her father is now kind to her; but if she is not mightily altered, she would give up some of her airs and equipage to live in England.

Since you are so good as to enquire after my health, I ought to inform you I never was better in my life than this winter. I have escaped both head-achs and gout: And that your's may not be endangered by reading such a long letter, I will add no more, but bid adieu to my dear Dean.

Letter 67. *From the same to the same.*

Feb. 23, 1731-2.

I LIKE to know my power (if it is so) that I can make you uneasy at my not writing; though I shall not often care to exert it, lest you should grow weary of me and my correspondence; but the slowness of my answers does not come from the emptiness of my heart, but the emptiness of my head; and that you know is nature's fault, racter of Timon, in his epistles on the use of riches in works of taste, addressed to the Earl of Burlington, for the Duke of Chandos.

† Mrs. Biddy Floyd.

not mine. I was not learned enough to know *non credo* has been so long in fashion; but every day convinces me more of the necessity of it, not but that I often wish against myself; as *per* example, I would fain believe you are coming to England, because most of your acquaintance tell me so; and yet turn and wind, and sift your letters to find any thing like it being true; but instead of that, there I find a law-suit, which is a worse tie by the leg than your lameness. And pray what is "this hurt above my heel?" Have you had a fellow-feeling with my Lord Lieutenant * of the gout, and call it a sprain as he does? who has lain so long and often to disguise it, that I verily think he has not a new story left. Does he do the same in Ireland? for there I hoped he would have given a better example.

I find you are grown a horrid flatterer, or else you could never have thought of any thing so much to my taste as this piece of marble you speak of for my sister Penelope †, which I desire may be at my expence. I cannot be exact, neither as to the time, nor year, but she died soon after we came there, and we did not stay quite two years, and were in England some months before King William died. I wish I had my dame Wad-

* The Duke of Dorset.

† Lady Penelope Berkeley died in Dublin, whilst her father was in the government, and was interred in St. Andrew's church under the altar. No monument was erected to her memory till about this time, when Dr. Swift caused a plate of black marble to be fixed in the wall over the altar-piece, with this inscription:

"Underneath lieth the body of lady
"Penelope Berkeley, daughter of the Right
"Honourable Charles Earl of Berkeley. She
"died September the 3d, 1699."

gar's, or Mr. Ferrer's memorandum head, that I might know whether it was at the time ‡ of gooseberries.

Surely your Irish air is very bad for darts; if Mrs. Kelly's are blunted already, make her cross father let her come over, and we will not use her so in England. If my Duchefs §, sees company in a morning, you need not grumble at the hour; it must be purely from great complaisance, for that never was her taste here, though she is as early a riser as the generality of ladies are: And, I believe, there are not many dressing-rooms in London, but mine, where the early idle come.

Adieu, abruptly; for I will have no more formal humble servants, with your whole name at the bottom, as if I was asking you your catechism.

Letter 68. Lady B——G—— to Dr. Swift.

Drayton, July 19, 1732.

I BELIEVE you will not wonder at my long silence, when I tell you, that Mrs. Floyd || came ill here, but that she kept pretty much to herself; and ever since she has been here, till within these two or three days, I have had no hopes of her life. You may easily guess what I must have suffered for so long tried, prudent, useful, agreeable

‡ In the petition of Frances Harris to the Lords Justices, losing her purse, there are these verses:

"Yes, says she, the steward I remember, when
"I was at my Lady's Shrewsbury's,
"Such a thing as this happen'd just about the
"time of gooseberries.

This steward was Mr. Ferrers; and dame Wadgar was the old deaf housekeeper in Lord Berkeley's family, when he was one of the Lords Justices of Ireland.

§ The Duchefs of Dorset.

|| Mrs. Biddy Floyd.

companion

companion and friend. And God knows, she is now excessively weak, and mends but slowly: however, I have now great hopes, and I am very good at believing what I heartily wish. As I dare say, you will be concerned for her; you may want to know her illness, but that is more than I can tell you. She has fancied herself in a consumption a great while: But though she has had the most dreadful cough I ever heard in my life, all the doctors said, it was not that; but none of them did say what it was. The Doctor here, who is an extraordinary good one (but lives fourteen long miles off) has lately been left ten thousand pounds, and now hates his business; he says, it is a sharp humour that falls upon her nerves, sometimes on her stomach and bowels; and indeed what he has given her, has, to appearance, had much better effect than the millions of things she has been forced to take. After this, you will not expect I should have followed your orders, and ride, for I have scarcely walked; although I dare not be very much in her room, because she constrained herself to hide her illness from me.

The Duke and Duchess of Dorset have not been here yet, but I am in hopes they will soon. I do not know whether you remember Mrs. Crowther and Mrs. Acourt: They and Mr. Parsode are my company; but as I love my house full, I expect more still. My Lady — talks of making me a short visit. I have been so full of Mrs. Floyd, that I had like to have forgot to tell you, that I am such a dunderhead, that I really do not know, what my sister Pen's age was, but I think, she could not be above twelve years old. She was the next to me, but whether two or three years younger I have forgot; and what is more ridiculous, I do not exactly

know my own, for my mother and nurse used to differ upon that notable point. And I am willing to be a young Lady still, so will not allow myself to be more than forty-eight next birth-day; but if I make my letter any longer, perhaps you will wish I never had been born. So adieu, dear Dean.

Letter 69. *From the same to the same.*

London, Nov. 7, 1732.

I SHOULD have answered your's sooner, but that I every day expect another from you, with your orders to speak to the Duke; which I should with great pleasure have obeyed, as it was to serve a friend of your's. Mrs. Floyd is now, thank God, in as good health as I have seen her these many years, though she has still her winter cough hanging upon her; but that, I fear, I must never expect she should be quite free from at this time of day. All my trouble with her now is, to make her drink wine enough, according to the doctor's order, which is not above three or four glasses, such as are commonly filled at sober houses; and that she makes so great a route with, so many faces, that there is nobody that did not know her perfectly well, but would extremely suspect she drinks drams in private.

I am sorry to find our taste so different in the same person; and as every body has a natural partiality to their own opinion, so it is surprising to me to find lady S — dwindle in your's, who rises infinitely in mine, the more and the longer I know her. But you say, you will say no more of courts for fear of growing angry; and indeed, I think you are so already, since you level all without knowing them, and seem to think, that none who belongs to a court can act right. I am sure this cannot be really and truly your sense,

because it is unjust: And if it is, I shall suspect there is something of your old maxim in it (which I ever admired and found true), that you must have offended them, because you do not forgive. I have been about a fortnight from Knowle*, and shall next Thursday go there again for about three weeks, where I shall be ready and willing to receive your commands, who am most faithfully and sincerely yours.

Letter 70. *Lady B—— G—— to Dr. Swift.*

Feb. 8, 1732-3.

I RECEIVED your's of the 8th of January but last week, so find it has lain long on the road after the date. It was brought me whilst at dinner, that very lady sitting close to me, whom you seem to think such an absolute courtier†. She knew her hand, and enquired much after you, as she always does; but I, finding her name frequently mentioned, not with that kindness I am sure she deserves, put it into my pocket with silence and surprize. Indeed, were it in people's power, that live in a court with the appearance of favour, to do all they desire for their friends, they might deserve their anger, and be blamed, when it does not happen right to their minds; but that, I believe, never was the case of any one: And in this particular of Mr. Gay, thus far I know, and so far I will answer for, that she was under very great concern, that nothing better could be got for him: The friendship upon all other occasions in her own power, that she shewed him, did not look like a double-dealer.

As to that part concerning yourself and her, I suppose, it is my want of comprehension,

* In Kent, the seat of the Duke of Dorset.

† The Countess of S——

that I cannot find out why she was to blame to give you advice, when you asked it, that had all the appearance of sincerity, good nature, and right judgment. And if, after that, the court did not do what you wanted, and she both believed and wished they would, was it her fault? At least, I cannot find it out, that you have hitherto proved it upon her. And though you say, you lamented the hour had seen her, yet I cannot tell how to suppose that your good sense and justice can impute any thing to her, because it did not fall out just as she endeavoured, and hoped it would.

As to your creed in politics, I will heartily and sincerely subscribe to it.—That I detest avarice in courts; corruption in ministers; schisms in religion; illiterate fawning betrayers of the church in mitres. But at the same time, I prodigiously want an infallible judge, to determine when it is really so: For as I have lived longer in the world, and seen many changes, I know those out of power and place always see the faults of those in, with dreadful large spectacles; and, I dare say, you know many instances of it in Lord Oxford's time. But the strongest in my memory is Sir R—— W——, being first pulled to pieces in the year 1720, because the South-Sea did not rise high enough; and since that, he has been to the full as well banged about, because it did rise too high. So experience has taught me, how wrong, unjust, and senseless party-factions are; therefore, I am determined never wholly to believe any side or party against the other; and to shew that I will not, as my friends are in and out of all sides, so my house receives them altogether; and those people meet here, that have, and would fight in any other place. Those of them that have great and good

good qualities and virtues I love and admire; in which number is lady —; and I do like and love her, because I believe, and, as far as I am capable of judging, know her to be a wife, discreet, honest, and sincere courtier, who will promise no farther than she can perform, and will always perform what she does promise; so, now, you have my creed as to her.

I thought I had told you in my last, at least I am sure I designed it, that I desire you would do just as you like about the monument; and then, it will be most undoubtedly approved by your most sincere and faithful servant.

Letter 71. *Duchess of — to Dr. Swift.*

Dear Sir,

April 12, 1733.

I RECEIVED your's of the 23d of March. Perpetual pains in my head have hindered me from writing till this moment; so you see you are not the only person that way-tormented. I dare believe there are as many bad heads in England as in Ireland; I am sure none worse than my own; that I am made for pain and pain for me; for, of late, we have been inseparable. It is a most dispiriting distemper, and brings on pain of mind, whether real or imaginary, it is all one.

Whilst I had that very sincere good friend, I could sometimes lay open all my rambling thoughts, and he and I would often view and dissect them, but now they come and go, and I seldom find out whether they be right or wrong, or if there be any thing in them. Poor man! he was most truly every thing you could say of him. I have lost, in him, the usefulest limb of my mind. This is an odd expression; but I cannot explain my notion otherwise.

I deny that I am touchy; yet am going to seem so again, by assuring you my letters are never false copies of my mind. They are often, I believe, imperfections of an imperfect mind; which, however, to do it justice, often directs it better than I act. Though I will not take upon me, to declare my way of thinking to be eternally the same; yet whatever I write is at that instant true. I would rather tell a lye, than write it down; for words are wind ('tis said); but the making a memorandum of one's own false heart would stare one in the face immediately, and should put one out of countenance. Now, as a proof of my unsettled way of thinking, and of my sincerity, I shall tell you, that I am not so much in the wrong as you observed I was in my lust: For my regard to you is lessened extremely, since I observed you are just like most other people, viz. disobliged at trifles, and obliged at nothings; for what else are bare words? Therefore pray never believe I wish to serve you, till you have tried me; till then protestations are bribes, by which I may only mean to gain the friendship of a valuable man, and therefore ought to be suspected. I seldom make any for that reason; so that I have the peculiar happiness to have any wise good people my flatterers, God know how I came by it; but sure nothing can equal such glory, except that of having the silly and bad people my enemies.

Here I think we agree. You declare, that no such can depress your spirits; and if our constitutions are alike, I will not preach up good spirits, but prescribe the materials that have ever agreed with me. If any body has done me an injury, they have hurt themselves more than me. If they give me an ill name (unless they have my help) I shall not deserve it. If fools shun my company, it is be-

cause I am, not like them; if people make me angry, they only raise my spirits; and if they wish me ill, I will be well and handsome, wise and happy, and every thing, except a day younger than I am, and that's a fancy I never yet saw becoming to a man or woman, so it cannot excite envy. Here I have betrayed to you the devilishness of my temper; but I declare to you, nothing ever enlivened me half so much as unjust ill-usage, either directed to myself or my friends. The very reverse happens to me when I am too well spoken of; for I am sorry to find I do not deserve it all. This humbleth me as much too much as the other exalts; so I hope you will not be too civil, since I have declared the consequence.

I am in great hopes you will make us a visit this summer; for though I have a sensible satisfaction by conversing with you in this way, yet I love mightily to look in the person's face I am speaking to: by that one soon learns to stop when it is wished, or to mend what is said amiss.

Your stewards will take great care of your money; but you must first direct us to your friend Mr. Lancelot, and order him to give up Mr. Gay's note, on his sister's paying the money to his grace, who will give him his note for the money, or send it to you, just as you order. And as to what interest is due, I suppose you have kept some account.

By this time you must be too much tired to bear reading one word more, therefore I will make no excuses. Pray employ me; for I want to be certain whether I know my own mind or not; for something or other often tells me, that I should be very happy to be of any use to you. Whether it be true or false, neither you or I can be positive till an opportunity shews; but I do really think,

that I am, dear sir, most sincerely your's &c.

Letter 72. *Lady B—— G—— to Dr. Swift.*

Knowle, July 9, 1733.

NOW, says parson Swift*, What the devil makes this woman write to me with this filthy white ink? I cannot read a word of it, without more trouble than her silly scribble is worth. Why, say I again: Ay, it is the women are always accused of having bad writing implements; but to my comfort be it spoke, this is his Grace the Lord Lieutenant's† ink. My bureau at London is so well furnished, that his grace and his secretary make so much use of it, that they are often obliged to give me half-a-crown, that I may not run out my estate in paper. It is very happy when a go-between pleases both sides, and I am very well pleased with my office; for his grace is delighted that it was in his power to oblige you. So *treve de compliment*. Since I have declared my passion against a bishop and a parson, it is but fair I should tell you the story, whether you care to hear it or not; But if you do not, I give you leave not to mind it, for now it is over I am calm again.

As to the bishop‡, I know neither his principles nor his parts, but his diocese is Peterborough; and having a small park in Northamptonshire, which I had a mind to increase by a small addition, to make my house stand in the middle of it. Three shillings and sixpence worth of land, at the largest computation, belongs to the church; for which my old parson (who flatters me black

* The name she called the dean by in the stanza which she inserted in his ballad on "The Game of Traffic."

† Duke of Dorset.

‡ Dr. Robert Clavering, and

and blue, when he comes from a Sunday dinner, and says he loves me better than any body in the world,) has made me give him up, in lieu of that land, a house and ground that lets for forty shillings a-year, and is hardly content with that, but reckons it a vast favour. And the bishop has put me to ten times more charge than it is worth, by sending commissioners to view it, and making me give petitions, and dancing me through his court, besides a great dinner to his nasty people. Now, am I not in the right to be angry? But perhaps you will say, If I will have my fancies, I must pay for them; so I will say no more about it. I hear poor Mrs. Kelly is not near so well as she says; and a gentleman that came from Bristol, says she looks dreadfully, and fears it is almost over with her, and that no mortal could know her; so ends youth and beauty! That is such a moral reflection, that, lest it should make you melancholly, I will tell you something to please you: Your old friend Mrs. Floyd is perfectly recovered. I think I have not seen her so well this great while; but winter is always her bane, so I shall live in dread of that.

In your next I desire to know what I am in your debt for my sister's monument. Adieu, my dear, good, old, beloved friend.

Letter 73. *From the same to the same.*

London, July 12, 1735.

I HAVE not answered your's of the 15th of June so soon as I should; but the Duke of Dorset had answered all your's ere your letter came to my hands. So I hope all causes of complaint are at an end, and that he has shewed himself, as he is, much your friend and humble servant, though he wears a garter, and had his original from Normandy, if he-

rals do not lie, or his granums did not play false; and whilst he is lord lieutenant, (which I heartily wish may not be much longer,) I dare say, he will be very glad of any opportunity to do what you recommend to him. Thus far will I answer for his grace, though he is now in the country, and cannot subscribe to it himself.

Now to quite another affair. The Countess of Suffolk, whom you know I have long had a great esteem and value for, has been so good and gracious as to take my brother George Berkeley for better, for worse; though I hope in God the last will not happen, because I think he is an honest good-natured man. The town is surpris'd, and the town talks, as the town loves to do, upon these ordinary and extraordinary occasions. She is indeed four or five years older than he, and no more; but for all that, he hath appeared to all the world, as well as me, to have long had (that is, ever since she hath been a widow, so pray do not mistake me) a most violent passion for her, as well as esteem and value for her numberless good qualities. These things well considered, I do not think they have above ten to one against their being happy: And if they should not be so, I shall heartily wish him hanged, because I am sure it will be wholly his fault. As to her fortune, though she has been twenty years a court favourite, yet I doubt she has been too disinterested to enlarge it, as others would have done. And Sir Robert *, her greatest enemy, does not tax her with getting quite forty thousand pounds. I wish—but fear it is not that sum. But what she has, she never told me, nor have I ever asked; but whatever it is, they must live accord-

* Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.

ingly; and he had of his own wherewithal to live by himself easily and genteelly.

In this hurry of matrimony I had like to forget to answer that part of your letter, where you say, you never heard of our being in print together. I believe it was about twenty years ago, Mr. Curll set forth *Letters amorous, satirical, and gallant*, between Dr. Swift, Lady Mary Chambre, Lady Betty Germain, and Mrs. Ann Long, and several other persons. I am afraid some of my people used them according to their deserts; for they have not appeared above ground this great while. And now to the addition of writing the brave large hand you make me do for you, I have bruised my fingers prodigiously, and can say no more, but adieu!

Letter 74. *Dr. Swift to the Duke of Dorset.*

My Lord,

Dec. 30, 1735.

YOUR grace fairly owes me one hundred and ten pounds a-year in the church, which I thus prove: I desired you would bestow a preferment of one hundred and fifty pounds a-year to a certain clergyman: Your answer was, that I asked modestly; that you would not promise, but you would grant my request. However, for want of good intelligence, in being (after a cant word used here) an expert king-fisher, that clergyman took up with forty pounds a-year; and I shall never trouble your grace any more in his behalf. Now by plain arithmetic it follows, that one hundred and ten pounds remains; and this arrear I have assigned to Mr. John Jackson, who is vicar of Santry, and hath a small estate, with two sons, and as many daughters, all grown up. He hath lain some years as a weight upon me, which I voluntarily took up, on account of his virtue, piety, and good

sense, and modesty almost to a fault. Your grace is now disposing of the *debris** of two bishoprics, among which is the deanery of Ferns, worth between eighty and one hundred pounds a-year, which will make this gentleman easier, who, besides his other good qualities, is as loyal as you could wish.

I cannot but think, that your grace, to whom God has given every amiable quality, is bound, when you have satisfied all the expectations of those who have power in your club†, to do something at the request of others, who love you on your own account, without expecting any thing for themselves. I have ventured once or twice to drop hints in favour of some very deserving gentlemen, who, I was assured, had been recommended to you by persons of weight; but I easily found by your general answers, that although I had been an old courtier, you knew how to silence me by diverting the discourse, which made me reflect that courtiers resemble gamesters, the latter finding no arts unknown to the older; and one of them assured me, that he has lost fourteen thousand pounds since he left off play, merely by dabbling with those who had contrived new refinements.

My lord, I will as a divine, quote scripture: although the children's meat should not be given to dogs, yet the dogs eat the scraps that fall from the children's table. This is the second request I have ever made to your grace directly. Mr. Jackson is condemned to live on his own small estate, part whereof is in his parish about four miles from hence, where he hath built a family house, more expensive than he intended. He is a clergyman of long standing, and of a most unblemished

* The shattered remains.

† The parliament of Ireland.

character ; but the misfortune is, he hath not one enemy to whom I might appeal for the truth of what I say.

Pray, my lord, be not alarmed at the word *deanery*, nor imagine it a dignity like those we have in England ; for, except three or four, the rest have little power, rather none, as a dean and chapter, and seldom any land at all. It is usually a living consisting of one or more parishes, some very poor, and others better endowed, but all in tythes.

Mr. Jackson cannot leave his present situation, and only desires some moderate addition. My lord, I do not deceive your grace, when

I say, you will oblige great numbers, even of those who are most at your devotion, by conferring this favour, or any other that will answer the same end. *Multa—veniet manus auxilio quæ—Sit mihi, (nam multo plures sumus,) ac veluti te—Judæi cogemus in hanc concedere turbam.*

I would have waited on your grace, and taken the privilege of my usual thirteen minutes, if I had not been prevented by my old disorder in my head ; for which I have been forced to confine myself to the precepts of my physicians.

BOOK III. LETTERS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY, AND OF LATE DATE.

SECT. II. MISCELLANEOUS LETTERS.

Letter i. *Dr. Swift to Miss Jane Waring**.

Madam, Dublin, May 4, 1700.

I AM am extremely concerned at the account you give of your health ; for my uncle told me, he found you in appearance better than you had been in some years, and I was in hopes you had still continued so. God forbid I should ever be the occasion of creating more troubles to you, as you seem to intimate ! The letter you desired me to answer, I have

* This letter, Mr. Faulkner says, was written "to a lady of family in the North of Ireland ;" and he adds, that it was "supposed to be previous to Dr. Swift's acquaintance with Stella." It was written not long before the time of Stella's fixing her residence in Ireland,

frequently read, and thought I had replied to every part of it that required : However, since you are pleased to repeat those particulars wherein you desire satisfaction, I shall endeavour to give it you as well I am able. You would know, what gave my temper that sudden turn, as to alter the style of my letters since I last came over ? If there has been that alteration you observe, I have told you the cause abundance of times. I had used a thousand endeavours and arguments to get you from the company and place you are in ; both on account of your health and humour, which I thought were like to suffer very much in such an air, and before such examples. All I had in answer from you, was nothing but a great deal of arguing, and some times in a style so very imperious as I thought might have been spared, when I reflected how
much

much you had been in the wrong. The other thing you would know is, whether this change of style be owing to the thoughts of a new mistress? I declare, upon the word of a Christian and a gentleman, it is not; neither had I ever thoughts of being married to any other person but yourself. I had ever an opinion that you had a great sweetness of nature and humour; and whatever appeared to the contrary, I looked upon it as a thing put on as necessary before a lover: But I have since observed, in abundance of your letters, such marks of a severe indifference, that I began to think it was hardly possible for one of my few good qualities to please you. I never knew any so hard to be worked upon, even in matters where the interest and concern are intirely your own; all which, I say, passed easily while we were in the state of formalities and ceremony; but since that, there is no other way of accounting for this untractable behaviour in you, but by imputing it to a want of common esteem and friendship for me.

When I desired an account of your fortune, I had no such design as you pretend to imagine. I have told you many a time, that in England it was in the power of any young fellow of common sense to get a larger fortune than ever you pretended to: I asked, in order to consider whether it were sufficient, with the help of my poor income, to make one of your humour easy in a married state. I think it comes to almost a hundred pounds a-year: And I think at the same time, that no young woman in the world, of the same income, would dwindle away their health and life in such a sink, and among such family conversation: neither have all your letters been once able to persuade, that you have the least value for me, because you so little

regarded what I so often said upon that matter. The dismal account you say I have given you of my livings *, I can assure you is a true one; and, since it is a dismal one even in your own opinion, you can best draw consequences from it. The place where Dr. Bolton † lived is upon a living which he keeps with the deanery; but the place of residence for that they have given me is within a mile of a town called Trim, twenty miles from hence; and there is no other way, but to hire a house at Trim, or build one on the spot: The first is hardly to be done, and the other I am too poor to perform at present. For coming down to Belfast, it is what I cannot yet think of, my attendance is so close, and so much required of me; but our government sits very loose, and, I believe, will change in a few months: Whether our part ‡ will partake in the change, I know not,

* Those of Laracor and Rathbeggin.

† This gentleman, as well as Dr. Swift, was chaplain to Lord Berkeley, when one of the lords justices in Ireland; and was promoted to the deanery of Derry, which had been previously promised to Dr. Swift: But Mr. Bush, the principal secretary, for weighty reasons best known to himself, laid Dr. Swift aside, unless he would pay him a large sum, which the doctor refused with the utmost contempt and scorn.—Dr. Bolton, who was also minister of St. Werburg's, Dublin, was advanced to the bishopric of Clonfert, Sept. 12, 1722; translated to Elphin, April 16, 1724; to Cashel, Jan. 6, 1729; and died in 1744. He was one of the most eloquent speakers of his time, and was particularly skilled in ecclesiastical history.

‡ Meaning Lord Berkeley, who was then one of the three lords justices.—The earl of Rochester was appointed lord lieutenant in September following.

though

though I am very apt to believe it; and then I shall be at leisure for a short journey. But I hope your other friends, more powerful than I, will, before that time, persuade you from the place where you are. I desire my service to your mother, in return for her remembrance; but for any other dealings that way I entreat your pardon; and I think I have more cause to resent your desires of me in that cause, than you have to be angry at my refusals. If you like such company and conduct, much good do you with them! my education has been otherwise. My uncle Adam* asked me one day in private, as by direction, what my designs were in relation to you, because it might be an hindrance to you if I did not proceed. The answer I gave him (which I suppose he has sent you) was to this effect: "That I hoped I was no
 "hindrance to you; because the reason you
 "urged against a union with me was drawn
 "from your indisposition, which still con-
 "tinued; that you also thought my fortune
 "not sufficient, which is neither at present
 "in a condition to offer you: That, if your
 "health and my fortune were as they ought,
 "I would prefer you above all your sex;
 "but that, in the present condition of both,
 "I thought it was against your opinion, and
 "would certainly make you unhappy: That,
 "had you any other offers which your friends
 "or yourself thought more to your advan-
 "vantage, I should think I were very un-
 "just to be an obstacle in your way." Now for what concerns my fortune, you have answered it, I desire, therefore, you will let me know if your health be otherwise than it was when you told me the doctors advised

* Whose daughter Anne, married a clergyman of the name of Perry,

you against marriage, as that would certainly hazard your life. Are they, or you, grown of another opinion in this particular? Are you in a condition to manage domestic affairs, with an income of less (perhaps) than three hundred pounds a-year? Have you such an inclination to my person and humour, as to comply with my desires and way of living, and endeavour to make us both as happy as you can? Will you be ready to engage in those methods I shall direct for the improvement of your mind, so as to make us entertaining company for each other, without being miserable, when we are neither visiting or visited? Can you bend your love and esteem and indifference to others the same way as I do mine? Shall I have so much power in your heart, or so much government of your passions, as to grow in good humour upon my approach, though provoked by a —? Have you so much good-nature, as to endeavour by soft words to smooth any rugged humour occasioned by the cross accidents of life? Shall the place wherever your husband is thrown, be more welcome than courts and cities without him? In short, these are some of the necessary methods to please men, who, like me, are deep-read in the world; and to a person thus made, I should be proud in giving all due returns towards making her happy. These are the questions I have always resolved to propose to her with, whom I meant to pass my life; and whenever you can heartily answer them in the affirmative, I shall be blessed to have you in my arms, without regarding whether your person be beautiful, or your fortune large. Cleanliness in the first, and competency in the other, is all I look for. I desire indeed a plentiful revenue, but would rather it should be of my own; though I should bear

bear from a wife to be reproached for the greatest.

I have said all I can possibly say in answer to any part of your letter, and in telling you my clear opinion as to matters between us. I singled you out at first from the rest of women; and I expect not to be used like a common lover. When you think fit to send me an answer to this, without ———, I shall then approve myself, by all means you shall command, madam, your most faithful humble servant.

Letter 2. *Dr. Tillotson to the Earl of Mulgrave.*

My Lord,

Oct. 23, 1679.

IT was a great satisfaction to me to be any ways instrumental in the gaining of your lordship to our religion, which I am most firmly persuaded to be the truth; but yet I am, and always was, more concerned that your lordship should continue a virtuous and good man, than become a protestant; being assured that the ignorance and errors of men's understandings, will find a much easier forgiveness with God than the faults of their wills. I remember your lordship once told me, you would endeavour to justify the sincerity of your change, by a conscientious regard to all other parts and actions of your life: I am sure you cannot more effectually condemn your own act, than by being a worse man, after your profession to have embraced a better religion. I will certainly be one of the last to believe any thing of your lordship that is not good, but I always feared I should be among the first that should hear of it. Before the time I last waited on your lordship, I had heard something which afflicted me very sensibly; but I hoped it was not true, and was therefore loth then to trouble

your lordship about it; but having heard the same since from those whom I believe to bear no ill-will to your lordship, I now think it my duty to acquaint you with it. To speak plainly; I have been told, that your lordship is of late fallen into a conversation dangerous both to your reputation and virtue, two of the tenderest and dearest things in the world. I believe your lordship to have great command and conduct of yourself, but am very sensible of human frailty, and of the dangerous temptations to which youth is exposed in this dissolute age; and therefore I earnestly beseech your lordship to consider, besides the high provocation of Almighty God, and the hazard of your soul whenever you engage in a bad course, what a blemish you will bring upon a fair and unspotted reputation, what uneasiness and trouble you will create to yourself from the severe reflections of a guilty conscience, and how great a violence you will offer to the good principles of your nature and education, and to a mind the best made for virtuous and worthy things. And do not imagine you can stop when you please; experience shews us the contrary; and nothing is more vain than for men to think to set bounds to themselves in any thing that is bad: I hope in God that no temptations hath yet prevailed upon your lordship so far as to be guilty of any lewd act; if it have, as you love your soul, let it not proceed to a habit. The retreat is easy and open, but will every day become more difficult and obstructed; God is so merciful, that upon our repentance and resolution of amendment, he is not only ready to forgive what is past, but to assist us by his grace to do better for the future. But I need not enforce these considerations upon a mind so capable and easy to receive good council; I shall only desire your lordship to think

think again and again, how great a point of wisdom it is, in all our actions to consult the peace of our own minds, and to have no quarrel with the constant and inseparable companion of our lives. If others displease us we may quit their company; but he that is displeased at himself is unavoidably unhappy because he hath no way to get rid of himself.

My Lord, for God's sake, and your own, think of being happy, and resolve by all means to save yourself from this untoward generation; and determine rather upon a speedy change of your condition, than to gratify the inclinations of youth in any way but what is lawful and honourable; and let me have the contentment to be assured from your Lordship, either that there hath been no ground for this report, or that there shall be none for the future, which will be the welcomest news to me in the world. I have now only to beg of your Lordship to believe, that I have not done this to satisfy the formality of my profession; but that it proceeds from the truest affection and good will that one man can possibly bear to another.

I pray God every day for your Lordship, with the same constancy and fervour of devotion as for myself; and do now more earnestly beg of him, that this counsel may be acceptable and effectual. I am, &c.

Letter 3. *Bishop Atterbury to his Son at Oxford.*

Dear Obby,

[Of uncertain date.]

I THANK you for your letter, because there are manifest signs in it of your endeavouring to excel yourself, and by consequence to please me. You have succeeded in both respects, and will always succeed, if you think it worth your while to consider what

you write, and to whom, and let nothing, though of a trifling nature, pass through your pen negligently. Get but the way of writing correctly and justly, time and use will teach you to write readily afterwards; not but that too much care may give a stiffness to your style, which ought in letters, by all means, to be avoided. The turn of them should be always natural and easy, for they are an image of private and familiar conversation. I mention this with respect to the four or five first lines of your's, which have an air of poetry, and do naturally resolve themselves into blank verse. I send you the letter again, that you yourself may now make the same observation; but you took the hint of the thought from a poem, and it is no wonder therefore if you have heightened your phrase a little, when you were expressing it: The rest is as it should be, and particularly there is an air of duty and sincerity in it, that, if it comes from the heart, is the most acceptable present you can make me: With these good qualities an incorrect letter would please me; and without them, the finest thoughts and language would make no lasting impression upon me. The Great Being says (you know) "my son, give me thy heart—" implying that without it all other gifts signify nothing: Let me conjure you, therefore, never to say any thing, either in a letter or common conversation, that you do not think; but always let your mind and your words go together, even on the most slight and trivial occasions. Shelter not the least degree of insincerity under the notion of a compliment, which (as far as it deserves to be practised by a man of probity) is only the most civil and obliging way of saying what you really mean; and whoever employs it otherwise throws away truth for good breeding; I need not tell

tell you how little his character gets by such an exchange. I say not this as if I suspected that in any part of your letter you intended only to write what was proper, without any regard to what was true; for I am resolved to believe that you were in good earnest from the beginning to the end of it, as much even as I am, when I tell you that I am your loving father.

Letter 4. *Bishop Atterbury to Lord Townshend.*

My Lord, The Tower, April 10, 1723.

I AM thankful for the favour of seeing my daughter any way, but was in hopes the restraint of an officer's presence in respect of her might have been judged needless, at a time when her husband is allowed to be as often and as long with me as he pleases without witness, especially since we have been parted now for near eight months *, and must soon, if the Bill takes place †, be parted for ever.

My Lord, I have many things to say to her, in relation to herself, her brother, and my little family affairs, which cannot with ease, to her or me, be said in presence of others; and I dare say your Lordship does not apprehend that the subject of our conversation will be of such a nature as to deserve to be in any degree watched or restrained. She has been the comfort of my life, and I shall leave her with more regret than I leave my preferments (though when I am stripped of them I shall have nothing to support me). Nor is there scarce any loss, besides that of my country, which will touch me so nearly.

* The Bishop was apprehended Aug. 24, 1722.

† It passed the House of Commons on the 9th of April, and received the royal assent May 27.

Your Lordship, who is known to be a tender father ‡, will feel what I say; and consider how far it is fit to indulge me in so innocent a request. It is a little thing I ask; but nothing is little that can give any relief to a man in my sad circumstances, which deserve your Lordship's compassion, and I hope will obtain it.

I am, with all respect, your Lordship's most humble and most obedient servant.

Letter 5. *The Bishop of Rochester to Mrs. Morice.*

Montpelier, Sept. 3, 1729.

My dear Heart,

I HAVE so much to say to you, that I can hardly say any thing to you till I see you. My heart is full; but it is in vain to begin upon paper what I can never end. I have a thousand desires to see you, which are checked by a thousand fears lest any ill accident should happen to you in the journey. God preserve you in every step of it, and send you safe hither! And I will endeavour, by his blessing and assistance, to send you well back again, and to accompany you in the journey, as far as the law of England will suffer me. I stay here only to receive and take care of you (for no other view should have hindered my coming into the north of France this autumn); and I live only to help towards lengthening your life, and rendering it, if I can, more agreeable to you: For I see not of what use I am, or can be, in other respects. I shall be impatient till I hear you are safely landed, and as impatient after that till you are safely arrived in your winter quarters. God, I hope, will favour you with good weather,

‡ This Nobleman retired from public business in 1730, and died in June 1738.

and all manner of good accidents on the way; and I will take care, my dear love, to make you as easy and happy as I can at the end of your journey.

I have written to Mr. Morice about every thing I can think of relating to your accommodation on the road, and shall not therefore repeat any part of it in this letter, which is intended only to acknowledge a mistake under which I find myself. I thought I loved you before as much as I could possibly: But I feel such new degrees of tenderness arising in me upon this terrible long journey, as I was never before acquainted with. God will reward you, I hope, for your piety to me, which had, I doubt not, its share in producing this resolution, and will in rewarding you reward me also; that being the chief thing I have to beg of him.

Adieu, my dear heart, till I see you! and till then satisfy yourself, that, whatever uneasiness your journey may give you, my expectation of you, and concern for you, will give me more. I am got to another page, and must do violence to myself to stop here—But I will—and abruptly bid you, my dear heart, adieu, till I bid you welcome to Montpelier.

A line, under your own hand, pray, by the post that first sets out after you land at Bourdeaux.

Letter 6. *Mr. J. Evans to his Brother in London.*

Dear Brother, Toulouse, Nov. 9, 1729.

AFTER a very tedious and fatiguing journey, Mr. Morice and his lady arrived here on Monday morning, the 7th, about seven o'clock, when she met her father; the only thing, I believe she had to desire of God

in this world. She went to bed, and never slept till she slept her last; and well may it be called so; for never was death received in so composed a manner, as I shall distinctly relate to you from Montpelier. She received the sacrament (upon her earnestly desiring to have it if possible) about an hour and a half before she expired. That remaining time she employed in directing what she would have done in the most material things that relate to family affairs, and that in a very moving manner; and one of the last was to call her husband to her; when she said, “Dear Mr. Morice, take care of the children—I know you will: Remember me to the Dutchess of Buckingham!”—This fatal stroke, being given on the way to her intended port, must, you will think, put us into uncommon disorder. Mr. Morice goes for England, as soon as in a condition to do it. Pray give my family an account of this; and I shall, from Montpelier, do the same at large, as well as to yourself. Adieu. Your's most affectionately.

Letter 7. *The Bishop of Rochester to * * *.*

Dear Sir,

[Undated.]

YOUR endeavours that I may forget my misfortune are truly noble. It would be to deserve them to fly from resolution. They shall not depress me; but I must help to bear what you tell me lies so heavy upon my friends. I preserve a mean, which is the excellence, justice, and fitness of all things in the moral system,

Virtue's a mean, and vice is an excess
In doing more than's fit, or doing less.

To poetise, my friend, is no mark of a depressed fancy or excessive sorrow; but a sort of
of

of a comical way of treating things serious, not after the subtle fashions of those you speak of, that would magnify nature by depressing the Deity; who, setting forth their necessary agreement, make unnecessary strife. With reverence do I mention these things, and know,

How the great love of nature fills thy mind,
And universal kindness to thy kind.

I am, while thus juvenile, an advocate for, and not a railer against, extremes. Those symptoms strongly bode a second youth, that vapours with a feeble and defective flame: It is the innervated arm of Priam, impotently raised against the thundering rage of youthful Pyrrhus. However, this epistle, my dear friend, shall not become more tawdry by its not being of a piece: For I will conclude with answering your last serious question with another scrap of poetry:

Whate'er the soul of nature has design'd,
And wrought-on matter, is the effect of mind;
The form of substance is the former's art,
Hence beauty and design that strike the heart;
There's nought in simple matter to delight,
'Tis the fair workmanship that takes the sight.
The beautiful effect of mind alone
Is comely, and in all things comely shown.
Where mind is not, there horror needs must be,
For matter formless is deformity.

Letter 8. *Sir Richard Steele to Mrs. Scurlock.*

Dear Madam,

Sept. 5, 1707.

THE pleasing hope with which my mind is possessed, is too delicate a touch of the soul to be explained, but it is founded on so solid and lasting motives, that I am sure it will

actuate the behaviour of my whole life; for I do not entertain my imagination with those transports only which are raised by beauty, but fix it also on the satisfactions which flow from the reverence due to virtue. Thus I am not only allured by your person, but convinced by your life, that you are the most amiable of women. Let us go on, my lovely creature, to make our regards to each other, mutual and unchangeable, that, while the world around us is enchanted with the false satisfactions of vagrant desires, our persons may be shrines to each other, and sacred to conjugal faith, unreserved confidence, and heavenly society. While we live after this manner, angels will be so far from being our superiors, that they will be our attendants. Every good being guard my fairest, and conduct her to that bosom that pants to receive her, and protect her from all the cares and vicissitudes of life with an eternal tenderness! I am ever most obligedly your's.

Letter 9. *From the same to the same.*

My Dear Wife,

Oct. 8, 1707.

YOU were not, I am sure, awake so soon as I was for you, and desired the blessing of God upon you. After that first duty, my next is to let you know I am in health this morning, which I know you are solicitous for. I believe it would not be amiss if, some time this afternoon, you took a coach or chair, and went to see an house next door to lady Bulkley's, towards St. James's-street, which is to be let. I have a solid reason for quickening my diligence in all affairs of the world, which is, that you are my partaker in them, and will make me labour more than any incitation of ambition or wealth could do.

do. After I have implored the help of Providence, I will have no motive to my actions but the love of the best creature living, to whom I am an obedient husband.

Letter 10. *Sir Richard Steele to Mrs. Steele.*

Madam,

Aug. 12, 1708.

I HAVE your letter, wherein you let me know, that the little dispute we have had is far from being a trouble to you; nevertheless, I assure you, any disturbance between us is the greatest affliction to me imaginable. You talk of the judgment of the world; I shall never govern my actions by it, but by the rules of morality and right reason. I love you better than the light of my eyes, or the life-blood in my heart; but, when I have let you know that, you are also to understand, that neither my sight shall be so far enchanted, or my affection so much master of me, as to make me forget our common interest. To attend my business as I ought, and improve my fortune, it is necessary that my time and my will should be under no direction but my own. Pray give my most humble service to Mrs. Binns. I write all this rather to explain my own thoughts to you than answer your letter distinctly. I inclose it to you, that, upon second thoughts, you may see the disrespectful manner in which you treat your affectionate, faithful husband.

Letter 11. *Dutchess Dowager of Somerset to Mrs. —*

1754.

I AM sorry, good Mrs. —, to find that your illness seems rather to increase than diminish; yet the disposition of mind with which you receive this painful dispensation, seems to convert your sufferings into a bless-

ing: While you resign to the will of God in so patient a manner, this disease seems only the chastisement of a wise and merciful Being, who chasteneth not for his own pleasure, but for your profit. Were I not convinced of this great truth, I fear I must long since have sunk under the burden of sorrow, which God saw fit to wean my foolish heart from this vain world, and shew me how little all the grandeur and riches of it avail to happiness. He gave me a son*, who promised all that the fondest wishes of the fondest parents could hope; an honour to his family, an ornament to his country; with a heart early attached to all the duties of religion and society, with the advantage of strong and uninterrupted health, joined to a form, which, when he came into Italy, made him more generally known by the name of the "English angel" than by that of his family. I know, this account may look like a mother's fondness; perhaps it was too much so once: But, alas! it now only serves to shew the uncertainty and frailty of all human dependance. This justly-beloved child was snatched from us before we could hear of his illness; that fatal disease, the small-pox, seized him at Bologna, and carried him off the evening of his birth-day†, on which he had completed nineteen years. Two posts before, I had a letter from him, written with all the life and innocent cheerfulness inherent to his nature; the next but one came from his afflicted governor‡, to acquaint his unhappy father that

* Lord viscount Beauchamp.

† September 11, 1744.

‡ Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Dalton was tutor to lord Beauchamp, but the "Supplement to the Biographical Dictionary" (published in 1767) says, a bad state of health prevented him from attending

he had lost the most dutiful and best of sons, the pride and hope of his declining age. He bore the stroke like a wise man and a Christian, but never forgot, nor ceased to sigh for it. A long series of pain and infirmity, which was daily gaining ground, shewed me the sword which appeared suspended over my head by an almost cobweb-thread long before it dropped §. As to my bodily pains, I bless God, they are by no means insupportable at present: I rather suffer a languid state of weakness, which wastes my flesh and consumes my spirits by a gentle decay, than any frightful suffering; and am spending those remains of nature which were almost exhausted in continued care and anxiety for the sufferings of a person dearer to me than myself. My daughter ||, who is very good to me, has sent me her youngest son ¶, just turned of four years old, to amuse me in my solitude, because he is a great favourite of mine, and shews a great deal of his uncle's disposition, and some faint likeness of his person. It is high time to release you from so long a letter, but there are some subjects on which my tears and pen know not how to stop when they begin to flow. I am, dear Madam, your, &c.

Letter 12. Mr. Warburton to Dr. Doddridge.

Dear Sir,

Feb. 14, 1702-3.

I SHOULD not have been so long in

“attending his pupil on his travels abroad, and
“saved him the mortification of being an eye-
“witness of his death.”

§ Algernon duke of Somerset died February 7, 1749 50.

|| The countess (afterwards dutchess) of Northumberland.

¶ Afterwards lord Algernon Percy.

making my best acknowledgments for your last kind letter, had not my absence from home, and a late unhappy domestic affair, prevented me and engrossed all my thoughts—the misfortunes of an excellent sister and her children, by her husband's ill success in trade, yet attended to with the utmost honesty and sobriety; so that, to his own ruin, he has been a considerable benefactor to the public while in trade, and his creditors at last no losers, but himself undone. I do not know whether this be an alleviation or aggravation of the misfortune. But I can tell you with the utmost truth, that I share with this distressed sister and her children (who all live with me) the small revenue it has pleased God to bless me with, with much greater satisfaction than others spend their's on their pleasures. I do not know how it is, but though I am far from being an hero, yet I find Brutus expresses my exact sentiments, when he says to Cicero, *Aliter alii cum suis vivunt. Nihil ego possum in Sororis meæ Liberis facere, quo possit expleri voluntas mea, aut officium.* But you will reprove me I know for this false modesty in apologizing for this comparison; and say, where is the wonder, that a man who pretends to be a Christian should not come behind a Pagan, how great soever in the performance of moral duties. However this may be, I can assure you my only concern on this occasion was for an incomparable mother, whom I feared the misfortunes of a favourite daughter would have too much affected. But, I thank God, religion, that religion which you make such amiable drawings of in all your writings, was more than a support to her. But I ask pardon for talking so long of myself. This is a subject I never choose to talk of, yet I could not forbear mentioning it to a man I so
much

much esteem, and whose heart I know to be so right.

It was with great concern I found Mrs. Doddridge so ill at Bath. I know the grief this must have occasioned you. But I know your sufficiency. I trust in God she has by this time received the expected benefit from the waters. It was by accident I saw her name in Leake's book (for then I had not received your last) a little before I left Mr. Allen's. I visited her twice. The first time she was going out to drink the waters, the second time a visiting; so I had not the pleasure of much of her company. You may be assured, I would not hinder her the first time; and I made a conscience not to do it the second: For it was a new acquaintance she was going to make; a matter perhaps as useful to her amusement, while she stayed at Bath, as the other for her health.

Thus you see, my good friend, we have all something to make us think less complacently of the world. Religion will do great things. It will always make the bitter waters of Marah wholesome and palatable. But we must not think it will usually turn water to wine, because it once did so. Nor is it fit it should, unless this were our place of rest where we were to expect the bridegroom. I do the best I can, and should, I think, do the same, if I were a mere pagan, to make life passable. To be always lamenting the miseries of it, or always seeking after the pleasures of it, equally take us off from the work of our salvation. And though I be extremely cautious what sect I follow in religion, yet any in philosophy will serve my turn, and honest Sancho Panca's is as good as any; who on his return from an important commission, when asked by his master, whether they should mark the day with a

black or white stone, replied, 'Faith, Sir, if you will be ruled by me, with neither, but with good *brown ochre*. What this philosopher thought of his commission, I think of human life in general, *good brown ochre* is the completion of it.

I got home a little before Christmas, after a charming philosophical retirement in a palace with Mr. Pope and Mr. Allen for two or three months. The gentleman I mentioned last is, I verily believe, the greatest private character that ever appeared in any age of the world. You see his munificence to the Bath Hospital. This is but a small part of his charities, and charity but a small part of his virtues. I have studied his character even maliciously, to find where his weakness lies; but have studied in vain. When I know it, the world shall know it too for the consolation of the envious; especially as I suspect it will prove to be only a partiality he has entertained for me. In a word, I firmly believe him to have been sent by Providence into the world, to teach men what blessings they might expect from heaven, would they study to deserve them.

I received your agreeable present of your Pupil's Sermons*, with your Life of him, which my nephew has read with great pleasure, and you have both our most hearty thanks for it. He is now of Jesus College in Cambridge. But I take what care I can myself of his education. He is very promising, and I hope will prove a comfort to an excellent, though unfortunate mother.

Dr. Taylor has just now shewn me the first part of your excellent answer to Christianity not founded on Argument; which he

* By the Rev. Mr. Thomas Steffe.

highly esteems, and we wait impatiently for the second.

Will you forgive my concluding without overlooking this sad scribble, which I should be even afraid to do had I time. But now I have not a moment more than to conclude, with my best respects to Mrs. Doddridge, dear Sir, your most affectionate and faithful friend and brother.

Letter 13. *Dr. Doddridge to a Young Gentleman, on his recovery from a dangerous illness.*

Dear Sir,

1740.

THOUGH I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you, I think it not improbable, that you have learnt my name from your excellent parents, who honour me with their friendship in a degree far beyond what I could ever pretend to have deserved. They early informed me of your illness, and recommended you to my earnest and affectionate prayers; which, I will assure you, dear Sir, you have had, and shall continue to have a share in them. God has been gracious to us, and heard our prayers. He has brought you back from the borders of the grave, when you had received the sentence of death in yourself. And now, my dear friend, for so methinks I have a kind of hereditary right to call you, give me leave seriously to remind you of the goodness of God in this respect, and to call upon you in his name to a proper improvement of it. I doubt not, but in the intervals of your disorder, you had some solemn thoughts of death and eternity. I doubt not, but you cried to God, and formed some purposes for his service. But I know how ready our treacherous hearts are to forget such deliverances, and to forget those vows of God that

are upon us; and therefore let me, with all simplicity and plainness, though at the same time with the sincerest respect, renew the admonition as in the name of my great Lord and Master, who, I would hope, means you graciously in inclining me to write to you upon this occasion. I would beseech you seriously to examine your heart and ways, and to ask yourself before God, "What if the fever had finished its work, and brought me down to the dust of death, and my spirit had returned to God who gave it, how would it have been received by him?" You are descended from the most gracious pair that I think I ever knew. But they cannot convey grace to you. Even from them, excellent as they are, you derive a corrupt nature. Ask your own heart then, "Have I been ever earnest with God for renewing grace? Have I ever pleaded with him in prayer, that I might experience that change which the gospel requires, without which no man can enter into the kingdom of heaven?" These are matters of infinite importance; which must lie at the root of all our hopes of heaven, or those hopes will prove like a spider's web. I beseech you, therefore, dear Sir, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by all your prospects in the eternal world, that you take these things under an attentive consideration. I hope you have thought of them. I would fain persuade myself to believe, you are experimentally acquainted with them. But I would court you to apply your heart to them more and more. I know, Sir, that in your circumstances of life innumerable temptations will surround you; and it is a good thing in order to be fortified against them all, that the heart be established with grace. You have all the encouragement you can desire, to attempt the work of serious religion,

ligion, and that betimes; for it must be done immediately, or perhaps it may not be done at all, probably it will not. You have a gracious God to go to, who is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. You have a most compassionate Redeemer, who shed his blood for the salvation of perishing sinners; and I humbly hope for your salvation. The Spirit of God has conquered hearts much harder than yours can be, even supposing you are now in an unrenewed state. You are the seed of God's servants: You were early devoted to God in baptism: You have a large stock of prayers laid up in the presence of God for you. I do really apprehend, even the covenant of God with believing parents bears a favourable aspect upon their children: And though I dare not say, nor think, that it secures their salvation; for I fear fact lies strongly against such a presumption, as we are sure it did even in the children of Abraham; yet there is some peculiar encouragement for such to seek the God of their Fathers. I believe the Spirit strives peculiarly with them; and that when they seek it, it is more immediately and more fully communicated to them than generally to others. And sure I am, that those early instructions they have received, have often a blessed resurrection in their hearts, even after they have been long forgotten; and the seed, which seemed to have perished, often brings forth fruit in abundance. And therefore, dear Sir, thank God, and take courage. In his name and strength, set out in your heavenly pilgrimage, with the word of God in your hand and heart, and with your eyes to the Spirit of God, as your guide and strength: And be assured, there are many who will bid you good speed in the name of the Lord, and will rejoice to assist you in your course. I am not without hope, that our gracious God may

at length favour me with more immediate and renewed opportunities of serving you*. In the mean time be assured, that I most cordially love you, though personally unknown. Be assured, my heart overflows with a true concern for your welfare; that I pour out my soul before God in prayer on your account; and that to hear of your health and happiness, and above all that your soul prospers, will yield me unutterable delight; for I am not merely in form, but with the utmost sincerity and tenderness of heart, dear Sir, your most faithful and affectionate friend, and humble servant.

Letter 14. *Dr. Doddridge to Sir J——.*

Dear Sir, Northampton, Dec. 8, 1742.

PERMIT me frankly to speak my mind to you on a head, on which I fear to be silent, lest I should fail in a branch of duty and gratitude to a gentleman to whom I think myself obliged, and whom I would gladly serve to the best of my little ability. Be not angry, when I tell you, I was heartily grieved at the liberties you took last night in using the venerable name of the Ever Blessed God in so light a manner; and in the needless appeals which you made to him, as to things which would have been believed on much less evidence than the word of Sir J——. I have not heard so much of that kind of language, except when passing by people of low education in the streets, for some years; whether it be owing to the complaisance with which gentlemen commonly treat our profession, or, as I rather hope, to a sense of what is in itself reasonable and decent.

I am sure, Sir, that your knowledge of men and things is capable of making conversation pleasant and improving, and of fill-

* He afterwards became the Doctor's pupil.

ing up your full share in it without these dreadful expletives; for dreadful I must call them, when considered in a view to that strict account which must so certainly, and so quickly, be rendered up to God for all our words as well as our actions. I was the more solicitous, Sir, to mention the affair to you in consideration of your office as a magistrate; the dignity of which must certainly be most effectually supported by avoiding whatever it might require you to punish in others. In this view, Sir, permit me to entreat you to join your efforts with those of all other wise and good men to discountenance, and, if possible, to drive out of the world this unprofitable enormity of swearing in common conversation; concerning the evil of which, I am sure it is not necessary to enlarge, when addressing myself to a gentleman of your good understanding.

I conclude, Sir, with my most affectionate good wishes and prayers for you, that the whole of your conduct in every circumstance of life, may be such as will yield the most pleasing reflections in the awful hour of death, and the most comfortable account before the divine tribunal, to which we are hastening; and in the serious views of which, I have presumed to give you this trouble, hoping you will esteem it, as it undoubtedly is, a proof that I am with great sincerity, honoured Sir, your most faithful and obedient humble servant.

Letter 15. *The Bishop of Oxford (Dr. Secker) to the Rev. Dr. Doddridge.*

Rev. Sir, Cuddestden, Sept. 29, 1743.

I RETURN you many thanks for your favourable opinion both of my sermon and its author, though expressed in a manner, which you would have forborn, if you had

known me better. Plain men should be treated in a plain way: and nobody should have things said to him, which he doth not deserve; and ought not to hear if he did. Let us all endeavour to do what good we can; and give those who seem to endeavour it faithfully, the comfort of knowing we think they do: But never tempt one another to forget we are unprofitable servants. I am in no danger of transgressing this rule, when I say, that I have read your works with great satisfaction, and I hope some benefit: And both rejoice and wonder, that in the midst of your other occupations you continue able, as I pray God you long may, to oblige your fellow-christians so often and so highly from the press. Indeed it must and ought to be owned in general, that the dissenters have done excellently of late years in the service of christianity; and I hope our common warfare will make us chiefly attentive to our common interest, and unite us in a closer alliance. I believe, on the best inquiry I can make, that what I have said in favour of our charity-schools is true. And you do very well to propagate a sense of religion amongst your own people by the same method. I have read Dr. Watt's Essay on the subject, which fell into my hands but yesterday, with much pleasure, and a little surprise, to see in how many points we have coincided: An evidence, I presume, that we are both in the right. I congratulate you heartily on the prospect you have of success in your hospital: And as I am very sensible of what peculiar advantage it would be to have one at Oxford, so I have not only taken all opportunities of expressing and inculcating my opinion, but should long before now have made some trial what could be done in the matter; if hopes had not been given me, that Dr. Radcliffe's trustees, when his

his library is finished, will employ some part of the residue of his money in this excellent work. You were much to blame in not letting me see you at Gloucester; and the Bishop, when he knows it, will be as sorry as I am, that you passed by us in the manner you did. The time of my being in town and that of your coming thither, I am afraid, are different. But if any occasion bring you near me, either there or here, I beg you will not think you need any introducer: For I am with great esteem and regard, Rev. Sir, your very humble servant.

Letter 16. *Nathaniel Neal, Esq. to Dr. Doddridge.*

Tunbridge Wells,
Sept. 1, 1751.

Dear Sir,

I FEEL a struggle in my breast whilst I deliberate, whether considering the feeble state of your health, I should break or keep silence; but such is the officiousness of friendship, that anxious (though impotent) to afford relief, inquiry must be made after an afflicted friend, though at some hazard of disturbing his slumbers.

How affected we all were, (in which number I include Mr. Barker and his lady, for in our love and in our distress for you, we are all one;) I say how affected we were with those various events which befell you in your progress to and on your arrival at Bristol, I choose not to mention; yet I trust in God, it will be seen in the issue, that it was the kind hand of his Providence that conducted you thither, as to the waters of life; for though to you it were a matter of choice not to revive at all, till you obtain a part in the better resurrection; yet in compassion to us, in compassion to this bankrupt-world, it is my

daily prayer, (Oh, forgive me this wrong!) that you may not yet increase the number, and enhance the triumphs, of the blessed.

I persuade myself, my dear friend, that you have left all your cares as well as all your business at Northampton, and that you will be inaccessible to every uninvited guest. Ceremony is the bane of solitude; and even the draught of pious or cheerful converse, should be taken in measure, and under a guard, where the appetite of the soul is so eager, and every kind of exercise has been found so fatal.

I presume you know before this time, that the examination of your pupils on Monday last (as far as was consistent with your absence) proceeded with signal honour to Mr. Clark, and satisfaction to the trustees; of which Mr. Price has, by letter since his return, given me a most obliging and circumstantial account, knowing how much I interested myself in the event.—But whence have you your remittances to Bristol? The settling accounts, or sending in bills, is a trouble of which you should now be eased: I desire, therefore, that either you or Mrs. Doddridge will draw on me for any sum you want, without any other ceremony than advising me of it by a line; or if you can devise any other method to prove my friendship, it will be a kind relief to one who is oppressed under a sense of his inability, in this season of difficulty, to do you service.

And now, my dear friend, though I am no advocate for the sleeping of the soul, yet methinks I could wish, that you, who are all soul, (having so nearly worn out the frail vehicle in its service,) could for a while suspend the thinking power, that the body might have time to revive. We all submit to deny ourselves

ourselves the expectation of hearing from you, that the time a letter would cost you may be devoted to rest. A line from any hand will satisfy us, if you are better; and if otherwise, a word will be more than we can well support. Compliments are vain, whilst you possess our hearts; and as for Mrs. Doddridge, as ministering to you, she shares the office, may she partake of the refreshments, of angels!

Adieu. Be God ever with you; which is the most comprehensive good that can be wished you by your most affectionate friend and humble servant.

Letter 17. *Henry Baker, Esq. to Dr. Doddridge.*

Dear Sir,

Catherine-street,
Feb. 13, 1749-50.

THE shortest apologies are best, and as you are, I hope, convinced of my sincere respect, I shall not waste the little time I can command in writing you the reasons of my long silence, but come directly to the purpose of this letter, which is to inquire, if you, at Northampton, felt any thing of the earthquake that surprised us last week in London, and to send you some account thereof.

On Thursday last, the 8th of this instant, as I was walking along Chancery lane towards Holborn, at about forty minutes past twelve at noon, people came out of several houses to their doors, in great surprise, complaining of the shaking of their houses, and imputing it to the fall of some building, large timber, or other heavy body, which they imagined to have fallen at some little distance from them, and which they came out to inquire after.

When I was got into Holborn, I found the people there under the same consternation,

and expressing themselves nearly in the same manner. Going on to Gray's Inn, many people were got together in the great square talking about the shock they had felt, and, in particular, a lamplighter was giving an account, that being on his ladder pouring oil into a lamp, he was in great danger of falling by the unexpected shaking of the ladder. I then went to a friend's chambers, under Gray's Inn library, where the shock had been so great that they thought a clock would have fallen down; and fancied, at the time, that some large box or vast heap of books had been tumbled down over head. The people in all the streets, as I returned home, were talking of this strange motion, which now every body understood to be an earthquake, and many women complained it had made them sick, in which their fright might probably be equally concerned. At coming home, I found my own family had been no less surprised, and Mrs. Baker had sent to the neighbours to inquire if any thing had fallen down in their houses to occasion the shaking of mine, which she described as very violent. She sat at the time in the dining-room, on the first floor next the street, and her supposition at the instant was, that one of the servants had fallen all along with great violence in a back room of the next story; had tried to get up, stumbled, and was fallen down again, thereby shaking the house and making a great noise. My son was then at the tower, where the same shock was felt, and every body was startled with the immediate apprehension of some explosion of gunpowder, of which there are great quantities. A gentleman who was sitting at a table writing, at his house in the Mint in the Tower, was tossed out of his chair against the table with violence.

I inquired of many people in different streets,

streets, that by comparing their accounts I might form a better judgment, and I found them agree universally in the first supposition of the fall of some ponderous body, most said with a great noise, but some few were not sensible of that; I endeavoured likewise to learn its course, and by comparing the reports of people in different situations, it seems to have lain east and west, and to have passed from the west eastward.

I felt nothing of it myself as I walked in the street, nor do I find that many who were walking did, but that I impute to the noise and shaking of the carts and coaches.

Our worthy president of the Royal Society had some gentlemen with him at his house in Queen-Square, who were all surprised with something falling as they imagined, with a great noise, and at the instant, the house seemed to heave up, then to sink down again, and totter sideways till it seemed to settle. Two coaches waiting at his door, the coachmen found themselves lifted up, and almost tumbled from their seats; other people took notice also of this rising and sinking. In Westminster-Hall both the judges and pleaders thought the hall would tumble on their heads; and the judges, whose seats are contiguous to the wall, felt it shake from its foundation. Doors were opened, pewter and other things thrown down in many houses, and some chimnies fell.

This day fortnight, a most extraordinary light appeared in the sky towards the south-east, between six and seven in the evening, and surprised the whole town, with the apprehension of a great fire; for the sky appeared of a fiery redness at the beginning, and then seemed to form a line of dark red fire of about fifteen degrees in width, which continued for some time, then diffused, and left a

remarkable lightness in the sky during the whole night after.

One cannot, I think, let such uncommon phenomena pass unheeded: if these terrors of the Almighty will not excite reflection, surely nothing will. I hope, therefore, this short account will prove acceptable, and that you will excuse my great omissions towards you for a long time past, which I assure you have often given me some uneasiness.

I have several times been thinking of the two instances you mentioned, when I saw you last, of the effect some wounds have on the jaws and nervous system, by locking up the mouth as it were, and thereby bringing on death. As such cases are very little known, and we have none of them among the many papers sent to the Royal Society, you would oblige us much by an account thereof, especially of the last case; which happening in your own house, you can more particularly speak to; and if you shall not judge it proper to mention the gentleman's name, if you call him only a young gentleman, it will be (from you) sufficiently satisfactory.

I have just received a letter from Dr. Miles, informing me that the earthquake was felt at Tooting, though not by his family; it was felt pretty strongly at Greenwich, and at Dorking in Kent, at Hampstead, at Kilburn, at Richford, and Kingston in Middlesex, and also at Enfield. Other places I am as yet uncertain of. A line from you will always give me unspeakable satisfaction, and I hope you will do me the justice to believe, that I am, with the most cordial wishes for the prosperity of you and yours, in which Mrs. Baker and my sons join most heartily, dear Sir, your most faithful and most affectionate humble servant.

Letter 18. *Dr. Cotton * to Dr. Doddridge.*

St. Alban's, April 29, 1749.

Dear and Hon. Sir,

I AM very much obliged to you for your late tender instances of condescension and friendship. The comfort and advice, which you most kindly administer, are extremely acceptable; and I heartily pray God to give them their due weight. For my own part, I am, and have long been, abundantly persuaded, that no system, but that of christianity, is able to sustain the soul amidst all the difficulties and distresses of life. The consolations of philosophy only, are specious trifles at best, all cold and impotent applications indeed to the bleeding heart! But the religion of Jesus, like its gracious and benevolent author, is an inexhaustible source of comfort in this world, and gives us the hopes of everlasting enjoyment in the next.

I presume humbly to hope, that the Supreme Being will support me under my affliction; and I most earnestly intreat, that he will sanctify my sorrows to every gracious and good purpose.

What the mind feels upon such a painful divorce, none can adequately know, but they who have had the bitter experience of this sad solemnity. However, delicate and worthy minds will readily paint out to themselves something unutterably soft and moving upon the separation of two hearts, whose only division was lodgment in two breasts.

I am extremely indebted to your lady, for her kind sympathy with me in my sorrows, and the only return that I can make either to herself or her consort, is my hearty prayer,

* An eminent physician at St. Alban's, in Hertfordshire, and author of the *Visions*, the *Fire-side*, and some other very pleasing poems.

that the dissolution of their happy union, may be at a very distant period. I am with the highest esteem, dear Sir, your most obedient, humble servant.

Letter 19. *Dr. Thomas Rundle * to Joseph Taylor, Esq.*

Dublin, January 3, 1738-9.

IT is an age, my dear Taylor, since I heard from you: I hope nothing worse than perverse business hath obtruded itself so entirely on your mind, as to drive me from it. If you are happy, I shall be very easy, whatever is the motive; because I am sure nothing can have made your old friend less dear to you than formerly. Though this winter has its influence on my crazy constitution, yet the noble cordial, *ipécacuanba*, frequently taken, undoes all the mischiefs of the weather, and makes me enjoy ease and cheerfulness, in spite of the season. We have here certainly the most fine winters, and dreary summers, that can be imagined. Scarcely a day passeth but the greatest part of it is mild and bright, as April; and if a few happy showers refresh the ground, a gentle wind fans it away presently, and all is serene and delightful, during the dark days of other climates. But the summer shall not make my paper dismal, and therefore I will not describe it.

My house will be quite finished in about six weeks. It hath cost me a shameful deal of money; but I am not afraid, that my wife and children that I am to get in my dotage, should upbraid me. The whole is handsome, but nothing magnificent, but the garret in which I have lodged my books; and if I have been extravagant in doing them honour, I

* Lord Bishop of Derry in Ireland.

hope

hope it will be pardoned; because I owe it in some measure to them, that I was enabled to be at the expence; and gratitude, I hope, can excuse the fault it occasions. Some think it too splendid for me in my station, and will contend it would have been wiser and more decent to have locked my money in a chest, or sent to France for social claret, than to squander it among Irish workmen, to enable them to procure beef and potatoes for their hungry families; and build an habitation too elegant for an Irish prelate. *Laudatur ab his, culpatur ab illis*, is the condition of every action that is done by those who are placed in a way of life that is exposed either to flattery or envy; and I am resigned under the common misfortune. Candour surely is all that can be expected, or should be desired, in life. I have the consolation to hear, that every one applauds my taste and my contrivance. I served my old house, as Medusa did the old man, cut it in pieces, cooked it up with my art, and made it young again. In my library, for they have dignified it with that considerable name, I can say, *hic ver perpetuum ac alienis mensibus astat*. It is 64 feet long; at the east is a bow window that takes in a most variegated and extended prospect. In a bright evening the mountains in Wales are seen by an unassisted eye; on the north the highest hills in Ireland, more than a degree distant from us, are beheld distinctly. The ocean with its islands, a large river, an harbour rich with ships, a city, an university, some villages, woods, and meadows, and nearer hills of less and more cultivated height, are mingled together in the most amusing contrast.—Three windows on the south overlook a range of nursery-gardens, and meadows ever verdant, interspersed with houses, neat, white, and cheerful, where industry and con-

tinentment seem married, and become the parents of many children. Round the place, an half circle of lofty hills, fashioned in the most delightful shapes, like Virgil's Fame, tread on the earth, and lift their heads above the clouds. Could I have the joy to see you in Dublin, you should own this description not so delightful as the reality. The room is 20 feet wide, and only 16 high. It is caved almost a third. An entablature of the Ionic order over round the whole room, unbroken. The frieze is enriched with the Vitruvian scrole, adorned with its proper foliages. The ceiling is divided into three compartments: the division made agreeable by the plain Vitruvian fret, and the other work on the ceiling rather elegant than heavy and expansive. The entablature is supported with two-and-thirty three-quarters columns of the Ionic order, which stand on a pedestal that goes round the room, exactly of the height of the window from the floor. In this pedestal are my largest books, between the pillars; my lesser books are ranged uniformly round the room. In the west side is the chimney, formed in the best taste, of an Irish marble of an excellent polish; over which I will place a bust of the Chancellor, and on one side the Bishop of Durham; and if I can get a noble copy of Mr. Edward Talbot, by Vanderback, he shall adorn the other; and then the three persons dearest to my heart, to whom I have had the highest (I had almost said the only) obligations in life, will appear there to consecrate my expence, and do them honour. In the east end is my bow window, exactly half a circle, whose diameter is 10 feet. The glass is bent to answer the curvature of the building.

I have explained to you the room at large, that you may call me an extravagant fellow,

or justify me to those who call me so. If I live and do well, I shall spend my days here in an elegant and cheerful retirement, in old age and the vale of life: If I do not, those who come after me need not grudge what I have bestowed; because it will sell to some one who likes its beauty, perhaps for as much as it cost, at least for as much as any, who complain of it, could deserve. If I could see my old English friend in it, it would give me infinitely more joy than all the dead fine landscapes I behold. My chief pleasure here is in conversation with chosen friends, who bring learning into chit-chat, and are not ashamed of being cheerful, while they are talking on the most sublime subjects.—We endeavour to make the Muses, and all their polite arts, serve as handmaids to adorn real wisdom; and introduce into our hearts every truth, that can make us love the Creator, or make us worthy his love; that can make us enjoy life ourselves, or contribute to make others to do so, with thankfulness as well as contentment and resignation. Gentlemen and ladies, old and young, rich and poor, soldiers and bishops, meet together often in my library, and find something in the conversation pleasing, and not unuseful to any of them. They all contribute their share of the entertainment, and are most exquisitely pleased when they please.

You see, my friend, my banishment is not grievous, though it was severe. When they removed me from business and an active life, among my friends in my own country, they gave me *otium cum dignitate* instead of it. Perhaps the sweetest condition of man is to know what was best for him.

I have filled this letter in talking on the worst subject in the world, myself and my own concerns; but it is a fault that a friend

will pardon, though it would be nauseous to others; and the more pardonable, because in this corner of the world, no news or adventures can happen fit to fill a letter.

I hope the very great wind which we had on Sunday, the 13th of this month, did not reach you. Had it lasted long, it would have done incredible mischief; but as it was, it run through the whole kingdom, killed some, and ruined many.

My most affectionate service to your lady and mother. I am, my dear Taylor, yours most sincerely, &c.

Letter 20. *Dr. Thomas Rundle to the Reverend Dean Clarke.*

Barrington, Sept. 9, 1740.

My dear friend,

IF I was not the most inactive mortal living, I would quickly come to you at Winchester, to assure you what esteem and affection for you have ever been in my heart; but, I believe, I must defer my visit to you till I can pay it in that city (Exeter) where I was educated, and which still continues the delight of my imagination. Though I think it by far the finest climate, and most agreeable place of his residence in England, yet it never appeared in so fair a light to me, as it will, when I see you presiding in its cathedral. I have still some few valuable acquaintance left in that country, who will think themselves happy in your friendship, and rejoice to perform to you all the self-rewarding duties of good neighbourhood; and I am confident they will think themselves more obliged to me for making them known to you, than for all the other civilities it has ever been in my power to shew them.

Your house there, as well as I remember, is large, but gloomily situated under the shadow

shadow of the church; crowded with houses in such a manner, as not to suffer you to have any gardens of value; but the variety of public walks round the town, and the beauty of the landscapes, and the warmth of the air, will make you ample amends for every inconvenience at home, if any such there be. But I am just informed that you have not yet taken possession of it. Whence this delay? I hope it is not from indifference. If you go down next spring, I will offer you my company, if that can make the journey more agreeable.—You will find there every thing that your hospitable heart can desire, in greater plenty, greater elegance, and at less expence, than in any city in England, and, I may almost say, Ireland, if I am not deceived by my memory and my friends. Forgive my indulging myself in the praises of my first love, to one who is to enjoy her beauties, whilst I am banished to Thulé, far from sunshine, and the conversation of those friends, whose company would make even Thulé pleasant, and sunshine forgotten. If you have any taste for gardening, and cultivating and amassing any kind of vegetable riches, the trees there shoot with a more luxuriant verdure; the flowers glow with warmer colours; and the fruits ripen to a richer flavour, than in any part of this island; and the fig and the grape scarce desire better skies.

I am glad you are pleased with Colonel Folliot; he is a sensible, friendly, upright man; indefatigable in obliging those for whom he has conceived an esteem, and generous to the full extent of his fortune. He has a taste for the beauties of nature, and indulges himself in the enjoyment of every rational amusement of that kind, which he can purchase with discretion. You and he have many things in common, in the turn of

your indefatigable charity, to relieve the distresses of mankind; and our hospital for invalids, by his dexterity and diligence, was raised from being *vox & præterea nihil*, into a comfort for many hundreds of unhappy wretches; and is now an honour to our kingdom; and whilst it continues so, will preserve to posterity an account of the fortitude, and virtue, and wisdom of Folliot.

I intend to continue here till the meeting of the parliament, and then to remove to Mr. John Talbot's, in Red Lion-square. You knew me well enough, to be sure that the chief call I have into England is to enjoy the company of those friends, to whose family and affection I owe all the good fortune of my life. Inclination and gratitude united in determining me to undertake my present journey. I design to continue the winter and spring in London, and in the beginning of the summer see my other friends, and then return to Ireland for ever. I grow too old, and too inactive, to propose any future expeditions. I have recovered my health and spirits, but not my strength. I am infinitely better than ever I expected, or could even hope for, without presumption; but yet the effects of a distemper, as well as the infirmities of old age, will disable me from any prospect of being hereafter fit for any thing, but talking in an elbow-chair.

I own to you, my friend, my situation in Ireland is as agreeable to me as any possibly could be, remote from the early friendships of my life. I have been served as Plato in his common-wealth would have Homer treated; “First,” says the philosopher, “do him honours, reward his merit, and then—banish him.” At Dublin I enjoy the most delightful habitation, the finest landscape, and the mildest climate, that can be described

or desired. I have a house rather too elegant and magnificent; in the north an easy diocese, and a large revenue. I have but thirty-five benificed clergymen under my care, and they are all regular, decent, and neighbourly: each hath considerable and commendable general learning; but not one is eminent for any particular branch of knowledge. And I have rather more curates, who are allowed by their rectors such a stipend as hath, alas! tempted most of them to marry; and it is not uncommon to have curates that are fathers of eight or ten children, without any thing but an allowance of forty pounds a year to support them.

The only discipline that I have as yet exerted, hath been to discard three out of my diocese, who, though refused certificates by me and my clergy, have obtained good livings in America, and found room for repentance. If their former misfortunes have been a warning to them, I rejoice at their success; but if they are once more negligent of their conduct, there is no farther beneficial pardon for their follies in this life, though they should sincerely seek it with tears.

My Dean, your kinsman, is much beloved at Derry, and is highly delighted with the preferment. That place was the first object of his fondness, and agrees with his constitution; his wife was born in it, and is related to great numbers near it. He is very generous, and a great economist; lives splendidly, yet buys estates; and equally takes care of his reputation and his family. The income is above 1300*l. per ann.* but he hath seven curates, to whom he is generous. It is a preferment which will increase daily, and the outgoings continue the same. It is now a clear 1000*l.* and will next year be probably better. I have only room to assure you that I am your's most sincerely, &c.

Letter 21. *Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mrs. Sandys.*

Madam,

MY Lord has commanded me to write to you. He hath the most melancholy excuse for not doing it himself, that ever a poor father had. He hath lost his second son, the clergyman*, who was the delight and honour of his father, and beloved by all mankind. I have lost a friend, in whom I had placed all the comfort and happiness of my life. I never had a thought of pleasure, to which his company and conversation did not contribute the greatest and most amiable part. He gave a relish to all my expectations. Perhaps there may have been many superior to him in learning; some few his equals in abilities, who have had the same accuracy of judgment, the same discernment, the same clearness of thought; but what a divine world would this be, were there any numbers that had his sweetness of temper, his sincerity, his love for virtue! He loved nothing else!—The whole ambition of his life was to make others happy: He valued his abilities only as they could contribute to that God-like end. His conversation had as much spirit and wit, joined with as much right sense and instruction, as ever, when single, made men desired for their company: yet he valued these himself, not as they made him beloved and praised by all, but his own share of the satisfaction arose from the thought that he entertained others, not from any superiority over others on that account. My heart is full of affection for him. Nothing can be said equal to his merit; or can I ex-

* Edward Talbot, Archdeacon of Berks, to whose friendship Dr. Rundle owed his introduction to the family, and consequent promotion. He died 1720.

press my grief for his loss. We lived together ten years in the most tender and endeared friendship. When in the same place, our souls were open to each other; in conversation, we thought aloud. When absent, our letters were the pictures of our souls, and every post we conversed. I had no pleasure but what his friendship gave me.

I beg pardon, Madam, for my talking so much of my own self and my sorrows, when I should be begging your assistance, by a kind letter, to comfort my poor Lord. So much, perhaps, you may learn from this letter, that I am unable to do it myself; and therefore it may induce you to hasten your charity. I put on a forced easiness and cheerfulness when in his company, and make my looks belie my heart; but when I retire, I am glad to indulge my grief. I loved him; I think all that knew me will say that I loved nothing else. But I must beg your excuse, Madam, that I should let my concern overflow, when I ought to be entertaining you; but I am sure you are sensible of the pleasure of friendship, and can forgive rudenesses which are caused by such a virtue. It is the only virtue that I can boast my heart was sincerely full of. Madam, your most obedient, most humble servant.

Letter 22. *From the same to the same.*

Madam,

May, 1729.

I DO not write to entertain you. Poor Dr. Clarke is dying*. This morning we thought him out of danger; but now he is going to his Newton. He is above our pity. It

is selfishness to lament him; but a selfishness that a man cannot love virtue without feeling. My heart is big with concern and tenderness, and longing for the dear instruction of even his most careless conversation! With what ease and cheerfulness did he familiarize knowledge, and bring the highest subjects into the sprightliness of conversation! Religion pities the world, for its not deserving the blessing of his sweet authority, to stop the torrent of infidelity amongst the great. They knew his sense and integrity. They could not believe there was no truth in what he defended, obeyed, and for which he suffered. What punishment, good God! art thou preparing to inflict on a dissolute world! that thou callest out of it the servant who is best prepared to promote thy blest desire of making it wise and virtuous, and by them happy! but he is going to enjoy the reward of his goodness. If there is a God (*and that there is, all Nature cries aloud in all her works*) he must delight in such worth, such love for truth, such resignation, such active virtue; and that which he delights in, must be happy: Happier than this world can make it, though he was happy here. Our present blessings are all that justice can require; but are not equal to the bounty of infinite goodness! What good man, that had it in his power to reward such worth, but would rejoice in doing it? and doth any mortal presume to think he loves virtue more than God doth? what we would, he can reward; and what he can he wills. He who gave us being, when nothing but his own kindness prompted him, will be solicited more strongly to continue it on so much worth, and to one who so amiably resembled him. But why do my thoughts run on into such meditations? I know not how; recollecting such assurances, is the natural resource

* Dr. Clarke died the 17th of May, 1729. His illness began on the 11th, from which he had so far recovered, as to give hopes of his restoration, till the day preceding his dissolution.

resource of a mind oppressed by the loss of a friend he loved; it is our only ————

I had almost forgot to say, that I left London on Monday; but my thoughts are too much engaged, to think of any thing but the poor Doctor. I know you will be equally concerned with us. You knew him as well; and your goodness loved equally his virtue. Madam, your's sincerely.

Letter 23. *Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mrs. Sandys.*

Madam,

1729.

SINCE you are so good as not to insist on my paying you the debt of honour (for such surely are promises) till I come to Durham; I will endeavour then to be honest, and return you thankfully both the principal and interest; though it is an odd sort of payment, which will doubly increase my debt to you by your receiving it. I ought to have thanked you sooner for your last; but hoping to get every post more time, I have squandered what I had, and am obliged now to write, not only in an hurry, but in company. You do not well to compare your manner of writing to the workings of the spider, though nothing can so fully express the native treasures and untaught art that adorn your mind. I remember the Egyptian writers in hieroglyphics thought it fit to represent the Creator, who produced all from himself, and was conscious of every thing which touched any part of this offspring of his power; and as much as I admire you, I will not allow you to apply to yourself what hath been consecrated before, to so peculiar a subject; though if any had a right, it would be one that makes it the amiable duty of life to resemble the great mind in a much more lively manner than can

be expressed by that figured language. Mrs. Sayer begs your pardon for omitting to thank Mrs. Sandys for her lampreys, and assure her that nothing was ever better; but do not wonder that she forgot it; when she was writing, she was too full of you, to think even of your presents: And this, Lord Archbishop of Cambray says, is the true spirit of devotion when applied to an higher object; to be in that transport of admiration at his perfections, which will even obscure his very bounties, and make his infinite kindness unregarded, and unthought on; and it is no wonder if sincere friendship humbly imitates that noble natural working of the heart, which is only friendship sublimed and enlarged, and only differs from it as a rivulet doth from the ocean.

My Lord and Mrs. Talbot are extremely well, and preparing to remove into their sweet retirement; but sweet as it is, it will be no ways agreeable, till you animate the groves and meadows with a music, which is more delightful than that of nightingales, your conversation — Spadille calls, and I must obey; that pretended enemy, yet truest friend, to idleness! that tyrant to destroy the only joy of company, even whilst he boasts of his being sociable! I may rail, but he will triumph over me, and because I hate him, he punishes me, but the loss of time is worse than that of money; but there is none but a Parthian victory to be obtained over him, and I hope next Monday to conquer by flying from him. I carry down with me the son of the solicitor*; if my conversation can be of any service to him I shall rejoice: For I would not live any longer, than I could get opportunities to shew my gratitude to that family, to which I owe all the happiness and dignity of

* William, late Earl Talbot.

my life. He is perfectly sober and innocent, and I would animate those blank virtues with sentiments of honour, and a noble zeal and ardour for the brave virtues, from whence arises the splendour and usefulness of large fortunes, without which the enjoyment of them is only a gaudy idleness.—Spadille, I come! I am unwillingly torn from you; but I will still interrupt his diversion, and suspend his eagerness, till I have assured you, that I shall receive no pleasure at Durham so great as hearing from you, and thanking you for your letters. I am your most sincere, &c.

Letter 24. *From the same to the same.*

Madam,

1729.

I COULD not suffer my servant to go to Miserden, without thanking you for the entertainment you gave us there, which had every thing in it that could make life delightful; and though your table was with the most elegant ease covered with the greatest variety, yet the low pleasures which the art of cookery can pretend to bestow, are not thought of when we reflect on the happiness we enjoyed in your retirement. Conversation, which Milton rightly calls the food of the soul, was the noble feast, and angels themselves would not think it below them to partake of, and enjoy an entertainment, which was composed of wisdom and virtue.

My friend hath left me, and though I am still with other friends, whom gratitude and inclination made me love, yet I know not how he hath so taken possession of my heart, that his presence is not only the highest pleasure to me itself, like the beholding of sunshine, but like that, necessary also to make me view and receive pleasure from all other the most beloved objects.

My Lord continues well, but methinks his

air hath not that serene complacency in it that we admired at Miserden; there was something then that shed a gladness over his countenance, and enlightened his features: His look differs from what it then appeared, as a landscape viewed in the shade doth from the same landscape beheld in the brightest day. He desires that you would be so good as to send him some of your rob of elder; a medicine of which he is extremely fond, and of which I have the meanest opinion; but if the juice itself hath no virtue, expectation may add some to it, and as many have found relief from an hearty good opinion, as from a natural efficacy; and if good is received, it is no matter whether it be from the drugs or our own fancy.

When I return to London, I hope to be able to furnish out a letter of diversion for you; this place affords no accounts but of the murders and assassinations of innocent hares and pheasants, which sport of death I have a perverse good nature in me, which, though reason justifies, is unable to be subdued to approve of. If I could explain to my understanding that great mystery of natural religion, the ordaining, that the life of some should be supported always by the death of others, I should believe it right, though unintelligible; for what Goodness hath evidently appointed is good; and I would have reprimanded the reluctance of my heart for disliking what the Author of nature, the Father of mercies, hath chosen. But I think I see clearly the wisdom and benevolence of this scheme of things; my reason is convinced, but my aversion to misery is so indiscreetly strong, that it overpowers my judgment, and I am downright vicious, out of an excess of goodness. This prevents my joining in the amusements of the place, this and my laziness together; and though I am in a crowd of company,

company, I spend my day in solitude. I am, &c.

Letter 25. *Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mrs. Sandys.*

Madam,

July 16, 1730.

I HAVE presumed to send you a present of Mr. Thomson's Seasons; a volume, on which reason bestows as many beauties as imagination. It is a subject, that our first parents would have sung in Paradise, had they never been seduced, by the serene flattery of false knowledge, to forsake humility and innocence. But they would scarcely have excited, by what they sung, a purer praise of virtue or higher raptures of adoration, than will warm your heart, when you read the description of these rural scenes of the graces and benevolence of nature. Such writings give dignity to leisure, and exalt entertainment and amusements into devotion. If I praise the performance more than it deserves, consider it as an honest art of giving value to my present: For I would not willingly offer any thing to you, of which I had not an high esteem. But I confess, I am so fond of poetry, that every attempt to unite and marry it to virtue, is extremely agreeable to me; and I can, on such occasions, scarcely forbear composing their epithalamium. Hail sacred verse, thou eldest offspring of human ingenuity! before letters were invented, numbers and the music of regularly unequal syllables retained those histories in the memory of mankind, which then there was no outward learning to preserve. By thee those sons of reason, arts, philosophy, and laws, were nourished and educated; men were civilized and society made delightful. The chronicles of the Bards and the instruction of the Druids on every duty and ornament of life were adorned

by harmony, and by pleasing imagination were remembered with ease.

How much better known is the hunting on Chiviot, than the glorious deeds of our ancestors at Cressy and Agincourt? In verse, oracles were delivered to mankind. The sublimity, and beauty, and difficulty of that measured language were thought a proof that it came from more than mortal beings. Men have not been unwilling to acknowledge every astonishing accomplishment to be owing to the assistance of some divinity; that whilst they praised those noble abilities they might comfort their own vanity, and not think any of their brethren naturally so very much their superiors: for an oak was still an oak, though Jove returned his answers from it.

In verse, men offered up their gratitude in temples, though sanctity of manners and an harmony of life were a more acceptable sacrifice than the most exalted hymn; yet he who hath poured beauty, and order, and regularity over all his works, reason cries aloud, surely delights in beauty. What he delights in is amiable, and it is our honour and privilege to delight in it also: To admonish and assist us in doing this, they argued, "let us consecrate every thing truly great, proportioned, and graceful, in human arts and inventions to his service."

Poetry and music were thus introduced into public worship. The care of a decency in ranging and giving harmony to the order of their words taught an higher care of the infinitely more sublime, more pleasing decency of a right conduct in life; and a right harmony amidst the affections of the heart. Devotion thus was deemed slovenly and careless and instructive, when separated from verse; like coming into the presence of a king undressed, it was a negligence,

gence, which was interpreted disrespect. The desire of communicating knowledge to each other, and expressing the gratitude and thankfulness with which they glowed towards heaven, gave birth to the sweet art of adding music to words. They joined uniformity and variety (in which every sort of beauty consists) to the measures, with which their sentences moved from the tongue. But a love of money and trade at last invented letters, embodied thought, and made sounds become visible and immortal.

There was then no longer a necessity to embalm stories in verse, to induce men to remember them; because they could now be engraven on marble, or, what is more durable, on paper, and last to future ages in spite of the carelessness of the present. Men having now their hearts turned to the adoration of the new goddess, daughter of trade, unnecessary riches, neglected the pomp and dignity of that worship, which was their joy, whilst innocence and contentment with nature's bounty governed them. Verse, therefore, and the laboured simplicity of its charms, were no longer cultivated for the temple, but the tawdry beauties which trade invented, banished her thence to seat themselves in her place. Gold and embroidery, sculpture and painting, wantoned with mimic finery, to captivate the heart, and recommended and pleaded for the service of that idol Superstition, because she in return pleaded for their high use and religious value.

When poetry was degraded from being the priestess of nature, she soon was seduced to lend her office to meaner purposes, and became the servant of every passion in the temper; and vanity and love chiefly retained in their service, and flattery and lasciviousness were soon made too agreeable by her as-

sistance. How worthy therefore is the design of chiding her meanness, to recall her to her first high office of adorning piety, and raising an ambition after virtue. This is the intention of Mr. Thomson's work, which I send you. I am willing to be blind to every imperfection, where so worthy a wish guided the pen. But what are the imperfections! a rough or hard word, now and then indulged to lift his numbers above prose, and make the paltry gingle of rhyme unnecessary; the repetition of the same phrase, every where highly proper perhaps; but the warmth of writing concealed from him the remembrance, that the reader is, though the writer is not, cool enough to demand variety; a hint not worked up to the height which our unexperienced imagination thinks it might be carried; but if we had tried ourselves, we should wonder at the dignity to which words have raised it. These and such mighty imperfections offend those who are untouched enough to be so minutely judicious. But the sentiments of liberty, of virtue, of generous manly piety, hurry away my approbation, and I have not leisure enough to be sagacious.

The most amusing paintings of poetry, that swiftly transport me from scene to scene of nature, ever charming, ever wonderful, to fill my heart with rapture, that I forget the poet and myself, and am only attentive on him and his works, whose goodness ordained the present only useful proportion of these changes, which are in all their majesty of wisdom placed before my reason to demand its gratitude. Out of the abundance of the heart the pen as well as the tongue speaketh, and my love of poetry hath made me forget, to what an indecent length of praise I have suffered it to ramble, and take up that paper, which

which should be allotted to more epistolary subjects.

I yesterday was at Asted; my Lord is better, and intends to see you this summer. But Dr. Sayer flatters me, that he will soon give me an opportunity of performing my promise, and visit you at Miserden. We have no news, and scarcely know what news to desire; war people expect, they blame our ministers for deferring it so long; but whenever it is begun, they will, with higher clamour, blame them for not preventing it. Dr. Clarke's Sermons is the only book of note or value, which hath been lately published; those you will read; and then you will despise all the praises and all the censures of them; the first cannot increase, or the other lessen, the opinion your own judgment will give you of those performances. If any thing which can entertain you shall be published before I leave London, I will bring it with me, rejoicing in the treasures of other people's wit to divert you, who can pretend to none of my own; but whether I can be so fortunate or no, I doubt not of being welcome to you, who value nothing in your friends so much as their sincerity and good-nature, the first of which, in my professions of a value for you, none shall exceed, and I shall learn the other from your example. I am, Madam, your, &c.

Letter 26. *Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mrs. Sandys.*

Madam,

1730.

WHAT can I write to Mrs. Sandys on this sad sad occasion? Look into your own heart, and that will tell you what I feel, better than any words I can use to describe my sorrow. I have lost, I have lost my patron, friend, father*! To him I owe all the hap-

* Bishop Talbot, who died Oct. 12, 1730.

pinefs I have ever enjoyed in life; all the comfort (if life hath any future comfort for me!) that I am still to receive, flows from his bounty to me! I saw him in misery, who never before was beheld by any that depended on him, but with gratitude and pleasure; to look on him, who loved us all, was a joy that made us relish the good fortune with which he had blest us. What can I do to shew my sense of gratitude to him? the labour of my life, the ambition of my life, shall be to enjoy the satisfaction of acting with a regard and love to his dear dear memory. He hath left Mrs. Talbot, though in no great, yet in no distressed condition. She hath 330l. a year, paid to her free from deductions; and by the generosity of Mr. Talbot, no inconsiderable sum to relieve her present wants, and reward those who shall shew her respect, and oblige her if she pleases to preserve it. Mr. Talbot's behaviour on this occasion hath been such as becomes the best man and best son that ever lived. He hath shewn a generosity, and tenderness, and regard to his poor dear beloved father, which will make him not only, as he ever was, the admiration, but the love, of all who know and love virtue. Poor Mrs. Sayer! you know the sensibility of her temper, and how it must have been wounded by this dreadful unexpected calamity! I want to be with you to pour out my heart on this distress; you would ask a thousand questions, and I say a thousand things, that conversation gave rise to, that one can neither think on when writing, nor would be proper to be written. When I am more at ease, I will write more to you on this dreadful subject. Grief is never talkative at first, but after the sorrow is subsided a little, there is melancholy pleasure in talking on the dear occasion of it, and by frequent renewing it,

to

to familiarize it to the thought, and make it not more easily borne, but have a sort of honest pride in being able to bear it. I know not how human nature often enjoys grief at last, and turns the poison itself into a kind of cordial.

My poor dear friend is under the deepest affliction; he loved my Lord, my Lord loved him. Though he made his will before the Doctor was married, my Lord made him his executor, with Mr. Talbot; tho' a troublesome, yet a pleasing office, as it is a pleasure to be esteemed and known to be so by such a man, especially to him, whose chief enjoyment in life is the pleasure of labouring to serve those he loves, Your, &c.

Letter 27. *From the same to the same.*

Madam,

Oct. 24, 1730.

THE condition of our grief has no variety, and therefore affords nothing for me to write different from my former; time, which stifles the first tumult of affection, gives leisure for thought to look around; but, alas! the more seriously we think, the more strongly we feel the calamity of his loss; and the sorrow which at first was only passion, is now reason. It is reason indeed, but selfish; and that concern, which arises from considering it as a misfortune and distress to one's self, though most natural to feel, it is unbecoming to acknowledge. That tender lamentation, which flows from gratitude and love of benevolence, which forgets that kindness to itself was the foundation of it, is that alone which virtue will permit us to indulge; because it cherishes in the heart the same amiable graces we melancholily commend. If these alone deserve our tears of fondness in him, these alone can excite the same sentiments of esteem towards ourselves; and what man is so mean, as not to desire to be beloved? But even this generous and improving grief is to

be watched over and restrained, lest it softens us too much, disables us from performing the duties of life, and destroys that meek and cheerful resignation to the nature of things, that Providence hath ordained; which alone can make us pass through this life with comfort. That gratitude of sorrow towards others is bad indeed, which makes us repine, discontented and ungrateful, to him our supreme Benefactor. When one is calm and alone, such reflections throw the mind into a melancholy composition, and one resolves to submit to those accidents which the condition of humanity requires us to feel and submit to. But every new friend we meet, every new occasion, silences these whispers of religious philosophy, and the heart prevails over the understanding; grief is again awakened, and one almost thinks it right to act against reason, and place a kind of sublime virtue in being self-condemned. Among the many calamities which attend his death, there is one which, though it may appear trifling to vulgar minds, you will think is no small misfortune;—he was the centre, which drew and united together many of us into a sweet society of friends, where we met to enjoy the pleasures of conversation, with freedom, and that mutual good-will and confidence, which alone make friendship sincere; without which, it is only well-bred hypocrisy, or, like echo, a mere sound, without a substance; before him, we dared open the sentiments of our cautious hearts, and the observations or suspicions of our inquiries; and though we were of opinions different from those he embraced, he had the greatness of mind not to dislike those he thought mistaken; and from this variety of opinions he saw among those whose learning and sincerity he valued, he obtained that wisdom of charity with which so few are ever enlightened, that our duty is to be of

one heart here, and it will be time enough to be of one mind hereafter. To repair this loss as much as we can, I resolve, when in London, to live with my friend, whose friendship now is the chief happiness I propose in life; but to confess sincerely, I have a scrupulous uneasiness at the figure I must make to the world, in living long in town from my preferment, when I have no call, but my own pleasure, to make me do so.

Whilst my Lord lived, the duty of attending the best benefactor, justified my absence to the world and myself; but now, though I have no cure of souls * to demand constant attendance, yet, methinks, people will believe it ill bestowed preferment on one, who seems to have no business in life, but in the dignity of polite idleness to gratify himself. The gratification of myself, indeed, will arise from what is ever amiable, ever praise-worthy, the friendship of a man of the best sense and virtue; but this cannot be seen by all, who observe my having nothing here to do; and though it is the hardest, yet it may be a necessary self-denial to refuse an indulgence of those reasonable satisfactions, rather than injure a reputation; when the power of doing good in life, and the honour of religion, may in some measure depend on it. This will certainly oblige me to spend no small part of the summer in the north, which now I fear will ever be made more bleak and disagreeable to me, than the niggardliness of our sunshine hath yet made it, by the absence of those I love. How vain are the schemes we propose! How did we flatter ourselves with meeting there together next summer, and enjoying the best pleasure of life, the conversation of friends,

* Dr. Rundle's preferment were, a prebend of Durham, and the Archdeaconry of Wilts, prior to his advancement to the mitre.

whose very trifling and unbendings are distinguished by good sense, as well as their collected behaviour. I shall never see you there more! My unkind, though generous fortune, will oblige me to retire from those I love, in that season of the year, when only they will be able to have what they and I most value, the leisure of being happy in your company.

Mrs. Talbot is ill, but bears her misfortune as well as could be expected or wished. I know not how, age bears affliction better than youth; passions are not in them so strong, and, therefore, their less strength is sufficient to support them; passion is one kind of fever, and fevers always are most dangerous in young and healthy constitutions; the mind, as well as the body, grows callous by use, and as age hath been more exposed to afflictions, so it is hardened to them, by having often endured them.

She designs to live with her nephew Young, and hath taken a less, but handsomer house, than that my Lord lived in, near Grosvenor-square. Where we shall be thrown, is not yet determined; but wherever I am, the whole felicity I can promise myself, must arise from loving and being beloved by those whose virtue and right hearts, and good sense, make conversation an imitation of felicity, superior to mortality; and, whilst this is my taste and ambition, you cannot wonder that I am desirous to subscribe myself, your, &c.

Letter 28. *Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mrs. Sandys.*

Madam,

1730.

Mrs. Talbot hath at last prevailed on herself to read your letter; and though she was overwhelmed with tenderness and tears at your sense and partaking of her loss, yet your goodness

goodness gave her as great pleasure as it is possible for her to receive in her present condition. Nothing most certainly can afflict any heart with greater anxiety than grief, sickness, and the perplexity of preparing for a new, and, alas! different scene of life, than that in which she hath so long been happy; and all these unite to contribute their share to fill up her distress. If the respect of those who loved my Lord can any way lessen her feeling the sad change, she will always be secure of being treated in the best manner that the best people in the world can think it becomes them to behave towards one for whom my Lord had the highest affection and esteem. Every day presents us with some new melancholy scene, which awakens our grief, and seems to upbraid us with our loss.

At present inventories of all that belonged to him are making, in order to be disposed of; and among the rest his books must be sold; which obliges me to say, that in a short time we will send you down a catalogue of what belonged to him, among those which were sent to you, to desire that you would read those first, as being likely to be sooner wanted than the others. Though we may rob you of part of your entertainment, I hope we shall always be able to send others in the place of them; it is pity you should be deprived of that rational luxury you are fond of. The temper of your mind is most exactly described in a line of Pope's, corrected and improved by Thomson,

— A friend to learned ease,
Content with science in the vale of peace.

And since your ambition hath chosen the better part, it is the duty of all that value you, to take care it shall not be taken from you.

There is a new piece of T. Chubb's * which will be soon published, containing a vindication of God's character, against those who represent him as approving his creatures, not in proportion to their goodness and resembling his own perfections; but requiring them to perfect those natural amiable graces by performances of no use or comeliness, but merely because they were appointed. He is insolent enough in his zeal of reason, to dare expostulate with no less a person than the Bishop of London, for injuring, as he terms it, in the simplicity of an unlearned heart, the reputation of the Almighty, by abusing reason, the gift of God to man for his conduct; throwing the blame due to their negligence on the imperfection of his imparted light, which proved an *ignis fatuus* to mislead, instead of guiding them to his approbation and their duty. You shall see what common sense can do, when neither improved or spoiled by reading. I have got a bad habit of writing long letters; but I will not make an apology when I write to you, because you have the leisure to permit me to be impertinent: And if it is no otherwise agreeable, it will serve to give a variety to your solitude. I am your, &c.

Letter 29. *From the same to the same.*

Madam,

1730.

I HAVE your watch, which I will send to you by the first opportunity that I can meet with, and at the same time send you the

* Thomas Chubb was originally a mechanic at Salisbury; but, having an extraordinary faculty of reasoning, became a formidable controversialist, without the least knowledge of the classic languages. His first tract was against Dr. Clarke's doctrine of the Trinity. His opinions were absolutely heretical. He died 1747.

per-

performance of Thomas Chubb against the Bishop of London*.

How fancy a thing is reason, to dare inspire an illiterate fellow to attack a man of profound learning and power, a very Goliath in controversy, and hope to destroy him by such a weak arm's throwing this smooth stone at his forehead! Fie upon the insolence of human reason! What success he hath, or ought to have, you will know when you read him. He will be railed at by the worldly-learned, the fashionable-wise, the much commended prudent; and admired by the very few truly knowing and good, and by all the libertines. For, alas! the dissolute think, pulling down any popular argument is pulling down the truth it was offered to support; and foolishly imagine, that destroying the indiscreet reasoning of any writer in defence of religion, is opposing the religion itself, and shewing there is nothing in it. And that unhappy voluntary blunder of the abandoned, hath given those, who defend and blend their own schemes and designs with religion, an unhappy opportunity to rail at all who do not submit to the whole of what they plead for, or do not approve of their treacherous manner of pleading for truth itself; they censure them for joining in with the enemies of religion and virtue, and by that means make the pious weak people detest those they see thus misrepresented. This intimidates more cautious people (who lament secretly the ill usage those can thus make of opposition to themselves) from opposing them. This hath pre-

* Entitled, "A discourse concerning reason with regard to religion and divine revelation: wherein is shewn, that reason either is, or else that it ought to be, a sufficient guide in matters of religion; occasioned by the Lord Bishop of London's Second Pastoral Letter. 8vo. 1730."

vented numbers from shewing their dislike of what hath been said to the dishonour of reasoning and substituting means, instead of (what is the perfection of God himself) goodness. But I have no time for such reflections.

Mrs. Talbot is so very ill, that Mrs. Sayer, though I do not, gives her over absolutely as gone: I think her case is extremely dangerous, but not desperate. She thinks she will not live many days, nor can she, if she grows not better soon; she continually vomits and purges, voids blood, and hath kept no nourishment since Sunday. Grief made her apply for consolation to, what she was never much used to, strong cordials; that treacherous flattering Syren, whom so many still believe, though they daily see the numbers it destroys, that gave, after short refreshment, a colic; this required larger doses, these again gave vomitings, which demanded still larger doses: The short ease was attributed to its power; but not the increase of misery which followed. The Doctor railed at it, his medicines came too late to overcome this evil soon; and therefore, in natural impatience of sickness, were despised; and the old short-lived interval of ease again desired, which still increased the distemper and disappointed all the remedies. Your's sincerely.

Letter 30. *Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mrs. Sandys.*

Madam,

Jan. 30, 1730-31.

MY rambling life is over, and now I shall have the leisure of performing the duty of writing to my friends: I have spent this Christmas in Berkshire, with Mr. Talbot and his delightful family. No man is more happy than he is, in the prospect of seeing many noble and great branches spring from his root.

root. Wit and sprightliness, when they accompany good sense and virtue, will recommend the more worthy qualities, and make them doubly successful; and these are united in a sweet contrast in his second boy, who this Christmas with us. There is a cheerful gravity in the next, which makes him thoughtful and industrious, but will preserve these useful accomplishments from ——— and that unsociable selfishness which too often deforms learning. The third is all life and gaiety, good-nature and innocence, with the fairest blossoms of reason, which the care of Mr. Talbot, in his education, will secure from being blasted, and ripen into abundance.

How mean a sight is the spring, with all its beauties, when compared to the opening of youth, with so full a promise of every virtue, to give joy to themselves, and happiness and ornament to their country! His eldest is at Paris, and behaves as one would wish he should behave. His rough English love for liberty disdains the embroidered slavery that glitters in that trifling court. He hates chains, though made of gold; and contemns a nation, who can be mean enough to be contented and in love with wretchedness, because it hath a painted face. With a sort of virtuous sureliness, his good sense is so much offended at their flattery of those that oppress them, in that chain of mutual slaves and tyrants, that descends from the highest to the lowest among them, that one almost fears he should, instead of learning complaisance in that polite school of dissimulation, run counter to the manners he hates, and be in danger of growing in love with that plain dealing which is now no where fashionable, if his good sense and good-nature did not secure him from it.

The first teaches all, that civility and obligeness is a virtue as much due, as more important branches of justice; the other, that benevolence in the heart will accommodate itself to all, and throw light and amiableness over the behaviour; and he that knows this, is well bred by nature, though he makes a bow awkwardly, and never learnt to cut a caper.

To-morrow Dr. Sayer and Mrs. Sayer return to London; the first is better; but Mrs Sayer, I think, rather worse than usual; —think her illness is rather troublesome than dangerous. Mr. — with his whole family are come safe to town, and have brought ——— with them, who every day grows a more delightful girl. She hath an ambition to obtain every accomplishment, and hath sense enough to use them, to purchase real esteem, not to nourish vanity. They promise to make themselves happy in seeing Miserden this summer in their journey from Bath. Mrs. Sandys's recommendations are never forgotten by me, though I cannot always have opportunity to shew I take notice of them.

The boy you recommended for a servant, I could provide for at present, in the best place he could desire, and in the way of preferment, if his age is not an objection. I should be glad to receive immediately an account of his stature, looks, age, and general character; if he hath the look of a boy, it cannot do; but if he hath a serious and decent appearance of a man, I may perhaps get over the difficulty of his real age, on account of his right accomplishments for such an employment as he will be put into. He must wear a livery, and constantly attend a man of the greatest dignity, and therefore the figure of a lad cannot be admitted. The post is going.

going, and I will finish at present, but write to you a more entertaining letter speedily. I am, &c.

Letter 31. *Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mrs Sandys.*

Madam, March 18, 1730-31.

I AM quite astonished, when I recollect how long since it was that I writ last to you, who ought to have been the last person in the world neglected by me. I have had of late, indeed, but little heart to write to any one, much less to you, before whom I would never willingly appear, but with spirit and good humour. But how could I have either, when a friend, whom I most sincerely, most tenderly love, hath been so long in danger? This is the fourteenth day in which poor George Sayer hath been struggling with a violent fever. You know Mrs. Sayer and the Doctor too well, not to feel what they have felt, under the anxiety for the sufferings, and the uncertainty for the life, of so delightful, so valuable a relation! I am almost afraid to say that we have any assurance, even yet, of his safety, so many accidents disappoint the credulity of hope, and make the promises of physicians of no more certainty than a fortune-teller's, though they often, perhaps, both contribute to bring about what they foretel, and by persuading the imagination that it must be, make it be. They at present comfort us with the expectation that all danger is over; and though this gives refreshment, it cannot restore quiet to the mind immediately, which hath been terribly wounded in that part of it which is most sensible, friendship. My concern hath been deeply increased, by having been confined from him. The many, many hours, that I have spent in gloom and

solitude of late, have given my thoughts opportunity to torment themselves. Imagination in absence can augment every possibility of danger, and by his bad magic transform every trifle into a monster to terrify. Though I know I could have been of no service to him if present, yet not being present, makes me dread lest things are worse than they are represented, or than I should judge them if I saw them; and if wishing to be with a friend in sickness is not out of kindness to him, it is, at least, out of a right kind of selfishness. I am uncertain whether you know the little misfortunes which prevent my attending him: About twenty-five days ago, I was, in preposterous activity, skipping across the street to avoid a coach, my foot turned under me, and I fell in the kennel. I found I had hurt myself, but suspected only a strain, but it was discovered at last, that a little bone was broken, which time and patience alone will fodder, and make me a sound man again; and I am forced, to the mirth of my friends, and my own satisfaction, to stretch my enormous length of a leg on a couch, and be contented to be a prisoner for six or seven weeks bound to my good behaviour. The pain I have endured is not comparable to the fatigue of doing nothing. If I could have been with those I love, it would have been an agreeable confinement, but whilst they are obliged to be at another place, it is terrible to me to be thus from them; but I have not time for complaints. Company hath been so good as to amuse me the greatest part of this day, and scarce left me time to say I hope soon to have an opportunity of sending you a more agreeable letter, and to assure you, that no one is more sincerely sensible of your goodness to him, than, Madam, your, &c.

Letter

Letter 32. *From the same to the same.*

Madam, Durham, Sept. 24, 1731.

THE joy with which you received my last false account of my dearest, dearest friend's being out of danger*, will increase your affliction, at reading the dreadful account that I must now send to you. He was then, indeed, out of danger, but the blunders, or wickedness of a physician, fatally of great reputation in this country, gave him, that very night I sent away my letter, an opiate which hath killed him.

That dearest, dearest creature died on Tuesday last, lamented by all; for he was the common friend of all, the joy of all that knew him. What will be your affliction! What is mine! How dreadful is poor Mrs. Sayer's! I wish we may be able to carry her alive to London. How can I ask you to pity us, who will equally want it yourself! for you saw his worth, and loved him accordingly. The tender things he said to me, when he feared that his life was endangered, from our sending for so many other physicians, shall never be forgotten by me. I loved nothing like him whilst he lived, and now he is gone, will love others in the proportion he loved them. I knew his sacred friendship for you, and this thought will increase towards you that of your, &c.

Letter 33. *From the same to the same.*Ashdown Park,
Madam, Friday morning, 1731.

THE servant who brings you this, is the person to whom the important trust of conducting the black colony into Wales is committed; and I could not suffer any one to

* Mr. George Sandys.

go from hence, without sending you an account of the health of that family for whom you have the goodness to be concerned. I hear that Mrs. Sayer is by no means worse than when I left her; that she appears with as much ease as she hath done since her misfortune, and though not with cheerfulness, yet with freedom. But I confess, I gather but little hope from these fair appearances; because, in company with those she loves, her goodness would conceal, with a well-bred deceit, that pain which she knew would give pain to her company.

This little solitary island, in the midst of a vast verdant ocean, secured from the intrusion of chance company and the interruption of business, can afford no news to fill a letter. Every one that inhabits it is gay and happy according to their various ranks and desires. Philosophy, exercise, and cards, hospitality profuse in generosity without luxury, freedom uncontrouled by any thing but voluntary decency and ever-wakeful reason, mirth that seems to neglect thoughtfulness, but shews, by its becoming ease and gracefulness, and insinuating instruction with amiable negligence every moment, that it hath used it much in private, as the carriage of a gentleman shews he hath learned to dance, though he doth not in company lead up a minuet or cut a caper, vary our hours and heighten each other's pleasures by the perpetual change. All the nine Muses came hither with Mr. Thomson, wit and sprightliness with Billy, and wisdom (though she left her solemn state behind her) with the solicitor. From this description you will imagine that I am very happy, though I contribute but little to the entertainment besides becoming a pleased auditor, which is as essential a character to fill up a society as that of the best performer in
K
any

any of those delightful acts of diversion above-mentioned. But no rapture can ever so engage my thoughts as to make me forget or neglect my friend, or lose an opportunity of assuring you that I am, Madam, your, &c.

Letter 34. *Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mrs. Sandys.*

Madam,

1730.

I AM much concerned that the letter which I sent you at Bath, did not come thither time enough to prevent your leaving it, in expectation of seeing Mrs. Talbot and myself at Miserden—because your company to the unhappy family there, must give much greater pleasure than you could receive from us. And though there is nothing I so much long for, as a few hours free conversation with you, yet I hope I never shall be so selfish, as to desire that you should deny yourself the greatest satisfaction of your life—doing good; though it is to bestow on me the truest pleasure I know, the privilege of unburdening my thoughts in all the genuine sincerity and confidence of friendship, to one who is able to correct all my mistakes, advise in the most delicate difficulties, laugh at unreal fears, and chide for indulging improper expectations, which give more uneasiness by peevishness and unnecessary anxiety, than the ills we apprehend could do when they happen. I do not allude to any concerns of my own in what I have mentioned. Though I am not so vainly self-denying, as to pretend that I am indifferent whether I am restored to my friends, and settled agreeably in my own country; yet I am resolved not to make my absence doubly disagreeable by repining and fretfulness. I will do all in my power to soften it, by deserving the kindness and regard of my new countrymen, and behave in a manner

that shall make those who contribute to my return, not ashamed of their zeal for me; or my friends here unwilling to receive me, if I shall be ever thought to deserve the favour of being recalled from my splendid banishment*. I have done all in my power, and I will not be unhappy, if others have it not in theirs to gratify my wishes. I know the thousand accidents and rivalries that may prevent their endeavours for me; and having already obtained so much more of good fortune than I deserve, I will be easy if all is not granted to me I may desire; for I have learnt the wise lesson of being contented; and think there is no virtue and praise in doing so, in my affluence of every blessing of this world, excepting one, and that indeed is the chief of all—living in the company of those, that esteem, and gratitude, and affection make me prefer beyond all things; whose value for me is my honour, my merit, and my boasting; and which would be, alone, the highest reward. All here are in high health: We were, about a month since, not a little alarmed for the Chancellor; his cold was frightful, and Billy † quite outrageous in his apprehensions. You know the generous worthy impatience of his excellent heart, when those he loves are concerned. He was at once for his giving up the seals, and getting rid of the burden of business, which he feared endangered the life of the best parent, as well

* Dean Swift always used this language in his correspondence with his English friends, probably with the same view, that of paying an oblique compliment to those of whose conversation he was necessarily deprived, rather than a reflection on the country, which certainly deserved well of him.

† William Earl Talbot.

as the best man, that ever lived. But fresh air and three weeks exercise have entirely recovered him, and he is now in as good spirits and cheerfulness of health as I have ever remembered him.

Is it not quite disloyal in the winds and the waves to detain the monarch of the seas from his longing people, and make him do penance, and keep Lent, whilst others are revelling in a carnival? But the perverseness continues, and we can now no more guess when he will be safe at St. James's, than he could thirty days ago. His late danger was as great as any man ever was in, that escaped — The calm courage of Sir C. Wager preserved him. This adventure will teach any mortal humility, and make all sensible, that patience is a most heroic virtue, and ordained to be of service to a prince as well as a plowman. The late attempt to return, which hath lost one man of war and shattered many others, will most certainly fill every heart with the intrepidity of being calm and undisturbed in waiting until the west winds cease, and the sea is complaisant to their wishes. I hope the storms on the waters are not ominous of any at land; for there is a sad spirit kindled in the nation. Never were people so uneasy, though they have not one illegal thing to complain of. But I hope, notwithstanding, there will be a calm and serene season during the sessions of parliament.

My friend Thomson, the poet, is bringing another untoward heroine on the stage, and has deferred writing on the subject you chose for him, though he had the whole scheme drawn out into acts and scenes, proper turns of passion and sentiments pointed out to him, and the distress made as touching and important, as new, and interesting, and regular as any that was ever introduced on the stage at Athens, for the instruction of that polite na-

tion. But, perhaps, the delicacy of the subject, and the judgment required in saying bold truths, whose boldness should not make them degenerate into offensiveness, deterred him. His present story is the death of Agamemnon *. An adulteress, who murders her husband, is but an odd example to be presented before, and admonish the beauties of Great Britain. However, if he will be advised, it shall not be a shocking, though it cannot be a noble story. He will enrich it with a profusion of worthy sentiments and high poetry, but it will be written in a rough, harsh style, and in numbers great, but careless. He wants that neatness and simplicity of diction, which is so natural in dialogue. He cannot throw the light of an elegant ease on his thoughts, which will make the sublimest turns of art appear the genuine, unpremeditated dictates of the heart of the speaker. But with all his faults, he will have a thousand masterly strokes of a great genius seen in all he writes. And he will be applauded by those who most censure him.

My design is this: After Easter I will get on horseback, and ramble to Bath, and spend a few days with the unhappy. Thence come to you, and stay with you until Jack † shall fetch me to Barrington. This is my wise intention; but whether I shall have courage to attempt so heroical an enterprise, or throw myself into a chariot, time alone can determine. I see what is right, but, like other weak mortals, fear I shall not be able to accomplish my discreet resolutions.

* A tragedy by Thomson, acted at Drury-lane, 1738.

† The honourable John Talbot, third son of the Chancellor, afterwards a Welch judge. He died Sept. 23, 1756.

My humble service to your neighbours. When I began my letter, I imagined I had nothing to say, fit to be intrusted to so frail a protection as a little sealing-wax; but I find when one is in company with a person we value, the difficulty is not to find what to say, but when to give over; but though my pen hath no prudence and moderation, my paper obliges me to be no longer troublesome, but subscribe myself your, &c.

Letter 35. *Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mrs. Sandys.*

Oh, Madam!

Feb. 15, 1736-37.

THE Chancellor, the best man that ever breathed, the best judge, the best father, the best friend is dead*!—What, in his providence, doth the Almighty design to do in merited severity to punish this nation, by removing from it the person whose wisdom and goodness united was able and desirous to save it, to make it honest and happy! I dread to consider and foresee! What hath the public lost! What hath his dear deserving family! What have I! What have I not lost! I have lost him whose friendship for me was the only merit to which I pretended, and my highest and truest reward. He died yesterday morning. His illness was an inflammation on his lungs. He continued only from Thursday till Monday five in the morning. The physicians say, to comfort us, and excuse themselves, or rather their ignorance, that he was worn

* Charles Talbot, Lord High Chancellor of England, died Feb. 14, 1736-37, universally lamented. He was allowed by all parties to have possessed the eloquence of Cicero, and the integrity of Cato. Thomson published a poem to his memory, replete with gratitude, and a very elegant delineation of his patron's character.

out in the service of his country, and could not have lasted any time, had not this cold carried him off. He was but fifty-one; he might have blest and done good to his country thirty years longer. But God Almighty knows what is best for him and properest for us. May he, in his anger, remember mercy!—All parties unite to call him the best and greatest man that ever lived. The whole town, from the court to the city, are under the deepest astonishment, and shew in their countenance, that the nation is under some dreadful and public calamity. Great as he was allowed to be in his public character, you know he was more amiable, more delightful in his domestic behaviour. Was there ever any so reasonably beloved as himself, by all, from the highest to the lowest, in his family? Did his children ever enjoy more ease, more cheerfulness, more sprightly innocence, and entertaining instructive unbendings to mirth, than in his conversation and laughter? Oh, madam! what a series of disappointments is life! I came over to enjoy the company of the best friend that ever lived: I saw him—had daily new reasons to love and admire him—received daily new obligations—and lost him for ever! I hoped, by enjoying his wisdom and virtue for a few months, to have returned with spirit, and supported absence from him by the reflection of my having been with him, and might be with him again. Farewel all hope that my splendid banishment from my native country shall ever have an end! I must now withdraw, and sigh out my few remaining years in solitude, amidst strange company, since every place that I am hereafter to inhabit, will be empty of all with whom I have contracted the sacred ties of friendship.—My poor dear Billy! what doth he suffer!

You

You have seen him in agonies of fear, lest he should lose what he loves. He now hath lost what he loves above all things upon earth united; and what deserved his highest, his unexampled affection. Poor dear youth! I rejoice that I was in England when this fatal accident happened; if I can be of any consolation, any comfort, to that ever-beloved youth!

In the six last years how many friends have you and I lost in one family! and such friends as the world cannot parallel! the bishop of Durham, and Doctor Sayer, Mrs. Sayer, and her brother, and his son! Had the poor bishop lived, as he might from age, how miserable would this day have made him! They are happy: Let us imitate them, and we shall be so too: We shall meet them again, and enjoy a friendship no more to be separated and clouded with tears, if we deserve it. We shall enjoy their friendship again, if we deserve it, or be admitted to a degree of happiness, to which even their company, (how inconceivable must that degree of happiness be!) to which their company can be no addition.

You, Madam, will share our affliction severely, yet it is impossible to conceal it from you; and, therefore, I thought it better you should hear it from me, than from common report; because the letter which brings you word that you have lost one friend that loved you, will remind you, that there are others which do so too, whilst there is a Talbot left in this nation, or I am alive to subscribe myself your affectionate friend.

Letter 36. *From the same to the same.*

Madam,

Feb. 22, 1736-37.

WHEN I wrote to you last, I was under such amazement and agony of concern, that I do not know what wild and improper things I might say to you; but be they ever so indiscreet and unbecoming my age and station,

yet you will not only excuse, but be pleased with the sincere overflowings of an heart torn by the justest sorrow, before it had leisure to recollect and compose itself to a more decent and religious expression of what it felt. In no moment of my life shall I be less sensible of his loss than at present; but though it is impossible to be unmoved at the reflection, that we have been deprived of the noblest happiness which Providence had bestowed on us; yet often meditating on his unequalled virtues, will change grief into veneration, and raise and consecrate the pious melancholy into a solemn enjoyment, to be preferred to pleasure. All parties in their public papers, are striving which shall profess the highest esteem and honour for him; and mention his behaviour, in his great office, with the warmest gratitude and applause. These praises, which prove the greatness of our misfortune, bring, at the same time, a consolation with them; it gives me a lovely view of mankind, to observe, that they all can drop their prejudices, and unite to reverence a truly great and amiable character. Nothing is universally popular but goodness! And every action of his life, in public or private, towards his friends or his enemies, flowed from that divine principle in which alone we can obey that sublime precept of our Lord, (the sublimest that can be given to men or angels,) *Be ye perfect, as your Heavenly Father is perfect.* Did I name his enemies?—he had none; he hated none but ill men; nay, even for them he felt not hatred, but pity. The virtues, which mankind, in spite of their partialities and weakness, revere, and desire should be everlastingly rewarded, must be infinitely pleasing to the Father of Mercies.—What men wish, he can bestow: And make those virtues live again for ever, which (the voice of human nature cries aloud)

aloud) deserve never to die. It was the love for such benevolent characters, which first dictated to every nation the belief of the immortality of the soul.—The learned expressed this affection by arguments, to prove the truth of this hope, which such worthiness had lighted up in their hearts. But the ignorant uttered the genuine sentiments of their nature, by worshipping these benefactors of mankind, as soon as they withdrew from the earth. They judged, that their goodness would secure them an interest in the Governor of the World, and recommend them to his love. What he loves, he will reward, in the manner which will make them most happy.—Enjoying the desire of the heart, is the sincerest felicity. The desire of their souls was always to make others virtuous and prosperous. New abilities to serve those above, whom they delighted to bless when below, they imagined, therefore, the only suitable and acceptable reward to such generous natures. Hence they concluded them appointed guardians over their kindred people, and from lamenting, were, by an enthusiasm of gratitude, misled to worship them. A love of merit thus betrayed them into error and superstition; but methinks virtue herself will plead and obtain pardon for such idolators. It hath been observed, that the world have seldom done justice to characters till after men have been some time dead; but it hath not been so now. He was dear to his prince and the people whilst he lived, and equally mourned by both as soon as he is dead. He was trusted by the prince, as his most faithful and zealous servant; and regarded by the jealous nation, as the warmest and most intrepid lover of their liberties; each thought their rights secure in his hands. To be a popular minister of state, is a felicity scarcely before exemplified; but though

scarcely before exemplified, nothing seems more easy to any person, who hath his abilities, and will imitate his integrity.

You knew the Chancellor, and loved him as well as I have done; but had I been writing to a stranger, I would have soothed my concern, by transcribing a sketch of his life. I could repeat almost every action, from his childhood to his death; and shew that he was uniform in his progress to virtue, and never once deviated from the severest of her precepts; severe in the judgment of the many, but to him an uninterrupted source of cheerfulness and tranquillity. I could mention such instances of filial piety, as would be hardly believed by others, but known to be true by you. How amiable an husband, how tender and generous a parent! His sons have often said, he never refused either of them any thing in his life; but that is their own, as well as his praise. He lived with them as a brother and a friend, and familiarized his wisdom into chit-chat, and instructed them more effectually by common conversation, than others could do by solemn precepts.

The nation, by their common sorrow, shew what a judge and statesman they have lost. My name will be ever a proof to posterity, how warm and intrepid a friend he could be to one he thought fit to honour and reward with that dear and voluntary relation to him. His distressed and melancholy family shew what a master he was to them all. In all these various relations, he was superior to any person whom I ever knew or read of. The day before he died, he said to his son Jack, “It is indifferent and equal as to myself, whether I die now, or seven years hence, but it will not be the same to you; for the sake of my children I could be pleased to remain longer with them.”—The night he died,

his

his servants offered him a medicine: "It is in vain," he answered; "death cannot be resisted; God's will be done; I am satisfied." — He immediately fell into a calm sleep, continued three hours in it, then awaked, looked round him a few moments, and died without the least struggle or pain. His distemper was an inflammation on his lungs; the natural cure of it is large bleeding, but on taking from him only eight ounces, he sunk so uncommonly much, that the Doctor dared not proceed. On opening him, a large polypus was found in his heart. From thence, probably, proceeded his not being able to lose blood. A polypus, say physicians, is the effect of care and intenseness of thought: If that is so, no man ever did more to cause it. He sacrificed his life for the good of others; and who will not envy a death so glorious? He lived enough to make himself beloved whilst living, and revered and lamented by good men of every party and denomination, now he is gone. He lived to perfect his temper to a love of goodness, and adorn it with every Christian, as well as natural grace, that can make virtue either divine or amiable! He lived to obtain the best fame; he lived enough for himself, but not enough for his friends and his country. I am, Madam, your, &c.

Letter 37. *Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mrs. Sandys.*

Madam, March 15, 1736-37.

I KNOW not to what my promise of waiting may come, because I have little reason to expect that a power of performing it will long be in me. I am seized again with my disorder most violently; how that will end, God only knows; and what he thinks most proper, will be most acceptable to me. Life is, and ought now to be, indifferent to me; I am a guest that have been nobly en-

tertained; when the feast is over I will rise satisfied, and thank the great Master for his generosity. I have lived to see the best friend in the world die before me; and am of no service any longer in the world. The ruffle which my concern hath given me, has relaxed and dissolved my whole frame, and turned the humours again from a more painful into a more dangerous channel. But I submit, be the consequence what it will, to the disposal of Him who is equally good and wise.

Lord Talbot is well, may God preserve him so! there is not a more amiable or worthy man living; may his happiness be equal to his merit! my fondness for him desires no more. When I am dead, he will not want me; my loss, added to what he hath already, dear youth, sustained, will be as a drop thrown into the ocean. Oh! that it was in my power to make him as happy as I wish him, and then nothing in life should ever give him one moment's uneasiness! The whole family is well also. Lady Talbot hath an excellent understanding*, and a more sprightly entertaining wit, capable of making a considerable figure in public life and giving cheerfulness, familiarized into easy chit-chat, to retirement and the speculations round an evening's table.

Jack will soon enter into his profession, and I question not, succeed in it by his abilities, industry, and virtues, though he is not nourished and sheltered, and encouraged by the example and instruction and recom-

* This lady was the daughter and sole heir of Adam de Cardonnel, secretary at war in the reign of Queen Anne. She was married in February 1733-34, at the age of 15. She resided at Barrington until her death, in 1784. A very elegant monument, by Nollekens, is lately erected to her memory in the church of that parish.

mendation of his great father. George * will steal into every one's esteem in a more silent way, will be beloved rather than shine with the eclat of noisy applause. He will spend this life in doing good in the most amiable, not the most shewish way; he will have the dignity and generosity and character of his grandfather, secured from that only overflowing of his good qualities, which one wished had been prevented, to make him the most engaging of all characters. I love them all. I cannot flatter them to their faces; but I love to praise them. If I speak fondly with esteem of them even to their faces, it is only to warm them to be what I say; and shew them the virtues which are blossoming in their hearts, that must be ripened by their own care. Public news I do not attend to; I am weaned from my concern in the tumults and ambitions and scramble of life. If I do well you will see me; if I die you will remember me. Among the many who have highly valued you, none have done so more than myself, because none knew you better; and it will be always your singular advantage to improve on your acquaintance, and grow daily more beloved, by a nearer intimacy. If in any of those you love, you see any thing you wish otherwise, you will have the friendly freedom and courage that becomes virtue and independence to say it with spirit and dexterity; and even venture to offend, to serve those you love. Without it, friendship is but flattery and treachery; with it, deservedly honoured with that divine character of being the medicine of life. This hint you will treasure up unmentioned, till you shall find you have an occasion to use it. Believe me, Madam, your's most sincerely.

* George Talbot, D. D. vicar of Guiting, in Gloucestershire.

Letter 38. *Dr. Thomas Rundle to Mrs. Sandys.*

Madam,

April 9, 1737.

I WOULD not answer your kind letter, till I could give you an assurance that my disorder is stopt by bark, &c. but though I am relieved from this threatening illness, I cannot boast that I am a sound man again. My health resembles very much the season; one hour is sunshine; and the next, clouds deform the sky, and all is ruffled and blustering. But I am and ought to be contented. My life is not of general importance to a whole nation, as was that of my friend. His resembled the sun, which warms and enlightens half the earth at once; mine perhaps may be compared to a lamp, which serves to disperse the gloom of a single room; but when it is broken and extinguished, another will immediately supply its place, and the loss be of no consequence: but even this comparison, I feel, is vanity, and carries with it more praise than I can claim. I purpose to see you next month, though my friends will not be at Barrington till I am in Ireland; I will not leave this country without seeing one I most value in it. According to custom, I must give you trouble and employ you. Could you get me a dozen of Cirencester cheeses, such as I once had; and order them to be sent to a trusty person in Bristol, who should see them safe on board a Dublin ship, and directed for me? If of last year's making, and fit to eat, the better. I will desire also, that some of this season may be secured for me for another. Most of them will be dispersed in presents among those to whom I want to make little acknowledgments for great favours. I want black cloth enough to make two gowns and cassocks, the finest that can be procured, but not the thinnest; if you have a weaver that will

will deal honestly, direct him to send me 17 yards of his best.

Lord and Lady Talbot are well, and so is their girl; she is a delightful child*, and promises to have as much beauty and good temper as ever met together. But the first is a flower that may be blighted and spared; the other alone is sufficient to, and can alone make life happy.

Mrs. Secker is most astonishingly cured. I rejoice in it; the Bishop was compelled to exchange Bristol for Oxford by his friends, to serve the brother of his friend the Bishop of Salisbury. It is of no great advantage, and therefore not eligible. But it is always eligible to oblige those who can return the favour. I hope you enjoy the spring in the country, as much as we do in London, where it seems to give new life to every thing, in spite of the dust that chokes its favours to us. I will get out of it as soon as I can, and come to partake of its freshness with you on your mountain. My friend Jack seems inclined to lay out his fortune near you also, and fix the whole family in Gloucestershire. I saw your good Bishop † yesterday, who is well, and speaks of you with an esteem and affection which will doubly endear him to, Madam, your, &c.

Letter 39. *Dr. Thomas Secker to Dr. Isaac Watts.*

Rev. Sir, Gloucester, Nov. 18, 1711.

BEFORE I give you an account of the state of our academy, and those other things you desired me, please to accept of my hearty

* Cecil de Cardonnel, Baroness Dinevor, succeeded her father William Earl Talbot, who was created Baron Dinevor by patent, October 17, 1780, with remainder to her and her heirs. She was married in 1756 to George Rice, Esq. Knight of the shire for the county of Carmarthen, who died in 1779.

† Dr. Martin Benson,

thanks for that service you have done me, both in advising me to prosecute my studies in such an extraordinary place of education, and in procuring me admittance into it. I wish my improvements may be answerable to the advantages I enjoy; but however that may happen, your kindness has fixed me in a place where I may be very happy, and spend my time to good purpose; and where, if I do not, the fault will be all my own.

I am sensible how difficult it is to give a character of any person or thing, because the most probable guesses we make very often prove false ones. But, since you are pleased to desire it, I think myself obliged to give you the best and most impartial account of matters I can.

Mr. Jores, then, I take to be a man of real piety, great learning, and an agreeable temper; one who is very diligent in instructing all under his care, very well qualified to give instructions, and whose well-managed familiarity will always make him respected. He is very strict in keeping good orders, and will effectually preserve his pupils from negligence and immorality. And accordingly I believe there are not many academies freer in general from those vices than we are. In particular, my bedfellow Mr. Scott is one of unfeigned religion, and a diligent searcher after truth. His genteel carriage and agreeable disposition gain him the esteem of every one. Mr. Griffith is more than ordinary serious and grave, and improves more in every thing than one could expect from a man who seems to be not much under forty; particularly in Greek and Hebrew he has made a great progress. Mr. Francis * and Mr.

* Not improbably Mr. Henry Francis, for some time assistant in London to the Rev. Mr. John Foxon, and afterwards pastor of the church at Southampton.

Watkin's are diligent in study, and truly religious. The elder Mr. Jones, having had a better education than they, will, in all probability, make a greater scholar; and his brother is one of quick parts.

Our logic, which we have read once over, is so contrived as to comprehend all Heereboord, and the far greater part of Mr. Lock's Essay, and the Art of Thinking. What Mr. Jones dictated to us was but short, containing a clear and brief account of the matter, references to the places where it was more fully treated of, and remarks on, or explications of, the authors cited, when need required. At our next lecture we gave an account both of what the author quoted and our tutor said, who commonly then gave us a larger explication of it, and so proceeded to the next thing in order. He took care, as far as possible, that we understood the the sense as well as remembered the words of what we had read, and that we should not suffer ourselves to be cheated with obscure terms which had no meaning. Though he be no great admirer of the old logic, yet he has taken a great deal of pains both in explaining and correcting Heereboord, and has for the most part made him intelligible, or shewn that he is not so.

The two Mr. Jones's, Mr. Francis, Mr. Watkins. Mr. Sheldon, and two more gentlemen, are to begin Jewish antiquities in a short time. I was designed for one of their number, but rather chose to read logic once more; both because I was utterly unacquainted with it when I came to this place, and because the others having all, except Mr. Francis, been at other academies, will be obliged to make more haste than those in a lower class, and consequently cannot have so good or large accounts of any thing, nor so

much time to study every head. We shall have gone through our course in about four years time, which I believe nobody that once knows Mr. Jones will think too long.

I began to learn Hebrew as soon as I came hither, and find myself able now to construe and give some grammatical account of about twenty verses in the easier parts of the Bible after less than an hour's preparation. We read every day two verses a-piece in the Hebrew Bible, which we turn into Greek (no one knowing which his verses shall be, though at first it was otherwise). And this with logic is our morning's work.

Mr. Jones also began about three months ago some critical lectures in order to the exposition you advised him to. The principal things contained in them are about the antiquity of the Hebrew language, letters, vowels, the incorruption of the Scriptures, antient divisions of the Bible, an account of the Talmud, Masora, and Cabala. We are at present upon the Septuagint, and shall proceed after that to the Targumim, and other versions, &c. Every part is managed with abundance of perspicuity, and seldom any material thing is omitted that other authors have said upon the point, though very frequently we have useful additions of things which are not to be found in them. We have scarce been upon any thing yet, but Mr. Jones has had those writers which are most valued on that head, to which he always refers us. This is what we first set about in the afternoon; which being finished, we read a chapter in the Greek Testament, and after that mathematics. We have gone through all that is commonly taught of algebra and proportion, with the six first books of Euclid, which is all Mr. Jones designs for the gentlemen I mentioned above, but he intends to read

read something more to the class that comes after them.

This is our daily employment, which in the morning takes up about two hours, and something more in the afternoon. Only on Wednesdays in the morning we read Dionysius's *Periegesis*, on which we have notes mostly geographical, but with some criticisms intermixed; and in the afternoon we have no lecture at all. So on Saturday in the afternoon we have only a thesis, which none but they who have done with logic have any concern in. We are also just beginning to read Isocrates and Terence, each twice a week. On the latter our tutor will give us some notes which he received in a college from Perizonius.

We are obliged to rise at five of the clock every morning, and to speak Latin always, except when below stairs amongst the family. The people where we live are very civil, and the greatest inconvenience we suffer is, that we fill the house rather too much, being sixteen in number besides Mr. Jones. But I suppose the increase of his academy will oblige him to remove next spring. We pass our time very agreeably betwixt study and conversation with our tutor, who is always ready to discourse freely of any thing that is useful, and allows us either then or at lecture all imaginable liberty of making objections against his opinion, and prosecuting them as far as we can. In this and every thing else he shows himself so much a gentleman, and manifests so great an affection and tenderness for his pupils, as cannot but command respect and love. I almost forgot to mention our tutor's library, which is composed for the most part of foreign books, which seem to be very well chosen, and are every day of great advantage to us.

Thus I have endeavoured, Sir, to give you an account of all that I thought material or

observable amongst us. As for my own part I apply myself with what diligence I can to every thing which is the subject of our lectures, without preferring one subject before another; because I see nothing we are engaged in, but what is either necessary, or extremely useful for one who would thoroughly understand those things which most concern him, or be able to explain them well to others. I hope, I have not spent my time, since I came to this place, without some small improvement both in human knowledge, and that which is far better; and I earnestly desire the benefit of your prayers, that God would be pleased to fit me better for his service both in this world and the next. This if you please to afford me, and your advice with relation to study, or whatever else you think convenient, must needs be extremely useful, as well as agreeable, and shall be thankfully received by your most obliged humble servant *.

Letter 40. *Frances Countess of Hartford, afterwards Dutches of Somerset to Dr. Isaac Watts.*

Sir,

April 13, 1737.

I WOULD fooner have thanked you for the favour of your letter, and the book which I received just after, but delayed it till I could get time to finish the inclosed lines, which I began soon after Mrs. Rowe's death † but had not leisure to proceed with them till after my Lord's return to London, whither he and my daughter went last

* This very sensible letter was written by Mr. (afterwards Archbishop) Secker at the early age of eighteen. It does honour to himself, at the same time it pays such distinguished and deserved respect to his learned, vigilant, and amiable tutor, the Rev. Mr. Samuel Jones.

† Verses on Mrs. Rowe's death.

K 6

week.

week. He was taken, while he was here* with a violent pain in the stomach and bowels, which, whether it were gout or colic, reduced him very low, and alarmed me extremely; but I bless God, he is now in perfect health again, and I hear has recovered his good looks entirely. I am myself much better than I was in the winter, bating a shortness of breath, which makes them judge my continuance in the country absolutely necessary. I must now thank you for your excellent Discourse on Humility, which I have read with great pleasure, and I hope I shall receive profit from the just manner in which you have treated so useful a subject. I must also repeat my gratitude for your book "on the Strength and Weakness of Human Reason." I never read any thing more entertaining and instructive. I should be very happy if I could flatter myself that I had goodness enough to make my life as useful as the benevolence and charity of your temper incline you to think it may. I beg the favour of you not to give any copy of the enclosed verses; for I would wish my excursions of this kind to be a secret from every body but you, and a friend or two more, who know that I do not aim at the character of a genius by any attempts of this nature, but am led to them merely to amuse a leisure hour, and speak the sentiments of my heart. I have no company at present but my son, his tutor being gone to London about business, but I do not mention this as a mortification. I am afraid the decline of years, and the languishing state of health I have laboured under for some time, make it rather necessary for me to endeavour to find arguments to reconcile myself to the variety of company to which my station and the occupation I am attached to

* Supposed at Marlborough.

in a court require me to accommodate myself. I am, Sir, your, &c.

Letter 41. *Frances Countess of Hartford, afterwards Dutches of Somerset, to Dr. Isaac Watts.*

Sir, Marlborough, July 13, 1737.

NOTHING but my own very bad state of health, and the confinement I have had with my Lord, who is just recovering from a severe fit of the gout, should so long have hindered me from acknowledging the receipt of your letter, and the papers inclosed with it, particularly the letter which you were so good as to design to prefix to Mrs Rowe's Meditations. I can with the strictest truth affirm, that I do not know any distinction upon earth that I could feel a truer pleasure in receiving, were I deserving of it; but, as I am forced to see how much I fall below the idea which the benevolence of your nature has formed of me, it teaches me to humble myself by that very incident which might administer a laudable pride to a more worthy person. If I am constrained to acknowledge this mortifying truth, you may believe there are many people in the world who look upon me with more impartial eyes than self-love will allow me to do; and others, who perhaps think I enjoy more of this world's goods than I either merit, or than falls to the common lot, look at me with envious and malignant views, and are glad of every opportunity to debase me, or those who they believe entertain a favourable opinion of me. I would hope that I have never done any thing, wilfully I am sure I have not, to raise any such sentiments in the breast of the meanest person upon earth; but yet experience has convinced me that I have not been happy enough to escape them. For these reasons, Sir, I must deny myself the pleasure and the pride I should have in so public a mark of

your

your friendship and candour, and beg that, if you will design me the honour of joining any address to me with those valuable remains of Mrs. Rowe, that you will either retrench the favourable expressions you intended to insert, or else give me no other title at the top of it than that of a friend of your's and her's, an appellation which, in the sincerity of my soul, I am prouder of, than I could be of the most pompous name that human grandeur can lay claim to. My Lord and his children desire me to assure you of their service and best wishes. I inclose you a copy of the letter which Mrs. Rowe left for me *, and am glad of every opportunity to

* The following is an exact copy of Mrs. Rowe's letter, transcribed from Lady Hartford's own hand writing :

To the Right Hon. the Countess of Hartford.

MADAM,

This is the last letter you will ever receive from me, the last assurance I shall give you on earth of a sincere and steadfast friendship; but, when we meet again, I hope it will be in the heights of immortal love and extasy. Mine, perhaps, may be the first glad spirit to congratulate your safe arrival on the happy shores. Heaven can witness how sincere my concern for your happiness is. Thither I have sent my ardent wishes that you may be secured from the flattering delusion of the world, and, after your pious example has been long a blessing to mankind, may you calmly resign your breath, and enter the confines of unmolested joy!

I am now taking my farewell of you here, but it is a short adieu, for I die with full persuasion that we shall meet again.—But, O, in what elevation of happiness! in what enlargement of mind, and perfection of every faculty! What transporting reflections shall we make on the advantages of which we shall feel ourselves eternally possess!

To him that loved us, and washed us from our

repeat that I am, with the greatest esteem, Sir, your, &c.

Letter 42. *From the same to the same.*

Sir,

October 27, 1737.

I SHOULD sooner have thanked you for Mrs. Rowe's Meditations, which you were
 sins in his own blood, we shall ascribe immortal glory, dominion, and praise for ever. This is all my salvation, and all my hope. That name in whom the Gentiles trust, in whom all the families on earth are blessed, is now my glorious, my unfailing confidence; in his merits alone I expect to stand justified before infinite purity and justice. How poor were my hopes if I depended on those works, which my own vanity, or the partiality of men, have called good, and which, if examined by Divine purity, would prove perhaps but specious sins? The best actions of my life would be found defective, if brought to the test of that unblemished holiness in whose sight the heavens are not clean.—Where were my hopes but for a Redeemer's merits and atonement?—How desperate, how undone my condition?—With the utmost advantage I can boast, I should start back and tremble at the thoughts of appearing before the unblemished Majesty.—O Jesus, what harmony dwells in thy name!—Celestial joy and immortal life are in the sound.—Let angels set thee to their golden harps; let the ransomed nations for ever magnify thee!

What a dream is mortal life!—What shadows are the objects of sense! All the glories of mortality, my much-beloved friend, will be nothing in your view at the awful hour of death, when you must be separated from the whole creation, and enter on the borders of the immaterial world.

Something persuades me that this will be my last farewell in this world. Heaven forbid that it should be an everlasting parting. May that Divine protection, whose care I implore, keep you steadfast in the faith of christianity, and guide your steps in the strictest paths of virtue! Adieu, my most dear friend, till we meet in the paradise of God.

ELIZABETH ROWE.

so good as to send me, but that I had a mind to read them carefully over first. You have in your preface taken the kindest and most judicious care to excuse some expressions in them which I must confess appear to me to stand in need of some apology; but upon the whole I think there are several excellent sentiments in them, which I think cannot fail of doing good, especially to those, who, by their acquaintance with her, know how sincerely they came from her heart. Lady Betty returns her thanks for the book you sent her, and says she shall always value it as being written by Mrs. Rowe, and as a mark of your kind regard to herself. I have many acknowledgments to make you for the honour you have done me in your dedication * which by your kindness in suppressing my name, gives me an unmixed pleasure, by affording me the satisfaction of receiving such a mark of your partiality without the hazard of raising the public envy.

My Lord and my son present their services to you, and I am, with the sincerest gratitude and esteem, Sir, &c.

Letter 43. *Frances Countess of Hartford, afterwards Dutches of Somerset, to Dr. Isaac Watts.*

Sir, St. Leonard's Hill, Aug. 8, 1738.

I WOULD much sooner have thanked you for the favour of your last letter, but have been hindered by my attendance on my Lord in a severe fit of the gout, though I thank God, it has been only in his limbs,

* This declaration of her Ladyship, make it evident to whom the Doctor inscribed Mrs. Rowe's Meditations, though the name is concealed in the dedication. The whole of it agrees to her Ladyship, and shews what a high opinion and esteem he entertained concerning her.

and not affected either his head or stomach.

I think every body must with a muse like Mr. Pope's were more inclined to exert itself on divine and good-natured subjects; but I am afraid satire is his highest talent: For I think his Universal Prayer is by no means equal to some other of his works; and I think his tenth stanza† an instance how blind the wisest men may be to the errors of their own hearts; for he certainly did not mean to imprecate such a proportion of vengeance on himself as he is too apt to load those with whom he dislikes; nor would he wish to have his own failings exposed to the eye of the world with all the invective and ridicule with which he publishes those of his fellow-creatures.

I have lately met with some riddles which we think pretty enough in their way, and, as I remember you once told me you thought them tolerable amusements, I will inclose you one or two of them, and, if they do not displease you, can furnish you with a few more, which we do not think bad ones. My Lord and our young people assure you of their services. I am, Sir, with the sincerest esteem, your, &c.

Letter 44. *From the same to the same.*

Sir,

Jan. 17, 1739.

I AM truly sorry to find you complain of any decay, but I am sure if you have any it must be bodily, and has no other effect than that, which both Mr. Waller and yourself have so happily described as letting in light upon the soul.

I never read any thing in my life that

† Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to other's shew,
That mercy shew to me.

pleased

pleased me better than your meditations on Revelation 10th, and I hope I shall not only delight in reading the words but lay the substance of it to my heart, to which end allow me to beg your prayers as an assistance.

My dear Lord's state of suffering, (for he is again confined to his bed by the gout,) gives me little opportunity and less inclination to lose much time in the gay amusements which are apt to divert other people from the thoughts of their dissolution; but I am not sure that a life of care and anxiety has not as bad an effect, by fixing the mind too attentively on the present gloom which obscures every cheerful ray which would otherwise enliven one's spirits.

I wish I had any thing to send more worth your reading than the following verses; but I have so little leisure that I can scarce get time to write letters to the few friends I correspond with. These lines were written one morning in October as I was sitting in a bow-window in my chamber at St. Leonard's Hill, which looks on a little grove in the garden, and beyond has an extensive view of the forest:

How lately was yon russet grove
The seat of harmony and love?
How beauteous all the sylvan scene?
The flowers how gay, the trees how green? &c.

I am importuned by a very valuable old woman, who is declining apace, to beg your prayers. She took me from my nurse, and, if I have any good in me, I owe it to her. She was trusted by my mother with the care both of my sister and by myself, and has lived with me ever since. But now, though past 70, she cannot meet death without terror, and yet I believe I may venture to answer, that she has always lived under the strictest

sense of religion; but lowness of spirit joined to many bodily infirmities will shed darkness on the most cheerful minds, and her's never was of that cast. I fear she has very few months (if weeks) to come on earth, and a notice that you will grant her request would make her I believe pass them with more comfort.

I am forced to take another page to assure you of my Lord's compliments, and those of my young people; the two latter are very well. I have no other view in sending the above verses, but to prove that my confidence in your friendship has received no alteration from the length of time which has passed since I had an opportunity of assuring you in person with how true a regard I am, Sir, your, &c.

Letter 45. *From the same to the same.*

Sir, Windsor-Forest, May 19, 1739.

I WOULD sooner have expressed my concern for your illness had I been free from complaint myself. I have been afflicted for some weeks with a pain in my jaws and face, which is yet very little better, and really disheartens me from doing any thing. My Lord and Betty are in town, as is my son's governor on account of a violent rheumatism; so that he, and I, and a young gentleman three or four years older than himself, live here in perfect solitude. Our amusement within doors is at present Rapin's History of England in English, which they abridge as they go along; I work or draw while they read aloud, and we do not seem tired of our way of life.

Your good prayers for poor Rothery have met with unexpected success. She is so much recovered that I begin to think she will get entirely

entirely well, and if she does, I think nothing of that kind has since I can remember looked more like a miraculous operation of the healing power of the Almighty.

I hope the same divine mercy will long preserve you a blessing to the age, and that you will find your strength return with the warm weather.

My son assures you of his kindest wishes and services, and I am sure the other branches of my family would do the same if they were here.

I hoped every week (of late) for the publication of the sermons you were so good as to say you intended me. I find Mr. Grove's are going to be published by subscription. I have sent to town to desire that my name may be added to the list.

I have just had the oddest pamphlet sent me which I ever saw in my life, called *Amusemens Philosophiques sur le Language des Bêtes*. It was burnt by the hands of the common executioner at Paris, and the priest who wrote it banished till he made a formal retraction of it, and yet I think it very plain by the style that the man was either in jest or crazed. It is by no means wanting of wit, but extremely far from a system of probability. I will now only recommend myself to your prayers, and subscribe myself, Sir, your, &c.

Letter 46. *Frances Countess of Hartford, afterwards Dutches of Somerset, to Dr. Isaac Watts.*

Sir, Marlborough, June 7, 1739.

YOU will have great reason to think me very ungrateful for your kind present to my son, and very indifferent in regard to your health, till I have told you what has so long hindered my returning you thanks for the one, and assuring you of my concern for the other. I have been since I received your's

afflicted with a pain in my head, which was almost ready to deprive me of my eye-sight. It lasted four or five days, and, as soon as it was over, we prepared to remove hither, where we have only been three days. These have been the impediments which have kept me silent at a time when I had the strongest inclination to inquire after you, and assure you of my sincerest wishes and prayers for your perfect recovery.

I have the pleasure of finding my garden extremely improved in the two years I have been absent from it. Some little alterations I had ordered are completed. The trees which I left small ones are grown to form an agreeable shade, and I have reason to bless God for the pleasantness of the place which is allotted me to pass many of my retired hours in. May I make use of them to fit me for my last; and that I may do so allow me to beg the continuation of your prayers!

My poor old woman is got hither, contrary to her own, and all our expectations. She has the deepest gratitude for your goodness to her, and begs you will accept her thanks. She is still very weak, and I fancy will hardly get over the autumn. My Lord and Betty desire to assure you of their compliments. I am, Sir, with the truest esteem, your, &c.

Letter 47. *From the same to the same.*

Sir, Marlborough, July 30, 1739.

I WOULD much sooner have written to you to thank you for the favour of your last letter, had I enjoyed more leisure; but I have had a friend with me this last month who has engrossed a good many of those hours which I used to employ in writing to my correspondents. She is a very pious and very religious, as well as agreeable, woman, and has

has seen enough of the world in her younger years to teach her to value its enjoyments, and fear its vexations, no more than they deserve; by which happy knowledge she has brought her mind and spirits to the most perfect state of calmness I ever saw, and her conversation seems to impart the blessing to all who partake of her discourse. By this you will judge that I have passed my time very much to my satisfaction while she was with me; and, though I have not written to you, you have shared my time with her; for almost all the hours I passed alone I have employed in reading your works, which for ever represent to my imagination the idea of a ladder or flight of steps, since every volume seems to rise a step nearer the language of heaven, and there is a visible progression towards that better country through every page; so that, though all breathe piety and just reason, the last seems to crown the whole, till you shall again publish something to enlighten a dark and obstinate age; for I must believe that the manner in which you treat divine subjects is more likely to reform and work upon the affections of your readers than that of any other writer now living. I hope God will in mercy to many thousands, myself in particular, prolong your life many years. I own this does not seem a kind wish to you, but I think you will be content to bear the infirmities of flesh some years longer, to be an instrument in the hands of God toward the salvation of your weak and distressed brethren. The joys of heaven cannot fade, but will be as glorious millions of ages to come as they are now; and what a moment will the longest life appear when it comes to be compared with eternity! My Lord desires to assure you of his regards and best wishes. I am, Sir, your's, &c.

Letter 48. *Mr. John Locke, to Mr. Samuel Bold, at Steeple.*

Sir,

YOUR'S of the eleventh of April, I received not till last week. I suppose Mr. Churchill staid it till that discourse, wherein you have been pleased to defend my Essay, was printed, that they might come together; though neither of them needs a companion to recommend it to me. Your reasonings are so strong and just, and your friendship to me so visible, that every thing must be welcome to me, that comes from your pen, let it be of what kind soever.

I promise myself, that to all those who are willing to open their eyes, and enlarge their minds, to a true knowledge of things, this little treatise of your's will be greatly acceptable and useful. And for those, that will shut their eyes for fear they should see farther than others have seen before them, or rather for fear they should use them, and not blindly and lazily follow the sayings of others, what can be done to them? They are to be let alone to join in the cry of the herd they have placed themselves in, and to take that for applause, which is nothing but the noise that of course they make to one another, which they ever they are going; so that the greatness of it is no manner of proof that they are in the right. I say not this, because it is a discourse wherein you favour any opinions of mine (for I take care not to be deceived by the reasonings of my friends), but say it from those who are strangers to you, and who own themselves to have received light and conviction from the clearness and closeness of your reasonings, and that in a matter at first sight very abstruse, and remote from ordinary conceptions.

There is nothing that would more rejoice me,

me, than to have you for my neighbour. The advantage that you promise yourself from mine, I should receive from your conversation. The impartial lovers and seekers of truth are a great deal fewer than one could wish or imagine. It is a rare thing to find any one to whom one may communicate one's thoughts freely, and from whom one may expect a careful examination and impartial judgment of them. To be learned in the lump by other men's thoughts, and to be in the right by saying after others, is the much easier and quieter way: but how a rational man, that should inquire and know for himself, can content himself with a faith or religion taken upon trust, or with such a servile submission of his understanding, as to admit all, and nothing else but what fashion makes passable among men, is to me astonishing. I do not wonder you should have, in many points, different apprehensions from what you meet with in authors; with a free mind, that unbiassedly pursues truth, it cannot be otherwise. First, All authors did not write unbiassedly for truth sake. Secondly, There are scarce any two men, that have perfectly the same views of the same thing, till they come with attention, and perhaps mutual assistance, to examine it. A consideration that makes conversation with the living a thing much more desirable and useful than consulting the dead; would the living but be inquisitive after truth, apply their thoughts with attention to the gaining of it, and be indifferent where it was found, so they could but find it.

The first requisite to the profiting by books, is not to judge of opinions by the authority of the writers. None have the right of dictating but God himself, and that because he is Truth itself. All others have a right to be followed as far as I, *i. e.* as far as the evi-

dence of what they say convinces; and of that my own understanding alone must be judge for me, and nothing else. If we made our own eyes our guides, and admitted or rejected opinions only by the evidence of reason, we should neither embrace or refuse any tenet, because we find it published by another, of what name or character soever he was.

You say you lose many things because they slip from you: I have had experience of that myself, but for that my Lord Bacon has provided a sure remedy. For, as I remember, he advises somewhere, never to go without pen and ink, or something to write with; and to be sure not to neglect to write down all thoughts of moment that come into the mind. I must own I have omitted it often, and have often repented it. The thoughts that come unsought, and as it were dropt into the mind, are commonly the most valuable of any we have, and therefore should be secured, because they seldom return again. You say also that you lose many things, because your thoughts are not steady, and strong enough to pursue them to a just issue. Give me leave to think that herein you mistake yourself and your own abilities. Write down your thoughts upon any subject as far as you have at any time pursued them, and then go on again some other time when you find your mind disposed to it, and so till you have carried them as far as you can, and you will be convinced that, if you have lost any, it has not been for want of strength of mind to bring them to an issue; but for want of memory to retain a long train of reasonings, which the mind having once beat out, is loth to be at the pains to go over again; and so your connection and train having slipped the memory, the pursuit stops, and the reasoning is neglected before it comes to the last conclusion. If you have not
tried

tried it, you cannot imagine the difference there is in studying with and without a pen in your hand. Your ideas, if the connections of them that you have traced be set down, so that without the pains of recollecting them in your memory you can take an easy view of them again, will lead you farther than you can expect. Try, and tell me if it is not so. I say not this that I should not be glad to have any conversation upon whatever points you shall employ your thoughts about. Propose what you have of this kind freely, and do not suspect that it will interfere with my affairs.

Know, that beside the pleasure that it is to converse with a thinking man and a lover of truth, I shall profit by it more than you. This you would see by the frequency of my visits, if you were within the reach of them.

That which I think of *Deut. xii. 15.* is this, that the reason, why it is said, *as the roebuck and the hart*, is because (*Lev. xvii.*) to prevent idolatry, in offering the blood to other Gods, they were commanded to kill all the cattle that they ate at the door of the tabernacle, as a peace offering, and sprinkle the blood on the altar; but wild beasts that were clean might be eaten, though their blood was not offered to God (*v. 13.*); because being killed before they were taken, their blood could not be sprinkled on the altar; and therefore it sufficed in such cases, to pour out their blood wherever they were killed, and cover it with dust. And for the same reason, when the camp was broken up, wherein the whole people was in the neighbourhood of the tabernacle, during their forty years passage from Egypt to Canaan, and the people were scattered in their habitations through all the Land of Promise; those who were so far from the temple were excused (*Deut. xii. 21, 22.*) from killing their tame cattle at Jerusalem,

and sprinkling their blood on the altar. No more was required of them than in killing a roebuck or any other wild beast; they were only to pour out the blood and cover it with dust, and so they might eat of the flesh. These are my thoughts concerning that passage.

What you say about critics and critical interpretations, particularly of the Scriptures, is not only in my opinion true, but of great use to be observed in reading learned commentators, who not seldom make it their business to shew in what sense a word has been used by other authors; whereas the proper business of a commentator, is to shew in what sense it was used by the author in that place, which in the Scripture we have reason to conclude was most commonly in the ordinary vulgar sense of the word or phrase known in that time, because the books were written, as you rightly observe, and adapted to the people. If critics had observed this, we should have in their writings less ostentation and more truth, and a great deal of darkness now spread on the Scriptures had been avoided. I have a late proof of this myself, who have lately found in some passages of Scripture a sense quite different from what I understood them in before, or from what I found in commentators; and yet it appears so clear to me, that when I see you next, I shall dare to appeal to you in it. But I read the word of God without prepossession or bias, and come to it with a resolution to take my sense from it, and not with a design to bring it to the sense of my system. How much that has made men wind and twist and pull the text in all the several sects of Christians I need not tell you. “I design to
“take my religion from the scripture, and
“then, whether it suits or suits not any other
“denomination, I am not much concerned:
“for I think, at the last day, it will not be
“inquired

“inquired whether I was of the church of
“England or Geneva, but whether I sought
“or embraced truth in the love of it.”

The proofs I have set down in my book of one infinite independent eternal Being, satisfy me; and the gentleman that designed others, and pretended that the next proposition to that of the existence of a self-sufficient Being should be this, that such a Being is but One, and that he could prove it antecedent to his attributes, *viz.* infinity, omnipotency, &c. I am since pretty well satisfied, pretended to what he had not, and therefore I trouble not myself any farther about the matter. As to what you say on the occasion, I agree with you, that the ideas of modes and actions of substances are usually in our minds before the idea of substance itself; but in this I differ from you, that I do not think the ideas of the operations of things are antecedent to the ideas of their existence; for they must exist before they can any ways affect us, to make us sensible of their operations, and we must suppose them to be before they operate.

The Essay is going to be printed again: I wish you were near, that I might shew you the several alterations and additions I have made, before they go to the press. The warm weather that begins now with us, makes me hope I shall now speedily get to town. If any business draws you thither this summer, I hope you will order it so, that I may have a good share of your company. Nobody values it more than I, and I have a great many things to talk with you. I am, Sir, your, &c.

Letter 49. *Dr. Tillotson, Dean of Canterbury, (afterwards Archbishop), to a Friend, who lay very ill of a languishing distemper, whercof he died.*

Sir,

I AM sorry to understand by Mr. T—'s letter to my son, that your distemper grows

upon you, and that you seem to decline so fast. I am very sensible how much easier it is to give advice against trouble, in the case of another, than to take it in our own. It hath pleased God to exercise me of late with a very sore trial, in the loss of my dear and only child; in which I do perfectly submit to his good pleasure, firmly believing that he always does what is best; and yet, though reason be satisfied, our passion is not so soon appeased; and when nature has received a wound, time must be allowed for the healing of it. Since that God hath thought fit to give me a nearer summons, and a closer warning of my mortality, in the danger of an apoplexy; which yet, I thank God for it, hath occasioned no very melancholy reflections; but this, perhaps, is more owing to natural temper than philosophy and wise consideration. Your case, I know, is very different, who are of a temper naturally melancholy, and under a distemper apt to increase it, for both which great allowances are to be made.

And yet, methinks, both reason and religion do offer to us, considerations of that solidity and strength, as may very well support our spirits, under all the frailties and infirmities of the flesh; such as these, that God is perfect love and goodness; that we are not only his creatures, but his children, and as dear to him as to ourselves; that he does not afflict willingly, or grieve the children of men; and that all evils and afflictions which befall us, are intended for the cure and prevention of greater evils of sin and punishment; and therefore we ought not only to submit to them with patience, as being deserved by us, but to receive them with thankfulness, as being designed by him to do us that good, and to bring us to that sense of him and ourselves, which perhaps nothing

nothing else would have done; that the sufferings of this present life are but short and flight, compared with that extreme and endless misery, which we have deserved; and with that exceeding and eternal weight of glory, which we hope for in the other world; that if we be careful to make the best preparation we can for death and eternity, whatever brings us nearer to our end, brings us nearer to our happiness; and how rugged soever the way be, the comfort is, that it leads to our Father's house, where we shall want nothing that we can wish. When we labour under a dangerous distemper that threatens our life, what would we not be content to bear, in order to a perfect recovery, could we be assured of it? And should we not be willing to endure much more, in order to happiness, and that eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, hath promised? Nature, I know, is fond of life, and apt to be still lingering after a longer continuance here; and yet a long life, with the usual burdens and infirmities of it, is seldom desirable; it is but the same thing over again, or worse, so many more days or nights, summers and winters; a repetition of the same pleasures, but with less pleasure and relish every day; a return of the same, or greater, pains and trouble, but with less patience and strength to bear them.

These, and the like considerations, I use to entertain myself withal, and not only with contentment, but comfort, though with great inequality of temper, at several times, and with much mixture of human frailty, which will always stick to us whilst we are in this world. However, by these kind of thoughts, death becomes more familiar to us, and we shall be able by degrees to bring our minds close up to it without startling at it. The greatest tenderness I find in myself is with regard to

some near relations, especially the dear and constant companion of my life, which, I must confess, doth very sensibly touch me; but when I consider, and so I hope will they also, that this separation will be but for a little while, and that though I shall leave them in a bad world, yet under the care and protection of a good God, who can be more and better to them than all other relations, and will certainly be so to them that love him and hope in his mercy.

I shall not need to advise you what to do, and what use to make of this time of your visitation; I have reason to believe, that you have been careful in the time of your health, to prepare for this evil day, and have been conversant in those books which give the best directions to this purpose, and have not, as so many do, put off the great work of your life to the end of it; and then you have nothing now to do, but as well as you can, under your present weakness and pains, to renew your repentance, for all the errors and miscarriages of your life, and earnestly to beg God's pardon and forgiveness of them, for his sake who is the propitiation for our sins; to comfort yourself in the goodness and promises of God, and the hopes of that happiness you are ready to enter into; and in the mean time, to exercise faith and patience for a little while, and be of good courage, since you see land; the storm you are in will be quickly over, and then it will be as if it never had been, or rather the remembrance of it will be a pleasure.

I do not use to write such long letters; but I do heartily compassionate your case, and should be glad if I could suggest any thing that might help to mitigate your trouble, and make that sharp and rough way, through which you are to pass into a better world, a little more smooth and easy. I pray to God

to fit us both for that great change, which we must once undergo; and, if we be but in any good measure fit for it, sooner or later makes no great difference. I commend you to the Father of Mercies, and God of consolation, beseeching him to increase your faith and patience, and to stand by you in your last and great conflict; and that, when you walk through the valley of the shadow of death, you may fear no evil; and when your heart fails, and your strength fails, you may find him the strength of your heart, and your portion for ever. Farewell, my good friend; and while we are here let us pray for one another, that we may have a joyful meeting in another world. I rest, Sir, your truly affectionate friend and servant.

Letter 50. *Mrs. Rowe to her Mother.*

Madam,

I AM now taking my final adieu of this world, in certain hopes of meeting you in the next. I carry to my grave my affection and gratitude to you. I leave you with the sincerest concern for your own happiness, and the welfare of your family. May my prayers be answered when I am sleeping in the dust! May the angels of God conduct you in the paths of immortal pleasure!

I would collect the powers of my soul, and ask blessings for you with all the holy violence of prayer. God Almighty, the God of your pious ancestors, who has been your dwelling-place for many generations, bless you!—It is but a short space I have to measure:—My shadows are lengthening, and my sun declining: That goodness which has hitherto conducted me, will not fail me in the last concluding act of life: That Name which I have made my glory and my boast, shall then be my strength and my salvation.

To meet death with a becoming fortitude, is a part above the powers of nature, and which I can perform by no power or holiness of my own; for oh! in my best estate, I am altogether vanity,—a wretched, helpless sinner; but in the merits and perfect righteousness of God my Saviour, I hope to appear justified at the supreme tribunal, where I must shortly stand to be judged.

[N. B. This letter was not to be sent to her mother till she was dead.]

Letter 51. *Archbishop Herring to William Duncombe, Esq.*

Croydon-House,

October 16, 1754.

Dear Sir,

I SHALL be very glad to see the work of your summer's meditation, and, if you desire it, will submit it to a friend's perusal; though I had rather be excused doing that, for the reason which you suggest, it being very likely that the person I would chuse to trust may possibly engage in the cause himself. What you are about is quite out of the way of the following reflection, which I am led to make by knowing that several weak pens are at work upon Bolingbroke. I own I have my fears on this head, that more harm may be done than good. Lord Bolingbroke, as you justly observe, is obscured in a cloud of unintelligible metaphysics, in many parts of his works is dark and obscure, and desultory throughout; has no consistent system; is most tiresomely long; his mischievous tenets, some of them absurd (as the denial of final causes, &c.), and the poison of his book so diluted, that it cannot, I think, do much hurt. But if injudicious writers set themselves to extract the essence of it, and draw all his fire (an *ignis fatuus* as it lies) to a focus, the remedy should be very strong, and the operator an able

able chymist, to prevent its doing mischief. This work should not be trusted to bunglers.

Besides, the people in danger from Lord Bolingbroke's writings, are the loose and the wits, who will never sit down to read grave and solid answers. Irony and joke in the literary way, are the only means to deal with him; and one cannot help wishing, that the age which produced Lord Bolingbroke had produced such an antagonist wit as Mr. Bayle was, who could render him ridiculous while he confuted him. Dr. Warburton, you see, attempts this*; and, if he had more delicacy, it would be with more success. However, there are more excellent things in his second letter, and I think he has exposed his reasonings well upon the moral nature of the Deity. —Here your plan will coincide with him; and, though I know your heart and your talents, you will not be offended, if I say, that you will combat the better, for attacking in the armour of Cicero. I am, dear Sir, &c.

Letter 52. *Dutchess of Somerset to W. Shenstone, Esq.*

Piercy-Lodge, near Colnebrook,
Nov. 20, 1753.

Sir,

IF Lady Luxborough has not been so just as to let you know, that she never conveyed your two excellent poems to my hand till last Saturday night, you must look upon me as the most ungrateful and tasteless of all mortals. I have read them both over more than once with pleasure: but will it not appear strange, if I confess to you, that the honour you have done me by the inscription of the first, and a stanza or two in the poem itself, have given me some pain? And I shall look upon it as a very great addition to the favour,

* In his "View of Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophy."

if whenever my name, or that of Piercy-Lodge occurs, you will have the goodness to fill the blank (which leaving out those words must occasion) with stars, dashes, or any other mark you please, without suspecting me of an affected or false modesty, since to either of these accusations I can honestly plead not guilty. The idea you have formed of my character, you have taken from a partial friend, whose good-nature may have (and in this case certainly has) warped her judgment. The world in general, since they can find no fault in your poem, will blame the choice of the person to whom it is inscribed, and draw mortifying comparisons betwixt the ideal Lady and the real one. But I have a more impartial judge to produce, than either my friend or the world, and that is my own heart, which though it may flatter me, I am not quite so faulty as the latter would represent me, at the same time loudly admonishes me, that I am still further from the valuable person Lady Luxborough has drawn you in to suppose me.

I hope you will accept these reasons as the genuine and most serious sentiments of my mind, which indeed they are, though accompanied with the most grateful sense of the honour you designed me.

I cannot help mentioning another copy of verses of yours, which, if it is not already printed, I hope you will permit Mr. Doddsley to add to his new collection, and that is Damon's Bower, occasioned by the death of Mr. Thomson. If you should have mislaid the original, I have a copy at your service, which I will transmit either to you, in case you should have a mind to look it over again, or transmit it directly to Mr. Doddsley.

I am, with unfeigned esteem and gratitude,
Sir, your most obliged, &c.

Letter

Letter 53. *Dutcheſs of Somerſet to Lady Luxborough.*

Piercy-Lodge, Nov. 23, 1753.

I DID, dear Madam, begin to deſpair of having the honour, and (what I felt more ſenſibly) the pleaſure of hearing from you again. I am ſo ſubject to fall into errors, that I was afraid ſome unguarded expreſſion in my laſt letter might have given you offence, and yet my heart bore witneſs, how far I had been from intending it.

I have been extremely ill the whole ſummer, and for ſome weeks believed in great danger; but, by the bleſſing of God upon Dr. Shaw's preſcriptions, I am at preſent, though lean and ill-favoured, much better; yet ſtill obliged to be carried up and down ſtairs, for want of ſtrength and breath to carry myſelf: But I have great reaſon to bleſs God for the eaſe I now enjoy. When one comes to the laſt broken arches of Mirza's bridge, reſt from pain muſt bound our ambition, for pleaſure is not to be expected in this world; where I have no more a notion of laying ſchemes to be executed fix months, than I have ſix years hence; which, I believe, helps to keep my ſpirits in an even ſtate of cheerfulness to enjoy the ſatiſfactions which preſent themſelves, without anxious ſolicitude about their duration. We have lived to an age that neceſſarily ſhews us the earth crumbling under our feet, and as our journey ſeems approaching towards the verge of life, is it not more natural to caſt our eyes to the proſpect beyond it, than by a retroſpective view, to recall the troubleſome trifles that ever made our road difficult or dangerous? Methinks it would be imitating Lot's wife (whole hiſtory is not recorded as an example for us to follow), to want to look back to the miſerable ſcene we are ſo near eſcaping from.

I have ſpent the laſt three weeks moſt agreeably. The firſt of them the Biſhop of Oxford and Mr. Talbot paſſed with us, and had the goodneſs to leave Miſs Talbot (whole character I think you muſt have heard) when they went away. She is all the world has ſaid of her, as to an uncommon ſhare of underſtanding: But ſhe has other charms, which I imagine you will join with me in giving the preference even to that: A mild and equal temper, an unaffected pious heart, and the moſt univerſal good-will to her fellow-creatures, that I ever knew. She cenſures nobody, ſhe deſpiſes nobody; and whiſt her own life is a pattern of goodneſs, ſhe does not exclaim with bitterness againſt vice. We ſpend a good deal of our time in our own rooms, except in the mornings, but our time is a good deal broken in upon. Soon after nine we meet in the chapel; as ſoon as prayers are over, we go to breakfast, and after that we work, during which, Mr. Cowſlad, or my chaplain, read aloud; at eleven we go, if the weather is tolerable, to take the air for two hours at leaſt, which Dr. Shaw inſiſts upon my doing. The moment we get out of the coach, we ſee no more of one another till three, when the dinner is punctually upon the table. Dinner and tea are both over by five, when we retire till eight, and then go to prayers; after which we adjourn into the little library, where we work, and the gentlemen read, as in the morning, till ſupper, a quarter before ten, and it is a rule to be all in our rooms a quarter before eleven.

We are at preſent very highly entertained with the hiſtory of Sir Charles Grandiſon, which is ſo vaſtly above Pamela or Clariffa, that I ſhall not be eaſy till you have read it, and ſent me your ſentiments upon it. Miſs Talbot received Lady Gray's [*ſome what omitted*]

omitted, perhaps some remarks on Grandison] in a letter of six sides, wrote with the greatest good sense and vivacity imaginable. I fancy she is an excellent and agreeable young woman.

It is now more than time to return you thanks for the trouble you have taken in conveying Mr. Shenstone's admirable poem * to me. I have wrote to him this post, and could not do it sooner, because his letter was only dated Leasowes, and I could not find out his post-town, without sending to Mrs. Stanley, whom I do not visit, and who lives twelve miles from me. I have expressed my gratitude in the best manner I am able; but am under the necessity of declining the honour he intended me, and have begged him to fill up the blanks with stars, or what he pleases, whenever my name, or that of Piercy-Lodge, was designed, and I hope he will oblige me.

You say, you have been in a lethargy. Dear Madam, this must have proceeded from some oppression upon your spirits, for which I have known tar-water to be a sovereign remedy, and wish you would try it. Poor Mrs. Ward! But since we can say nothing to her honour, let us not expatiate upon her disgrace.

Any thing directed to be left with William Phillips, my porter, in Downing-street, will be sent to me directly.

I am, dear Madam, your Ladyship's most obliged and obedient servant.

Letter 54. *From the same to the same.*

Piercy-Lodge,
Feb. 25, 1754.

Dear Madam,

PRAY never think excuse can be necessary to me about exactness in answering my * Rural Elegance, inscribed to the writer of his letter.

letters; I am always glad to hear from you when it is agreeable to you to write, but am not one of those over-kind friends who are for ever out of humour with those whom they rather enthrall than oblige, by giving them that name. As a proof I never wish to act so by my friends, or am afraid of being treated so by them, I will own to you, I am not quite sure I should have answered your last letter so soon, were it not that I am under serious concern to find how awkwardly I must have expressed myself to Mr. Shenstone, if I gave him room to believe I harboured a secret wish to have so fine a poem as his Ode suppressed. On the contrary, I should think myself guilty of a very great crime and injustice to the public, if I were to be the means of depriving them of so charming and rational an entertainment. I gave him the true reasons in my letter, for desiring that my own name, nor that of my humble, yet peaceful, dwelling, might be inserted. You know I always envied the lot of "*la visflette, qui se cache sous l'herbe.*"

It is true, my dear Lady Luxborough, times are changed with us, since no walk was long enough, or exercise painful enough, to hurt us, as we childishly imagined; yet after a ball or masquerade have we not come home very well contented to pull off our ornaments and fine clothes in order to go to rest? Such methinks is the reception we naturally give to the warnings of our bodily decays; they seem to undress us by degrees, to prepare us for a rest that will refresh us far more powerfully than any night's sleep could do. We shall then find no weariness from the fatigues which either our bodies or our minds have undergone; but all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, and sorrow, and crying, and pains, shall be no more; we shall then without wat-
L riness

business move in our new vehicles, transport ourselves from one part of the skies to another, with much more ease and velocity, than we could have done in the prime of our strength, upon the fleetest horses, the distance of a mile. This cheerful prospect enables us to see our strength fail, and await the tokens of our approaching dissolution with a kind of awful pleasure. I will ingenuously own to you, dear Madam, that I experience more true happiness in the retired manner of life that I have embraced, than I ever knew from all the splendour or flatteries of the world. There was always a void; they could not satisfy a rational mind; and at the most heedless time of my youth, I well remember, that I always looked forward, with a kind of joy, to a decent retreat, when the evening of life should make it practicable.

Boadicea I have read; there is an interesting scene or two in it; but there is something wanting in the management of the drama to keep up the spirits of the audience. Philoclea I have not seen, nor have heard such a character of it, as to raise my curiosity. If you have not read *Deformity*, an Essay, by Mr. Hay, nor his *Religio Philosophi* (I do not know how that last word should end), I believe they will entertain you very well in their different ways. The *Adventurer* will soon be published in volumes, and will be very well worth buying. I doubt I must agree with Mr. Shenstone, that the style of Sir Charles Grandison is too prolix, and yet I do not know any of it I should be willing to part with, except Harriot Byron's conversation with the Oxonian, in the first volume, and the preparations and entertainments at Sir Charles's wedding in the fifth.

When I came home from taking the air on Friday, I was very agreeably surprized to

find Lady Northumberland ready to receive me, as I had no notion of her coming. She had been alarmed with a false report, that I had not been so well for some days as she left me. I took the opportunity of shewing her your letter, and she desired me to make her compliments to your ladyship, and tell you, she keeps no servant about Lady Elizabeth, while she is at school, and at her return will think it necessary to have a person of a middle age about her. Such a one she now has about her little boy; a pretty sort of woman, who speaks French and English equally well, is grave and properly behaved, and, I believe, hopes for Lady Elizabeth's place, when her little angel of a master goes into the hands of the men. His mamma took him away with her on Saturday, after lending him to me for a month (though she is excessively fond of him), because she sees he is the joy of my life. He has some faint resemblance (though not a good one) of his poor uncle; but his openness and mildness of temper are the very same. Her eldest boy too is a very sensible and good one. He and Lady Greville dine with me from Eaton every Sunday; they are here at present for two or three days, on account of there being holidays. I have hardly left myself room to make Mr. Cowslad's compliments, and subscribe myself, dear Madam, your, &c.

Letter 55. *Countess of Hertford to Dr. Burnet, occasioned by some meditations the Doctor sent her, upon the Death of her Son, Lord Beauchamp.*

Sir,

I AM very sensibly obliged by the kind compassion you express for me, under my heavy affliction. The meditations you have furnished me with, afford the strongest motives

tives for consolation that can be offered to a person under my unhappy circumstances. The dear lamented son I have lost, was the pride and joy of my heart; but I hope I may be the more easily excused for having looked on him in this light, since he was not so from the outward advantages he possessed, but from the virtues and rectitude of his mind. The prospects which flattered me, in regard to him, were not drawn from his distinguished rank, or from the beauty of his person, but from the hopes that his example would have been serviceable to the cause of virtue, and would have shewn the younger part of the world, that it was possible to be cheerful without being foolish or vicious, and to be religious without severity or melancholy. His whole life was one uninterrupted course of duty and affection to his parents; and, when he found the hand of death upon him, his only regret was to think on the agonies which must rend

their hearts; for he was perfectly content to leave the world, as his conscience did not reproach him with any presumptuous sins, and he hoped his errors would be forgiven. Thus he resigned his innocent soul into the hands of his merciful Creator, on the evening of his birth-day, which completed him nineteen. You will not be surpris'd, Sir, that the death of such a son should occasion the deepest sorrow; yet, at the same time, it leaves us the most comfortable assurance, that he is happier than our fondest wishes and care could have made him, which must enable us to support the remainder of years, which it shall please God to allot for us here, without murmuring or discontent, and quicken our endeavours to prepare ourselves to follow to that happy place, where our dear valuable child is gone before us. I beg the continuance of your prayers, and am, Sir, your, &c.

BOOK IV. RECENT LETTERS.

SECT. I. FROM THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM SHENSTONE, ESQ. AND MR. GRAY, TO AND FROM THEIR FRIENDS.

Letter 1. *Mr. Shenstone to Mr. Reynolds.*

Dear Sir, Leasowes, Aug. 1740.
WONDERFUL were the dangers and difficulties through which I went, the night I left you at Barels; which I looked upon as ordained by Fate for the temporal punishment of obstinacy. It was very kind, and in character, for you to endeavour to deter me from the ways of darkness; but having a sort of penchant for needless difficulties, I have an undoubted right to indulge myself in them, so long as I do not insist upon

any one's pity. It is true, these ought not to exceed a certain degree; they should be *lenia tormenta*; and I must own the labour I underwent that night did not come within the bounds which my imagination had prescribed. I cannot forbear mentioning one imminent danger. I rode along a considerable piece of water, covered so close with trees, that it was as probable I might have pursued the channel, which was dangerous, as my way out of it. Or, to put my case in a more poetical light, having by night intruded upon an
L 2 amour

amour betwixt a Wood-nymph and a River-god, I owed my escape to Fortune, who conveyed me from the vengeance which they might have taken. I put up finally at a little alehouse about ten o'clock, and lay all night awake, counting the cords which supported me, which I could more safely swear to than to either bed or blanket. For farther particulars, see my epistle to the Pastor Fido of Lapworth.—Mr. Graves says, he should be glad to shew you any civilities in his power, upon his own acquaintance; and will serve you as far as his vote goes, upon my recommendation; but is afraid, without the concurrence of some more considerable friends, your chance will be but small this year, &c. If the former part of this news gives you any pleasure, I assure you it gives me no less to communicate it; and this pleasure proceeds from a principle which would induce me to serve you myself if it should ever be in my power.—I saw Mr. Littleton last week: He is a candidate for the county of Worcester, together with Lord Deerhurst; I hope Mr. Somervile will do him the honour to appear as his friend, which he must at least think second to that of succeeding.

I hear you are commenced Chaplain since I saw you. I wish you joy of it. The Chaplain's title is infinitely more agreeable than his office; and I hope the scarf, which is expressive of it, will be no diminutive thing, no four-penny-halfpenny piece of ribboning; but that it will

“High o'er the neck its rustling folds display,
“Disdain all usual bounds, extend its sway,
“Usurp the head, and push the wig away.” }

I hope it will prove ominous, that my first letter is a congratulatory one; and if I were to have opportunities of sending all such, it

would entirely quadrate with the sincere wishes of your, &c.

I beg my compliments to Mr. Somervile, Mrs. Knight, and your family.

Letter 2. *Mr. Gray to Mr. West.*

London, April, Thursday.

YOU are the first who ever made a muse of a cough; to me it seems a much more easy task to verify in one's sleep, (that indeed you were of old famous for*,) than for want of it. Not the wakeful nightingale (when she had a cough) ever sung so sweetly. I give you thanks for your warble, and wish you could sing yourself to rest. These wicked remains of your illness will sure give way to warm weather and gentle exercise; which I hope you will not omit as the season advances. Whatever low spirits and indolence, the effect of them may advise to the contrary, I pray you add five steps to your walk daily for my sake; by the help of which, in a month's time, I propose to set you on horseback.

I talked of the Dunciad as concluding you had seen it; if you have not, do you choose I should get and send it to you? I have myself, upon your recommendation, been reading Joseph Andrews. The incidents are ill laid and without invention; but the characters have a great deal of nature, which always pleases even in her lowest shapes. Parson Adams is perfectly well; so is Mrs. Slipshod, and the story of Wilton; and throughout he shews himself well read in stage coaches, country 'squires, inns, and inns of court. His reflections upon high people and low people, and misses and masters, are very good. However the exaltedness of some minds (or rather, as I shrewdly suspect, their insipidity and want of feeling or observation) may make

* At Eton School.

them

them insensible to these light things, (I mean such as characterise and paint nature,) yet surely they are as weighty and much more useful than your grave discourses upon the mind *, the passions and what not. Now as the paradisiacal pleasures of the Mahometans consist in playing upon the flute and lying with Houris, be mine to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crebillon.

You are very good in giving yourself the trouble to read and find fault with my long harangues. Your freedom (as you call it) has so little need of apologies, that I should scarce excuse you treating me any otherwise; which whatever compliment it might be to my vanity, would be making a very ill one to my understanding. As to matter of style, I have this to say: The language of the age is never the language of poetry; except among the French, whose verse where the thought or image does not support it, differs in nothing from prose. Our poetry, on the contrary, has a language peculiar to itself; to which almost every one that has written, has added something by enriching it with foreign idioms and derivatives; nay sometimes words of their own composition or invention. Shakespear and Milton have been great creators this way; and no one more licentious than Pope or Dryden, who perpetually borrow expressions from the former. Let me give you some instances from Dryden, whom every body reckons a great master of our poetical tongue. Full of *musical mopings*—unlike the *trim* of love—a pleasant *beverage*—a *roundelay* of love—stood silent in his *mood*—with knots and *knares* deformed—his *ireful mood*—in proud *array*—his *boon* was granted—*disarray* and

* He seems here to glance at Hutchinson, the disciple of Shaftesbury; of whom he had not a much better opinion than of his master.

shameful rout—*wayward* but wise—*furbished* for the field—the *foiled doddered* oaks—*disberited*—*smouldering* flames—*retchless* of laws—*crones* old and ugly—the *beldam* at his side—the *grandam-bag*—*villanize* his father's fame.—But they are infinite: And our language not being a settled thing (like the French), has an undoubted right to words of an hundred years old, provided antiquity have not rendered them unintelligible. In truth Shakespear's language is one of his principal beauties; and he has no less advantage over your Addisons and Rowes in this, than in those other great excellencies you mention. Every word in him is a picture. Pray put me the following lines into the tongue of our modern dramatics;

But I that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass:
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's ma-
To strut before a wanton ambling nymph; [jesty
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up—

and what follows. To me they appear untranslatable; and if this be the case, our language is greatly degenerated. However the affectation of imitating Shakespear may doubtless be carried too far; and is no sort of excuse for sentiments ill-suited, or speeches ill-timed, which I believe is a little the case with me. I guess the most faulty expressions may be these—*filken* son of *dalliance*—*drowsier* pretensions—wrinkled *beldams*—*arched* the hearer's brow and *riveted* his eyes in *fearful extasie*. These are easily altered or omitted; and indeed, if the thoughts be wrong or superfluous, there is nothing easier than to leave out the whole. The first

ten or twelve lines are, I believe, the best * ; and as for the rest, I was betrayed into a good deal of it by Tacitus ; only what he has said in five words, I imagine I have said in fifty lines : Such is the misfortune of imitating the inimitable. Now, if you are of my opinion *una litura* may do the business, better than a dozen ; and you need not fear unravelling my web. I am a sort of spider ; and have little else to do but spin it over again, or creep to some other place and spin there. Alas ! for one who has nothing to do but amuse himself. I believe my amusements are as little amusing as most folks. But no matter ; it makes the hours pass ; and is better than *ἢ ἀμαθία καὶ ἀμεία καταβύωναι*. Adieu.

Letter 3. Mr. Gray to Mr. West.

London, May 27, 1742.

MINE, you are to know, is a white melancholy, or rather leucocholy for the most part ; which, though it seldom laughs or dances, nor ever amounts to what one calls joy or pleasure, yet is a good easy sort of a state, and *ca ne laisse que de s'amuser*. The only fault of it is insipidity ; which is apt now and then to give a sort of *ennui*, which makes one form certain little wishes that signify nothing. But there is another sort, black indeed, which I have now and then felt, that has somewhat in it like Tertullian's rule of faith *Credo quia impossibile est* ; for it believes, nay, it is sure of every thing that is unlikely, so it be but frightful ; and, on the other hand, excludes and shuts its eyes to the most pos-

* The lines which Ste means here are from—*thus ever grave and undisturb'd reflection—to Rubellius lives*. For the part of the scene, which he sent in a former letter, began there.

sible hopes, and every thing that is pleasurable ; from this the Lord deliver us ! for none but he and sunshiny weather can do it. In hopes of enjoying this kind of weather I am going into the country for a few weeks, but shall be never the nearer any society ; so if you have any charity, you will continue to write. My life is like Harry the Fourth's supper of hens : “ *Poulets à la broche, poulets en ragoût, poulets en bâchis, poulets en fricacées.* ”—Reading here, reading there ; nothing but books with different sauces. Do not let me lose my dessert then ; for though that be reading too, yet it has a very different flavour. The May seems to be come since your invitation ; and I propose to bask in her beams and dress me in her roses :

Et caput in vernâ semper habere rosâ.

I shall see Mr. — and his wife, nay, and his child too, for he has got a boy. Is it not odd to consider one's contemporaries in the grave light of husband and father ? There are my Lords — and —, they are statesmen : Do not you remember them dirty boys playing at cricket ; as for me, I am never a bit the older, nor the bigger, nor the wiser than I was then : No, not for having been beyond sea. Pray how are you ?

Letter 4. Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.

Cambridge, Dec. 11, 1746,

I WOULD make you an excuse (as indeed I ought) if they were a sort of thing I ever gave any credit to myself in these cases ; but I know they are never true. Nothing so silly as indolence when it hopes to disguise itself : Every one knows it by its faunter, as they do his Majesty (God bless him)

him) at a masquerade, by the firmness of his tread and the elevation of his chin. However, somewhat I had to say that has a little shadow of reason in it. I have been in town (I suppose you know) flaunting about at all kind of public places with two friends lately returned from abroad. The world itself has some attractions in it to a solitary of six years standing; and agreeable well-meaning people of sense (thank Heaven there are so few of them) are my peculiar magnet. It is no wonder then if I felt some reluctance at parting with them so soon; or if my spirits, when I returned back to my cell, should sink for a time, not indeed to storm and tempest, but a good deal below changeable. Besides Seneca says (and my pitch of philosophy does not pretend to be much above Seneca) "*Nunquam mores, quos extuli, refero. Ali-*" "*quid ex eo quod composui, turbatur: Ali-*" "*quid ex his, quæ fugavi, redit.*" And it will happen to such as us, mere imps of science. Well it may, when Wisdom herself is forced often

in sweet retired solitude

To plume her feathers, and let grow her wings
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd.

It is a foolish thing that without money one cannot either live as one pleases, or where and with whom one pleases. Swift somewhere says, that money is liberty; and I fear money is friendship too and society, and almost every external blessing. It is a great, though an ill-natured, comfort, to see most of those who have it in plenty, without pleasure, without liberty, and without friends.

I am not altogether of your opinion as to your historical consolation in time of trouble: A calm melancholy it may produce, a stiller

sort of despair (and that only in some circumstances, and on some constitutions); but I doubt no real comfort or content can ever arise in the human mind, but from hope.

I take it very ill you should have been in the twentieth year of the war*, and yet say nothing of the retreat before Syracuse: Is it or is it not, the finest thing you ever read in your life? And how does Xenophon or Plutarch agree with you? For my part, I read Aristotle, his poetics, politics, and morals, though I do not well know which is which. In the first place, he is the hardest author by far I ever meddled with. Then he has a dry conciseness, that makes one imagine one is perusing a table of contents rather than a book: It tastes for all the world like chopped hay, or rather like chopped logic; for he has a violent affection to that art, being in some sort his own invention; so that he often loses himself in little trifling distinctions and verbal niceties; and what is worse, leaves you to extricate him as well as you can. Thirdly, he has suffered vastly from the transcribblers, as all authors of great brevity necessarily must. Fourthly, and lastly, he has abundance of fine uncommon things, which make him well worth the pains he gives one. You see what you are to expect from him.

Letter 5. Mr. Gray to his Mother.

Cambridge, Nov. 7, 1749.

THE unhappy news I have just received from you equally surprises and afflicts me †.

* Thucydides l. vii.

† The death of his aunt, Mrs. Mary Antrobus, who died the 5th of November, and was buried in a vault in Stoke church-yard near the chancel door, in which also his mother and himself (according to the direction in his will) were afterwards buried.

I have lost a person I loved very much, and have been used to from my infancy; but am much more concerned for your loss, the circumstances of which I forbear to dwell upon, as you must be too sensible of them yourself; and will, I fear, more and more need a consolation that no one can give, except He who has preserved her to you so many years, and at last, when it was his pleasure, has taken her from us to himself: And perhaps, if we reflect upon what she felt in this life, we may look upon this an instance of his goodness both to her, and to those that loved her. She might have languished many years before our eyes in a continual increase of pain, and totally helpless; she might have long wished to end her misery without being able to attain it; or perhaps even lost all sense, and yet continued to breathe; a sad spectacle to such as must have felt more for her than she could have done for herself. However you may deplore your own loss, yet think that she is at last easy and happy; and has now more occasion to pity us than we her. I hope, and beg, you will support yourself with that resignation we owe to Him, who gave us our being for our good, and who deprives us of it for the same reason. I would have come to you directly, but you do not say whether you desire I should or not; if you do, I beg I may know it, for there is nothing to hinder me, and I am in very good health.

Letter 6. *Mr. Gray to Mr. Palgrave* *.

Stoke, Sept. 6, 1758.

I DO not know how to make you amends having neither rock, ruin, nor precipice, near

* Rector of Palgrave and Thrandeston in Suffolk. He was making a tour in Scotland when this letter was written to him.

me to send you; they do not grow in the south: But only say the word, if you would have a compact neat box of red brick with sash windows, or a grotto made of flints and shell work, or a walnut tree with three mole-hills under it, stuck with honey-suckles round a basin of gold fishes, and you shall be satisfied; they shall come by the Edinburgh coach.

In the mean time I congratulate you on your new acquaintance with the savage, the rude, and the tremendous. Pray, tell me, is it any thing like what you had read in your book, or seen in two-shilling prints? Do not you think a man may be the wiser (I had almost said the better) for going a hundred or two of miles; and that the mind has more room in it than most people seem to think, if you will but furnish the apartments? I almost envy your last month, being in a very insipid situation myself: And desire you would not fail to send me some furniture for my Gothic apartment, which is very cold at present. It will be the easier task, as you have nothing to do but transcribe your little red books, if they are not rubbed out; for I conclude you have not trusted every thing to memory, which is ten times worse than a lead pencil half a word fixed upon or near a spot, is worth a cart-load of recollection. When we trust to the picture that objects draw of themselves on our mind, we deceive ourselves; without accurate and particular observation, it is but ill-drawn at first, the outlines are soon blurred, the colours every day grow fainter; and at last, when we would produce it to any body, we are forced to supply its defects with a few strokes of our own imagination. God-forgive me, I suppose I have done so myself before now, and misled many a good body that put their trust in me.

Pray,

Pray, tell me (but with permission, and without any breach of hospitality), it is so much warmer on the other side of the Swale (as some people of honour say) than it is here? Has the singing of birds, the bleating of sheep, the lowing of herds, deafened you at Rainton? Did the vast old oaks and thick groves in Northumberland keep off the sun too much from you? I am too civil to extend my inquiries beyond Berwick. Every thing, doubtless, must improve upon you as you advanced northward. You must tell me, though, about Melross, Rosslin Chapel, and Arbroath. In short, your port-feuille must be so full, that I only desire a loose chapter or two, and will wait for the rest till it comes out.

Letter 7. *From the same to the same.*

London, July 24, 1759.

I AM now settled in my new territories commanding Bedford Gardens, and all the fields as far as Highgate and Hampstead, with such a concourse of moving pictures as would astonish you; so *rus-in-urbe-iss*, that I believe I shall stay here, except little excursions and vagaries, for a year to come. What though I am separated from the fashionable world by Broad St. Giles's, and many a dirty court and alley, yet here is air, and sunshine, and quiet, however, to comfort you: I shall confess that I am basking with heat all the summer, and I suppose shall be blown down all the winter, besides being robbed every night; I trust, however, that the Musæum, with all its manuscripts and rarities by the cart-load, will make ample amends for all the aforesaid inconveniences.

I this day past through the jaws of a great leviathan into the den of Dr. Templeman, superindendant of the reading-room, who congratulated himself on the sight of so much

good company. We were, first, a man that writes for Lord Royston; 2dly, a man that writes for Dr. Burton, of York; 3dly, a man that writes for the Emperor of Germany, or Dr. Pocock, for he speaks the worst English I ever heard; 4thly, Dr. Stukely, who writes for himself, the very worst person he could write for; and, lastly, I, who only read to know if there be any thing worth writing, and that not without some difficulty. I find that they printed 1000 copies of the Harleian Catalogue, and have sold only four-score; that they have 900l. a year income, and spend 1300l. and are building apartments for the under-keepers; so I expect in winter to see the collection advertised and set to auction.

Have you read Lord Clarendon's Continuation of his History? Do you remember Mr. **'s account of it before it came out? How well he recollected all the faults, and how utterly he forgot all the beauties: Surely the grossest taste is better than such a sort of delicacy.

Letter 8. *Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.*

London, June 22, 1760.

I AM not sorry to hear you are exceeding busy, except, as it has deprived me of the pleasure I should have in hearing often from you; and as it has been occasioned by a little vexation and disappointment. To find one's self business, I am persuaded, is the great art of life; I am never so angry, as when I hear my acquaintance wishing they had been bred to some poking profession, or employed in some office of drudgery, as if it were pleasanter to be at the command of other people than at one's own; and as if they could not go unless they were wound up: Yet I know and feel what they mean by this

complaint; it proves that some spirit, something of genius (more than common) is required to teach a man how to employ himself: I say a man; for women, commonly speaking, never feel this distemper, they have always something to do; time hangs not on their hands (unless they be fine ladies); a variety of small inventions and occupations fill up the void, and their eyes are never open in vain.

As to myself, I have again found rest for the sole of my gouty foot in your old dining-room*, and hope that you will find at least an equal satisfaction at Old Park; if your bog prove as comfortable as my oven, I shall see no occasion to pity you, and only wish you may brew no worse than I bake.

You totally mistake my talents, when you impute to me any magical skill in planting roses: I know I am no conjuror in these things; when they are done I can find fault, and that is all. Now this is the very reverse of genius, and I feel my own littleness. Reasonable people know themselves better than is commonly imagined; and therefore (though I never saw any instance of it) I believe Mason when he tells me that he understands these things. The prophetic eye of taste (as Mr. Pitt called it) sees all the beauties, that a place is susceptible of, long before they are born; and when it plants a seedling, already sits under the shadow of it, and enjoys the effect it will have from every point of view that lies in prospect. You must therefore invoke Caractacus, and he will send his spirits from the top of Snowdon to Cross-fall or Warden-law.

* The house in Southampton-Row, where Mr. Gray lodged, had been tenanted by Dr. Wharton; who, on account of his ill health, left London the year before, and was removed to his paternal estate at Old-Park, near Durham.

I am much obliged to you for your antique news. Froissard is a favourite book of mine (though I have not attentively read him, but only dipped here and there); and it is strange to me that people, who would give thousands for a dozen portraits (originals of that time) to furnish a gallery, should never cast an eye on so many moving pictures of the life, actions, manners, and thoughts of their ancestors, done on the spot, and in strong though simple colours. In the succeeding century Froissard, I find, was read with great satisfaction by every body that could read; and on the same footing with King Arthur, Sir Tristram, and Archbishop Turpin: Not because they thought him a fabulous writer, but because they took them all for true and authentic historians; to so little purpose was it in that age for a man to be at the pains of writing truth. Pray, are you come to the four Irish Kings that went to school to King Richard the Second's Master of the Ceremonies, and the man who informed Froissard of all he had seen in St. Patrick's purgatory?

The town are reading the King of Prussia's poetry (*La Philosophie sans Souci*), and I have done like the town; they do not seem so sick of it as I am: It is all the scum of Voltaire and Lord Bolingbroke, the crambe-recocta of our worst free-thinkers, tossed up in German-French rhyme. Tristram Shandy is still a greater object of admiration, the man as well as the book; one is invited to dinner, where he dines a fortnight before: As to the volumes yet published, there is much good fun in them, and humour sometimes hit and sometimes missed. Have you read his sermons, with his own comic figure, from a painting by Reynolds, at the head of them? They are in the style I think most proper for the pulpit, and shew a strong imagination and

and a sensible heart ; but you see him often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of the audience.

Letter 9. *Mr. Gray to Mr. Stonhewer.*

London, June 29, 1760.

THOUGH you have had but a melancholy employment, it is worthy of envy, and (I hope) will have all the success it deserves*. It was the best and most natural method of cure, and such as could not have been administered by any but your gentle hand. I thank you for communicating to me what must give you so much satisfaction.

I too was reading M. D'Alembert, and (like you) am totally disappointed in his *Elements*. I could only taste a little of the first course : It was dry as a stick, hard as a stone, and cold as a cucumber. But then the letter to Rousseau is like himself ; and the discourses on elocution, and on the liberty of music, are divine. He has added to his translations from Tacitus ; and (what is remarkable) though that author's manner more nearly resembles the best French writers of the present age, than any thing, he totally fails in the attempt. Is it his fault, or that of the language ?

I have received another Scotch packet with a third specimen, inferior in kind (because it is merely description), but yet full of nature and noble wild imagination. Five bards pass the night at the castle of a chief (himself a principal bard) ; each goes in his turn to observe the face of things, and returns with an extempore picture of the changes he

* Mr. Stonhewer was now at Houghton-le-Spring, in the Bishoprick of Durham, attending on his sick father, rector of that parish.

has seen (it is an October night, the harvest month of the Highlands). This is the whole plan ; yet there is a contrivance, and a preparation of ideas, that you would not expect. The oddest thing is, that every one of them sees ghosts (more or less). The idea that struck and surprised me most, is the following. One of them (describing a storm of wind and rain) says,

Ghosts ride on the tempest to night :
Sweet is their voice between the gusts of wind,
Their songs are of other worlds !

Did you never observe (while rocking winds are piping loud) that pause, as the gust is recollecting itself, and rising upon the ear in a shrill and plaintive note, like the swell of an *Æolian harp* ? I do assure you there is nothing in the world so like the voice of a spirit. Thomson had an ear sometimes : He was not deaf to this ; and has described it gloriously, but given it another different turn, and of more horror. I cannot repeat the lines : It is in his *Winter*. There is another very fine picture in one of them. It describes the breaking of the clouds after the storm, before it is settled into a calm, and when the moon is seen by short intervals.

The waves are tumbling on the lake,
And lash the rocky sides.
The boat is brimful in the cove,
The oars on the rocking tide.
Sad sits a maid beneath a cliff,
And eyes the rolling stream :
Her lover promised to come, [lake ;
She saw his boat (when it was evening) on the
Are these his groans in the gale ?
Is this his broken boat on the shore ?

Letter 10. *Mr. Gray to Dr. Clarke**.

Pembroke-Hall, August 12, 1760.

NOT knowing whether you are yet returned from your sea-water, I write at random to you. For me, I am come to my resting-place, and find it very necessary, after living for a month in a house with three women that laughed from morning to night, and would allow nothing to the sulkeness of my disposition. Company and cards at home, parties by land and water abroad, and, what they call, doing something, that is, racketting about from morning to night, are occupations, I find, that wear out my spirits, especially in a situation where one might sit still, and be alone with pleasure; for the place was a hill † like Clifden, opening to a very extensive and diversified landscape, with the Thames, which is navigable, running at its foot.

I would wish to continue here (in a very different scene, it must be confessed) till Michaelmas; but I fear I must come to town much sooner. Cambridge is a delight of a place, now there is nobody in it. I do believe you would like it, if you knew what it was without inhabitants. It is they, I assure you, that get it an ill name and spoil all. Our friend Dr. — (one of its nuisances) is not expected here again in a hurry. He is gone to his grave with five fine mackarel (large and full of roe) in his belly. He ate them all at one dinner; but his fare was a turbot on Trinity Sunday, of which he left little for the company besides bones. He had not been hearty all the

* Physician at Epsom. With this gentleman Mr. Gray commenced an early acquaintance at College.

† Near Henley.

week; but after this sixth fish he never held up his head more, and a violent looseness carried him off. — They say he made a very good end.

Have you seen the Erse fragments since they were printed? I am more puzzled than ever about their antiquity, though I still incline (against every body's opinion) to believe them old. Those you have already seen are the best; though there are some others that are excellent too.

Letter 11. *Mr. Gray to Mr. Mason.*

Cambridge, August 20, 1760.

I HAVE sent Musæus back as you desired me, scratched here and there; and with it also a bloody satire, written against no less persons than you and I by name. I concluded at first it was Mr. *, because he is your friend and my humble servant; but then I thought he knew the world too well to cail us the favourite minions of taste and of fashion, especially as to odes. For to them his ridicule is confined: So it is not he, but Mr. Colman, nephew to Lady Bath, author of the *Connoisseur*, a member of one of the inns of court, and a particular acquaintance of Mr. Garrick. What have you done to him? For I never heard his name before; he makes very tolerable fun with me where I understand him (which is not every where); but seems more angry with you. Lest people should not understand the humour of the thing (which indeed to do they must have our lyricisms at their finger ends), letters come out in Lloyd's Evening-post to tell them who and what it was that he meant, and says, it is like to produce a great combustion in the literary world. So if you have any mind to *combustle* about it, well and good; for me, I am neither so literary nor so combustible.

The

The Monthly Review, I see, just now has much stuff about us on this occasion. It says one of us at least has always borne his faculties meekly. I leave you to guess which of us that is: I think I know. You simpleton you! you must be meek, must you? and see what you get by it.

Letter 12. *Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.*

London, 1761.

I REJOICE to find that you not only grow reconciled to your northern scene, but discover beauties round you that once were deformities: I am persuaded the whole matter is to have always something going forward. Happy they that can create a rose-tree, or erect a honey-suckle; that can watch the brood of a hen, or see a fleet of their own ducklings launch into the water: It is with a sentiment of envy I speak it, who never shall have even a thatched roof of my own, nor gather a strawberry but in Covent-Garden. I will not, however, believe in the vocality of Old-Park till next summer, when perhaps I may trust to my own ears.

The Nouvelle Heloise cruelly disappointed me, but it has its partisans, amongst which are Mason and Mr. Hurd; for me, I admire nothing but Fingal (I conclude you have seen it, if not Stonhewer can lend it you); yet I remain still in doubt about the authenticity of these poems, though inclining rather to believe them genuine in spite of the world; whether they are the inventions of antiquity, or of a modern Scotchman, either case is to me alike unaccountable; *je m'y perd.*

I send you a Swedish and English calendar; the first column is by Berger, a disciple of Linnæus; the second by Mr. Stillingfleet; the third (very imperfect indeed) by me. You are to observe, as you tend

your plantations and take your walks, how the spring advances in the north, and whether Old-Park most resembles Upsal or Stratton. The latter has on one side a barren black heath, on the other side a light sandy loam; all the country about is a dead flat: You see it is necessary you should know the situation (I do not mean any reflection upon any body's place); and this is the description Mr. Stillingfleet gives of his friend Mr. Marsham's seat, to which he retires in the summer and botanizes. I have lately made an acquaintance with this philosopher, who lives in a garret here in the winter, that he may support some near relations who depend upon him; he is always employed, consequently (according to my old maxim) always happy, always cheerful, and seems to me a very worthy honest man; his present scheme is to send some persons properly qualified to reside a year or two in Antica, to make themselves acquainted with the climate, productions, and natural history of the country, that we may understand Aristotle, Theophrastus, &c. who have been Heathen Greek to us for so many ages; and this he has got proposed to Lord Bute, no unlikely person to put it into execution, as he is himself a botanist.

Letter 13. *Mr. Gray to Mr. Mason.*

August, 1761.

BE assured your York Canon never will die; so the better the thing is in value, the worse for you*. The true way to immortality is to get you nominated one's successor: Age and diseases vanish at your name;

* This was written at a time, when, by the favour of Dr. Fountayne, Dean of York, Mr. Mason expected to be made a residentiary in his cathedral.

fevers

fevers turn to radical heat, and fistulas into issues: It is a judgment that waits on your insatiable avarice. You could not let the poor old man die at his ease, when he was about it; and all his family (I suppose) are cursing you for it.

I wrote to Lord — on his recovery; and he answers me very cheerfully, as if his illness had been but slight, and the pleurisy were no more than a hole in one's stocking. He got it (he says) not by scampering, racketing, and riding post, as I had supposed; but by going with ladies to Vauxhall. He is the picture (and pray so tell him, if you see him) of an old alderman that I knew, who, after living forty years on the fat of the land (not milk and honey, but arrack punch and venison), and losing his great toe with a mortification, said to the last, that he owed it to two grapes, which he ate one day after dinner. He felt them lie cold at his stomach the minute they were down.

Mr. Montagu (as I guess, at your instigation) has earnestly desired me to write some lines to be put on a monument, which he means to erect at Belleisle. It is a task I do not love, knowing Sir William Williams so slightly as I did: But he is so friendly a person, and his affliction seemed to me so real, that I could not refuse him. I have sent him the following verses, which I neither like myself, nor will he, I doubt: However, I have shewed him that I wished to oblige him. Tell me your real opinion.

Letter 14. *Mr. Gray to Dr. Wharton.*

Pembroke-Hall, Aug. 26, 1766.

WHATEVER my pen may do, I am sure my thoughts expatiate no where oftener, or with more pleasure, than to Old-Park. I hope you have made my peace with the an-

gry little lady. It is certain, whether her name were in my letter or not, she was as present to my memory as the rest of the whole family; and I desire you would present her with two kisses in my name, and one a-piece to all the others; for I shall take the liberty to kiss them all (great and small) as you are to be my proxy.

In spite of the rain, which I think continued, with very short intervals, till the beginning of this month, and quite effaced the summer from the year, I made a shift to pass May and June not disagreeably in Kent. I was surprised at the beauty of the road to Canterbury, which (I know not why) had not struck me before. The whole country is a rich and well-cultivated garden; orchards, cherry-grounds, hop gardens, intermixed with corn and frequent villages; gentle risings covered with wood, and every where the Thames and Medway breaking in upon the landscape with all their navigation. It was indeed owing to the bad weather that the whole scene was dressed in that tender emerald green, which one usually sees only for a fortnight in the opening of the spring; and this continued till I left the country. My residence was eight miles east of Canterbury, in a little quiet valley on the skirts of Barham-Down*. In these parts the whole soil is chalk, and whenever it holds up, in half an hour it is dry enough to walk out. I took the opportunity of three or four days fine weather to go into the isle of Thanet; saw Margate (which is Bartholomew fair by the sea-side), Ramsgate, and other places there; and so came by Sandwich,

* At Denton, where his friend the Rev. William Robinson, brother to Matthew Robinson, Esq. late member for Canterbury, then resided.

Deal,

Deal, Dover, Folkstone, and Hithe, back again. The coast is not like Hartlepool; there are no rocks, but only chalky cliffs of no great height till you come to Dover; there indeed they are noble and picturesque, and the opposite coasts of France begin to bound your view, which was left before to range unlimited by any thing but the horizon; yet it is by no means a shipless sea, but every where peopled with white sails, and vessels of all sizes in motion: And take notice (except in the Isle, which is all corn-fields, and has very little inclosure) there are in all places hedge-rows, and tall trees even within a few yards of the beach. Particularly, Hithe stands on an eminence covered with wood. I shall confess we had fires at night (aye, and at day too) several times in June; but do not go and take advantage in the north at this, for it was the most untoward year that ever I remember.

My compliments to Mrs. Wharton and all

your family; I will not name them, lest I should affront any body.

Letter 15. *Mr. Gray to Mr. Mason.*

March 28, 1767.

I BREAK in upon you at a moment, when we least of all are permitted to disturb our friends, only to say, that you are daily and hourly present to my thoughts. If the worst be not yet past, you will neglect and pardon me: But if the last struggle be over; if the poor object of your long anxieties be no longer sensible to your kindness, or to her own sufferings, allow me (at least in idea, for what could I do, were I present, more than this?) to sit by you in silence, and pity from my heart not her, who is at rest, but you who lose her. May He, who made us, the Master of our pleasures and of our pains, preserve and support you! Adieu.

I have long understood how little you had to hope.

SECT. II. FROM LAURENCE STERNE AND OTHERS.

Letter 1. *Mr. Sterne to Mrs. Sterne, York.*

My Dear, Paris, May 16, 1762.

IT is a thousand to one that this reaches you before you have set out—however, I take the chance—you will receive one wrote last night, the moment you get to Mr. E. and to wish you joy of your arrival in town—to that letter which you will find in town, I have nothing to add that I can think on—for I have almost drained my brains dry upon the subject. For God's sake rise early and gallop away in the cool—and always see that you have not forgot your baggage in changing post-chaises. You will find good tea upon the road from York to Dover—only bring a little to carry you from Calais to Paris—give

the Custom-house officers what I told you—at Calais give more, if you have much Scotch snuff—but as tobacco is good here, you had best bring a Scotch mill and make it yourself, that is, order your valet to manufacture it—it will keep him out of mischief. I would advise you to take three days in coming up, for fear of heating yourselves. See that they do not give you a bad vehicle, when a better is in the yard, but you will look sharp—drink small Rhenish to keep you cool (that is, if you like it.) Live well, and deny yourselves nothing your hearts wish. So God in heaven prosper and go along with you—kiss my Lydia, and believe me both affectionately your's.

Letter

Letter 2. *Mr. Sterne to Mrs. Sterne.*

My Dear, Paris, May 31, 1762.

THERE have no mails arrived here till this morning, for three posts, so I expected with great impatience a letter from you and Lydia—and lo! it is arrived. You are as busy as Throp's wife, and by the time you receive this, you will be busier still—I have exhausted all my ideas about your journey—and what is needful for you to do before and during it—so I write only to tell you I am well—Mr. Colebrooks, the minister of Swisserland's secretary, I got this morning to write a letter for you to the governor of the Custom-house-office at Calais—it will be sent you next post. You must be cautious about Scotch snuff—take half a pound in your pocket, and make Lyd do the same. It is well I bought you a chaise—there is no getting one in Paris now, but at an enormous price—for they are all sent to the army, and such a one as your's we have not been able to match for forty guineas, for a friend of mine who is going from hence to Italy—the weather was never known to set in so hot, as it has done the latter end of this month; so he and his party are to get into his chaises by four in the morning, and travel till nine—and not stir out again till six;—but I hope this severe heat will abate by the time you come here—however, I beg of you once more to take special care of heating your blood in travelling, and come *tout doucement*, when you find the heat too much—I shall look impatiently for intelligence from you, and hope to hear all goes well; that you conquer all difficulties, that you have received your passport, my picture, &c. Write and tell me something of every thing. I long to see you both, you may be assured, my dear wife and child, after so long a separation—and write me a line di-

rectly, that I may have all the notice you can give me, that I may have apartments ready and fit for you when you arrive. For my own part I shall continue writing to you a fortnight longer—present my respects to all friends—you have bid Mr. C. get my visitations at P. done for me, &c. &c. If any offers are made about the inclosure at Rascal, they must be inclosed to me—nothing that is fairly proposed shall stand still on my score. Do all for the best, as He who guides all things will I hope do for us—so Heaven preserve you both—believe me your affectionate, &c.

Love to my Lydia—I have bought her a gold watch to present to her when she comes.

Letter 3. *Mr. Sterne to Lady D.*

Paris, July 9, 1762.

I WILL not send your Ladyship the trifles you bid me purchase, without a line. I am very well pleased with Paris—indeed I meet with so many civilities amongst the people here, that I must sing their praises—the French have a great deal of urbanity in their composition, and to stay a little time amongst them will be agreeable. I splutter French so as to be understood—but I have had a droll adventure here in which my Latin was of some service to me—I had hired a chaise and a horse to go about seven miles into the country, but, Shandean-like, did not take notice that the horse was almost dead when I took him—Before I got half way, the poor animal dropped down dead—so I was forced to appear before the Police, and began to tell my story in French, which was, that the poor beast had to do with a worse beast than himself, namely, his master, who had driven him all the day before (Jehu like), and that he had neither had corn, or hay, therefore I was not to pay for

for the horse—but I might as well have whistled, as have spoke French, and I believe my Latin was equal to my uncle Toby's *Lilabulero*—being not understood because of its purity, but by dint of words I forced my judge to do me justice—no common thing, by the way, in France. My wife and daughter are arrived—the latter does nothing but look out of the window, and complain of the torment of being frizled. I wish she may ever remain a child of nature—I hate children of art.

I hope this will find your Ladyship well—and that you will be kind enough to direct to me at Toulouse, which place I shall set out for very soon. I am, with truth and sincerity, your Ladyship's most faithful, &c.

Letter 4. *Mr. Sterne to Mr. Foley, at Paris.*

Toulouse,

My dear Foley,

August 14, 1762.

AFTER many turnings (*alias* digressions, to say nothing of downright overthrows, stops, and delays, we have arrived in three weeks at Toulouse, and are now settled in our houses with servants, &c. about us, and look as composed as if we had been here seven years. In our journey we suffered so much from the heats, it gives me pain to remember it. I never saw a cloud from Paris to Nîmes half as broad as a twenty-four sols piece. Good God! we were toasted, roasted, grilled, stewed, and carbonaded on one side or other all the way—and being all done enough (*assez cuits*) in the day, we were eat up at night by bugs, and other unswept-out vermin, the legal inhabitants (if length of possession gives right) of every inn we lay at—Can you conceive a worse accident than that in such a journey, in the hottest day and hour of it, four miles from either tree or shrub

which could cast a shade of the size of one of Eve's fig-leaves—that we should break a hind wheel into ten thousand pieces, and be obliged in consequence to sit five hours on a gravelly road, without one drop of water, or possibility of getting any? To mend the matter, my two postilions were two dough-hearted fools, and fell a crying—Nothing was to be done! By Heaven, quoth I, pulling off my coat and waistcoat, something shall be done, for I'll thrash you both within an inch of your lives—and then make you take each of you a horse, and ride like two devils to the next post, for a cart to carry my baggage, and a wheel to carry ourselves. Our luggage weighed ten quintals—it was the fair of Baucaire—all the world was going, or returning—we were asked by every soul who passed by us, if we were going to the fair of Baucaire—No wonder, quoth I, we have goods enough! *Vous avez raison, mes amis.*

Well! here we are after all, my dear friend—and most deliciously placed at the extremity of the town, in an excellent house well furnished, and elegant beyond any thing I looked for—It is built in the form of a hotel, with a pretty court towards the town—and behind, the best garden in Toulouse, laid out in serpentine walks, and so large that the company in our quarter usually come to walk there in the evenings, for which they have my consent—"the more the merrier." The house consists of a good *salle à manger* above stairs joining to the very great *salle à compagnie* as large as the Baron d'Holbach's; three handsome bed-chambers with dressing rooms to them—below stairs two very good rooms for myself, one to study in, the other to see company. I have moreover cellars round the court, and all other offices—Of the same landlord I have bargained to have the use of
a country

a country-house which he has two miles out of town, so that myself and all my family have nothing more to do than to take our hats and remove from the one to the other. My landlord is moreover to keep the gardens in order—and what do you think I am to pay for all this? neither more nor less than thirty pounds a year—all things are cheap in proportion—so we shall live for very very little. I dined yesterday with Mr. H——; he is most pleasantly situated, and they are all well. As for the books you have received for D——, the bookseller was a fool not to send a bill along with them. I will write to him about it. I wish you was with me for two months; it would cure you of all evils ghostly and bodily—but this, like many other wishes both for you and myself, must have its completion elsewhere—Adieu, my kind friend, and believe that I love you as much from inclination as reason, for I am most truly your's.

My wife and girl join in compliments to you—My best respects to my worthy Baron d'Holbach and all that society—Remember me to my friend Mr. Panchaud.

Letter 5. *Ignatius Sancho to Mr. Sterne.*

Reverend Sir,

[1766.]

IT would be an insult on your humanity (or perhaps look like it) to apologize for the liberty I am taking—I am one of those people whom the vulgar and illiberal call negroes. The first part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the best and only security for obedience.—A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application. The latter part of my life has been, through God's blessing, truly fortunate—having spent it in the service of

one of the greatest families in the kingdom—my chief pleasure has been books—Philanthropy I adore. How very much, good Sir, am I, (amongst millions,) indebted to you for the character of your amiable uncle Toby! I declare I would walk ten miles in the dog-days, to shake hands with the honest Corporal. Your sermons have touched me to the heart, and I hope have amended it, which brings me to the point. In your tenth discourse, is this very affecting passage—"Consider how great a part of our species in all ages down to this—have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their cries, nor pity their distresses. Consider slavery—what it is—how bitter a draught—and how many millions are made to drink of it." Of all my favourite authors, not one has drawn a tear in favour of my miserable black brethren—excepting yourself, and the humane author of Sir Geo. Ellison. I think you will forgive me; I am sure you will applaud me for beseeching you to give one half-hour's attention to slavery, as it is this day practised in our West-Indies. That subject handled in your striking manner would ease the yoke (perhaps) of many—but if only of one—gracious God! what a feast to a benevolent heart! and sure I am, you are an epicurean in acts of charity. You who are universally read and as universally admired—you could not fail. Dear Sir, think in me you behold the uplifted hands of thousands of my brother Moors. Grief (you pathetically observe) is eloquent: Figure to yourself their attitudes; hear their supplicating addresses!—Alas! you cannot refuse. Humanity must comply—in which hope I beg permission to subscribe myself, Reverend Sir, &c.

Letter

Letter 6. *Mr. Sterne to Mr. W.*

Coxwold, December 20, 1766.

THANKS my dear W., for your letter ---I am just preparing to come and greet you and many other friends in town---I have drained my ink-standish to the bottom, and after I have published, shall set my face, not towards Jerusalem, but towards the Alps---I find I must once more fly from death whilst I have strength---I shall go to Naples; and see whether the air of that place will not set this poor frame to rights---As to the project of getting a bear to lead, I think I have enough to do to govern myself---and however profitable it might be (according to your opinion), I am sure it would be unpleasurable ---few are the minutes of life, and I do not think that I have any to throw away on any one being. I shall spend nine or ten months in Italy, and call upon my wife and daughter in France at my return---so shall be back by the King's birth-day---what a project!---and now my dear friend, am I going to York, not for the sake of society---nor to walk by the side of the muddy Ouse, but to recruit myself of the most violent spitting of blood that ever mortal man experienced; because I had rather (in case it is ordained so) die there, than in a post-chaise on the road. If the amour of my uncle Toby do not please you, I am mistaken---and so with a droll story I will finish this letter---A sensible friend of mine, with whom, not long ago, I spent some hours in conversation, met an apothecary (an acquaintance of ours)---the latter asked him how he did? why ill, very ill---I have been with Sterne, who has given me such a dose of Attic salt that I am in a fever---Attic salt, Sir, Attic salt! I have Glauber salt,---I have Epsom salt in my shop, &c.---Oh! I suppose it is some French salt---I wonder you would trust his report of the me-

dicine, he cares not what he takes himself---I fancy I see you smile---I long to be able to be in London, and embrace my friends there ---and shall enjoy myself a week or ten days at Paris with my friends, particularly the Baron d'Holbach, and the rest of the joyous set---As to the females---no, I will not say a word about them---only I have borrowed characters taken up (as a woman does her shift) for the purpose she intends to effectuate. Adieu, adieu---I am your's, &c.

Letter 7. *Ignatius Sancho to Mr. B---*

London,

My dear Friend,

July 18, 1777.

NOTHING could possibly be more welcome than the favour of your truly obliging letter, which I received the day before yesterday. Know, my worthy young man---that it is the pride of my heart when I reflect that, through the favour of Providence, I was the humble means of good to so worthy an object. May you live to be a credit to your great and good friends, and a blessing and comfort to your honest parents!---May you, my child, pursue, through God's mercy, the right paths of humility, candour, temperance, benevolence---with an early piety, gratitude, and praise to the Almighty Giver of all your good!---gratitude---and love for the noble and generous benefactors his providence has so kindly moved in your behalf! Ever let your actions be such as your own heart can approve---always think before you speak, and pause before you act---always suppose yourself before the eyes of Sir William---and Mr. Garrick. To think justly, is the way to do rightly---and by that means you will ever be at peace within. I am happy to hear Sir W--- cares so much about your welfare---his character is great because it is good; as to your noble friend Mr. Garrick ---his

---his virtues are above all praise---he has not only the best head in the world, but the best heart also;---he delights in doing good. Your father and mother called on me last week, to shew me a letter which Mr. Garrick has wrote to you- -keep it, my dear boy, as a treasure beyond all price---it would do honour to the pen of a divine---it breathes the spirit of father---friend---and Christian!--in-
 deed I know no earthly being that I can reverence so much as your exalted and noble friend and patron Mr. Garrick. Your father and mother, I told you, I saw lately ---they were both well, and their eyes overflowed at the goodness of your noble patrons ---and with the honest hope that you would prove yourself not unworthy of their kindness.

I thank you for your kindness to my poor black brethren---I flatter myself you will find them not ungrateful---they act commonly from their feelings: I have observed a dog will love those who use him kindly---and surely, if so, negroes in their state of ignorance and bondage will not act less generously, if I may judge them by myself---I should suppose kindness would do any thing with them;---my soul melts at kindness---but the contrary---I own with shame---makes me almost a savage. If you can with convenience---when you write again---send me half a dozen cocoa nuts, I shall esteem them for your sake---but do not think of it if there is the least difficulty. In regard to wages, I think you acted quite right---do not seek too hastily to be independent---it is quite time enough yet for one of your age to be your own master. Read Mr. Garrick's letter night and morning---put it next your heart ---impress it on your memory---and may the God of all mercy give you grace to follow his

friendly dictates!---I shall ever truly rejoice to hear from you, and your well-doing will be a comfort to me for ever; it is not in your own power and option to command riches---wisdom and health are immediately the gift of God---but it is in your own breast to be good ---therefore, my dear child, make the only right election---be good, and trust the rest to God, and remember he is about your bed, and about your paths, and spieth out all your ways. I am, with pride and delight, your true friend.

Letter 8. *Ignatius Sancho to Mrs. H---*:

February 9, 1774.

IT is the most puzzling affair in nature, to a mind that labours under obligations, to know how to express its feelings;---your former tender solicitude for my well-doing---and your generous remembrance in the present order---appear friendly beyond the common actions of those we in general style good sort of people;---but I will not teaze you with my nonsensical thanks---for I believe such kind of hearts as you are blest with, have sufficient reward in the consciousness of acting humanely.---I opened shop on Saturday the 29th of January---and have met with a success truly flattering;---it shall be my study and constant care not to forfeit the good opinion of my friends.---I have pleasure in congratulating you upon Mrs. W---'s happy delivery and pleasing increase of her family;---it is the hope and wish of my heart---that your comforts in all things may multiply with your years---that in the certain great end---you may emerge without pain---full of hope---from corruptible pleasure---to immortal and incorruptible life---happiness without end---and pass all human comprehension;---there may you and I---
 and

and all we love (or care for) meet!---the follies---the parties---distinctions---feuds of ambition---enthusiasm---lust---and anger of this miserable motley world---all totally forgot---every idea lost, and absorbed in the blissful mansions of redeeming love.

I have not seen Sir Jacob near a fortnight ---but hope and conclude him well.---R--- is well, and grows very fat---an easy mirth, ---full purse---and a good table---great health---and much indulgence---all these conduce terribly to plumpness.---I must beg when you see Mr. ---, if not improper or inconvenient, that you will inform him--- that where there is but little---every little helps;---I think he is too humane to be offended at the liberty---and too honest to be displeased with a truth.---I am, with grateful thanks to Mr. H---, your sincerely humble servant and poor friend.

My best half and Sanchonetta's are all well.

Letter 9. *Ignatius Sancho to Miss L---*

Sept. 12, 1775.

THERE is nothing in nature more vexatious than contributing to the uneasiness of those, whose partiality renders them anxious for our well-doing---the honest heart dilates with rapture when it can happily contribute pleasure to its friends. You see by this that I am coxcomb enough to suppose me and mine of consequence!---but if it is so---it is such as you whose partial goodness have grafted that folly on my natural trunk of dulness.---I am, in truth, in a very unfit mood for writing---for poor Lydia is very sofo--- Mrs. Sancho not very stout;---and for me, I assure you, that of my pair of feet---two are at this instant in pain!---This is the worst side---but courage! Hope! delusive,

cheating Hope! beckons Self-love, and enlists him of her side---and, together, use their friendly eloquence to persuade me that better times are coming.---Your beloved wife (cries Self-love) will have a happy time, and be up soon, strong and hearty.---Your child (cries Hope) will get the better of her illness ---and grow up a blessing and comfort to your evening life---and your friend will soon be in town, and enliven your winter prospects.---Trust, trust in the Almighty---his providence is your shield---it is his love, it is his mercy, which has hitherto supported and kept you up.---See, see! cries Hope! look where Religion, with Faith on her right, and Charity on her left, and a numerous train of blessings in her rear, come to thy support.---Fond foolish mortal, leave complaining---all will be right---all is right.---Adieu, my good friend---write me something, to chase away idle fears, and to strengthen hope.---Too true it is, that where the tender passions are concerned, our sex are cowards. Your's sincerely.

Mrs. Sancho sends her best wishes.

Letter 10. *Ignatius Sancho to Mr. M---*

July 23, 1777.

YES---too true it is---for the many (aye, and some of those many carry their heads high) too true for the miserable---the needy---the sick---for many, alas! who now may have no helper---for the child of folly, poor S---, and even for thy worthless friend Sancho.---It is too true, that the Almighty has called to her rich reward ---she who, whilst on earth, approved herself his best delegate.---How blind, how silly, is the mortal who places any trust or hope in aught but the Almighty! ---You are just, beautifully just, in your sketch of the vicissitudes of worldly bliss.---

We

We rise the lover---dine the husband---and too oft, alas! lay down the forlorn widower.---Never so struck in my life; ---it was on Friday night, between ten and eleven, just preparing for my concluding pipe---the duke of M-----'s man knocks.---“Have you heard the bad news?”---No.---“The Duchess of Queensbury died last night!”---I felt fifty different sensations---unbelief was uppermost---when he crushed my incredibility, by saying he had been to know how his Grace did---who was also very poorly in health.---Now the preceding day, Thursday (the day on which she expired), I had received a very penitential letter from S-----, dated from St. Helena;---this letter I inclosed in a long tedious epistle of my own---and sent to Peterham, believing the family to be all there.---The day after you left town her Grace died;---that day week she was at my door---the day after I had the honour of a long audience in her dressing room.---Alas! this hour blessed with health---crowned with honours---loaded with riches, and encircled with friends---the next reduced to a lump of poor clay---a tenement for worms!---Earth repossesses part of what she gave---and the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire:---Her disorder was a stoppage---she fell ill the evening of the Friday that I last saw her---continued in her full senses to the last.---The good she had done reached the skies long before her lamented death---and are the only heralds that are worth the pursuit of Wisdom:---As to her bad deeds, I have never heard of them.---Had it been for the best, God would have lent her a little longer to a foolish world, which hardly deserved so good a woman;---for my own part, I have lost a friend and---perhaps it is better so. “Whatever is,” &c. &c. I wish S----- knew this heavy news, for

many reasons. I am inclined to believe her Grace's death is the only thing that will most conduce to his reform. I fear neither his gratitude nor sensibility will be much hurt upon hearing the news---it will act upon his fears and make him do *right* upon a *base* principal. Hang him! he teazes me whenever I think of him. I supped last night with St. ---; he called in just now, and says he has a right to be remembered to you. You and he are two old monkies---the more I abuse and rate you, the better friend you think me. As you have found out that your spirits govern your head---you will of course contrive every method of keeping your instrument in tune;---sure I am, that bathing---riding---walking---in succession---the two latter not violent---will brace your nerves---purify your blood---invigorate its circulation:---Add to the rest *continency*---yes---again I repeat it, *continency*;---before you reply, think---rethink---and think again---look into your *Bible*---look in *Young*---peep into your own breast---if your heart warrants what your head counsels---act then boldly.---Oh! *à propos*---pray thank my noble friend Mrs. H----- for her friendly present of C--- J---; it did Mrs. Sancho service, and does poor Billy great good---who has (thro' his teeth) plagued with a cough---which I hope will not run to the whooping sort;---the girls greet you as their respected schoolmaster. As to your spirited kind offer of a F-----, why when you please---you know what I intend doing with it.

Poor Lady S-----, I find, still lingers this side the world. Alas! when will the happy period arrive, that the sons of mortality may greet each other with the joyful news that sin, pain, sorrow, and death, are no more; skies without clouds, earth without crimes,

crimes, life without death, world without end! ---peace, bliss, and harmony, where the Lord God---All in all---King of kings---Lord of lords---reigneth---omnipotent---for ever---for ever! ---may you, my dear M——, and all I love---yea the whole race of Adam, join with my unworthy weak self in the stupendous---astonishing---soul-cheering Hallelujahs!---where charity may be swallowed up in love---hope in bliss---and faith in glorious certainty!---We will mix, my boy, with all countries, colours, faiths---see the countless multitudes of the first world---the myriads descended from the---ark---the patriarchs---sages---prophets---and heroes! My head turns round at the vast idea! we will mingle with them, and try to untwist the vast chain of blessed providence---which puzzles and baffles human understanding. Adieu. Yours &c.

Letter 11. *Ignatius Sancho to Mr. M——.*

August 14, 1777.

MY dear M——, I know full well thy silence must proceed from ill health. To say it concerns me is dull nonsense---self-love without principle will inspire even devils with affection; by so much less as thou apprehendest thy friend has diabolical about him---so mayest thou judge of his feelings towards thee. Why wilt thou not part with thy hair? most assuredly I do believe it would relieve thee past measure---thou dost not fancy thy strength (like Sampson's the Israelite) lieth in thy hair. Remember he was shorn through folly---he lost his wits previous to his losing his locks---do thou consent to lose thine, in order to save thy better judgment. I know no worse soul-sinking pain than the head-ach, though (thank Heaven) I am not often visited with it. I long to see thee---

and will soon, if in my power:---some odd folks would think it would have *been* but good manners to have thanked you for the fawn---but then, says the punster, that would have *been* so like *fawn*-ing---which J. M--- loves not, *no*, nor Sancho either;---it is the hypocrite's key to the great man's heart---it is the resource of cowardly curs---and deceitful b---p---s---it is the spaniel's fort---and man's disgrace---it is in short---the day is so hot---that I cannot say at present any more about it---but that the fawn was large, fresh and worthy the giver, the receiver, and the joyous souls that eat it. Billy has suffered much in getting his teeth---I have just wished him joy by his mother's desire, who says, that he took resolution at last, and walked to her some few steps quite alone. Albeit it gave me no small pleasure---yet upon consideration, what I approve of now, perhaps, (should I live to see him at man's estate,) I might then disapprove---unless God's grace should as ably support him through the quick sands---rocks---and shoals of life---as it has happily the honest being I am now writing to.---God give you health!---your own conduct will secure peace---your friends bread. As to honors, leave it with titles---to knaves---and be content with that of an honest man, "the noblest work of God." Shave---shave---shave. Farewell, your's sincerely.

Letter 12. *Ignatius Sancho to Mr. J---W---e.*

My dear W---e,

May 4, 1778.

YOUR short letter gave me much pleasure---which would have been enlarged, had your epistle been longer;---but I make allowances---as I ought---for the number of friends who wish equally with me---and expect to be gratified. You are greatly fortunate in enjoyment.

joying your health---for which I doubt not but you are truly thankful to the Almighty Giver.---As to your success, it is the best comment upon your conduct;---for rectitude of principle and humble deportment, added to strict attention and good nature, must make even fools and knaves wish you well---though envy will mix itself with the transient kindness of such---but with such noble natures as you went out happily connected with, you are every day sowing the good seeds of your future fortune. I hope to live to see you return---the comfort and honour of your good father and family;---but observe---I do not wish you half a million, clogged with the tears and blood of the poor natives;---no---a decent competence got with honesty---and that will keep increasing like the widow's curse, and descend down to posterity with accumulated blessings. You desire to transfer your share in me to your brother Joe;---now be it known to you---Joe has interest sufficient in his own natural right with me, to secure him every attention in my poor power. But you flatter, my good friend---though your flattery carries a good excuse with it---you flatter the poor.

I say nothing of politics---I hate such subjects;---the public papers will inform you of mistakes---blood---taxes---misery---murder---the obstinacy of a few---and the madness and villainy of a many. I expect a very very long letter from you---in answer to a sermon I wrote you last year. Miss --- is still divinely fair;---she is a good girl, but no match for Nabobs. Mrs. C--- is as handsome as ever-----and R--- as friendly. God bless them! feasting or fasting! sleeping or waking! May God's providence watch over and protect them---and all such! ---Your brother Frank is a sweet boy---a

painter, who would wish to draw a cherub will find no fitter subject. The C---ds, ---but what have I to do with good people, who will of course all write for themselves! ---so let them. Your father---Oh, Jack? what a cordial!---what a rich luxury is it to be able to contribute, by well-doing, to a father's, nay a whole family of kindred love, and heart-felt affection! what a bliss to add to all their happiness---and to insure your own at the same time!---May this high pleasure be thine! and may the God of truth and fountain of all good enrich thy heart and head with his spirit and wisdom---crown your labours with success---and guard you from avarice---ambition---and every Asiatic evil---so that your native land may receive you with riches and honour---your friends with true joy---heightened with sincere respect. So wishes---so prophecies---thy true friend and obliged servant.

Letter 13. *Ignatius Sancho to Mr. W-----e.*

Charles-street, March 1779.

YOU wish me to write a consolatory letter to Mrs. W-----e. My good friend, what can I possibly write but your good sense must have anticipated? The soul-endearing soothing of cordial love have the best and strongest effects upon the grief-torn mind; you have of course told her that thanks are due, greatly so! to a merciful God, who might have bereaved her of a child, instead of a worthy cousin; or that she ought to feel comfort---and to acknowledge divine mercy ---that it was not her husband:---That to lament the death of that amiable girl, is false sorrow in the extreme:---Why lament the great bliss and *choice prize* of what we love? ---what is it she has not gained by an early death?---you will say she was good---and will

will suppose that in the tender connexions of wife---friend---and mother---she would have been an honoured and esteemed example. True, she might---and it is as true, she might have been unhappily paired, ill-matched to some morose, ill-minded, uneven bashaw; ---she might have fell from affluence to want ---from honour to infamy---from innocence to guilt:---In short, we mistake too commonly the objects of our grief;---the living demand our tears---the dead (if their lives were virtuous) our gratulations;---in your case, all that can be said is---earth has lost an opening sweet flower (which, had it lasted longer, must of course soon fade)---and heaven has gained an angel, which will bloom for ever---so let us hear no more of grief. We all must follow. No! let us rejoice, with your worthy friend Mrs. ---*. Joy to the good couple! May they each find their respective wishes! May he find the grateful acknowledgment of obliged and pleasing duty!—and she, the substantial, fond, solid rewards due to a rectitude of conduct, marked strongly with kindness and wisdom! And may you, my friend!---but my leg aches---my foot swells---I can only say my love to the C---ds, and to poor Joe and Frank. Read this to Mrs. W---e. My silly reasoning may be too weak to reach her;---but, however, she may smile at my absurdities;---if so, I shall have a comfort ---as I ever wish to give pleasure to her dear sex---and the pride of my heart is ever to please one---alas!---and that one a wife. So writes thy true friend.

Mr. W---e comes as far as P--- Gardens---but cannot reach Charles-street.

How's that?

* This union was remarkable for disparity of years; the bridegroom being 78, the bride in the bloom of youth.

I hear my scheme of taxation was inserted directly, and should be glad to see the paper, if easily got.

Vanity!

Letter 14. *Ignatius Sancho to Mr. H---*.

Dear Madam,

June 17, 1779.

YOUR son, who is a welcome visitor wherever he comes, made himself more welcome to me by the kind proof of your regard he brought in his hands. Souls like your's, who delight in giving pleasure, enjoy a heaven on earth; for I am convinced that the disposition of the mind in a great measure forms either the heaven or hell in both worlds. I rejoice sincerely at the happiness of Mrs. W---, and may their happiness increase with family and trade!—and may you both enjoy the heart-felt delight of seeing your children's children walking in the track of grace! I have, to my shame be it spoken, intended writing to you for these twelve months past—but in truth I was deterred through a fear of giving pain: Our history has had little in it but cares and anxieties—which (as it is the well-experienced lot of mortality) we struggle with it, with religion on one hand, and hope on the other.

Mr. W---, whose looks and address bespeak a good heart and good sense, called on me. I will not say how much I was pleased—pray make my kindest respects to your good partner, and tell him, I think I have a right to trouble him with my musical nonsense. I wish it better for my own sake—bad as it is, I know he will not despise it, because he has more good-nature:—I hear a good report of Mr. S---, and that his humanity has received the thanks of a community in a public manner. May he! and you! and all I love, enjoy the blissful feelings of large humanity! There is a plaudit—as much

M

much superior to man's as heaven is above earth! Great God! in thy mercy and unbounded goodness, grant that even I may rejoice through eternity with those I have respected and esteemed here! Mrs. Sancho joins me in love to yourself and Mrs. H——. Your son Jacob is the delight of my girls—whenever he calls on us, the work is flung by, and the mouths all distended with laughter: He is a vile romp with children. I am, dear Madam, with true esteem and respect, your obliged servant.

Letter 15. *Ignatius Sancho to Miss L——.*

Charles-street, Sept. 11, 1779.

I CANNOT forbear returning my dear Miss L—— our united thanks for her generous present—which came exactly in time to grace poor Marianne's birth-day, which was yesterday:—the bird was good, and well dressed; that and a large apple-pye feasted the whole family of the Sanchos. Miss L—— was toasted; and although we had neither ringing of bells, nor firing of guns, yet the day was celebrated with mirth and decency—and a degree of sincere joy and urbanity seldom to be seen on R——l birth-days. Mary, as queen of the day, invited two or three young friends—her breast filled with delight, unmixed with cares, her heart danced in her eyes—and she looked the happy mortal. Great God of mercy and love! why, why, in a few fleeting years, are all the gay day dreams of youthful innocence to vanish? why can we not purchase prudence, decency, and wisdom, but at the expence of our peace? Slow circumspect caution implies suspicion—and where suspicion dwells, confidence dwells not. I believe I write nonsense—but the dull weather, added to a dull imagination, must, and I trust will, incline you to excuse me;

If I mistake not, writing requires—what I could tell you, but dare not—for I have smarted once already. In short, I write just what I think—and you know Congreve says somewhere, that

“Thought precedes the will,”

and

“Error lives ere reason can be born.”

Now will—reason—and gratitude, all three powerfully impel me to thank you—not for your goose—nor for any pecuniary self-gratifying marks of generosity—but for the benevolent urbanity of your nature—which counsels your good heart to think of the lowly and less fortunate. But what are my thanks, what the echoed praises of the world, to the heart-approving sensations of true charity!—which is but the prelude to the Divine address at the last day—“Well done, thou good,” &c. &c. That you and all I love—and even poor me—may hear those joyful words, is the prayer of your's, &c. &c.

Letter 16. *Dr. Isaac Schomberg to a Lady, on the Method of Reading for Female Improvement.*

Madam,

CONFORMABLE to your desire, and my promise, I present you with a few thoughts on the method of reading; which you would have had sooner, only that you gave me leave to set them down at my leisure hours. I have complied with your request in both these particulars; so that you see, Madam, how absolute your commands are over me. If my remarks should answer your expectations, and the purpose for which they were intended; if they should in the least conduce to the spending your time in a more profitable and agreeable manner than most of your sex generally do,

do, it will give me a pleasure equal at least to that you will receive.

It were to be wished that the female part of the human creation, on whom Nature has poured out so many charms with so lavish a hand, would pay some regard to the cultivating their minds and improving their understanding. It is easily accomplished. Would they bestow a fourth part of the time they throw away on the trifles and gewgaws of dress, in reading proper books, it would perfectly answer their purpose. Not that I am against the ladies adorning their persons; let them be set off with all the ornaments that art and nature can conspire to produce for their embellishment, but let it be with reason and good sense, not caprice and humour; for there is good sense in dress as in all things else. Strange doctrine to some! but I am sure, Madam, you know there is—You practise it.

The first rule to be laid down to any one who reads to improve, is never to read but with attention. As the abstruse parts of learning are not necessary to the accomplishment of one of your sex, a small degree of it will suffice. I would throw the subjects of which the ladies ought not to be wholly ignorant, under the following heads:

History,
Morality,
Poetry.

The first employs the memory, the second the judgement, and the third the imagination.

Whenever you undertake to read History, make a small abstract of the memorable events, and set down in what year they happened. If you entertain yourself with the life of a famous person, do the same by his most remarkable actions, with the addition of the year and the place he was born at and died.

You will find these great helps to your memory, as they will lead you to remember what you do not write down, by a sort of chain that links the whole history together.

Books on morality deserve an exact reading. There are none in our language more useful and entertaining than the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians. They are the standards of the English tongue, and as such should be read over and over again; for as we imperceptibly slide into the manners and habits of those persons with whom we most frequently converse, so reading being, as it were a silent conversation, we insensibly write and talk in the style of the authors we have the most often read, and who have left the deepest impressions on our mind. Now, in order to retain what you read on the various subjects that fall under the head of Morality, I would advise you to mark with a pencil whatever you find worth remembering. If a passage should strike you, mark it down in the margin; if an expression, draw a line under it; if a whole paper in the fore-mentioned books, or any others which are written in the same loose and unconnected manner, make an asterisk over the first line. By these means you will select the most valuable; and they will sink deeper in your memory than the rest, on repeated reading, by being distinguished from them.

The last article is Poetry. The way of distinguishing good poetry from bad, is to turn it out of verse into prose, and see whether the thought is natural, and the words adapted to it; or whether they are not too big and sounding, or too low and mean for the sense they would convey. This rule will prevent you from being imposed on by bombast and fustian, which with many passes for sublime; for smooth verses which run off

the ear with an easy cadence and harmonious turn, very often impose nonsense on the world, and are like your fine dressed beaux, who pass for fine gentlemen. Divest both from their outward ornaments, and people are surprised they could have been so easily deluded.

I have now, Madam, given a few rules, and those such only as are really necessary. I could have added more; but these will be sufficient to enable you to read without burdening your memory, and yet with another view besides that of barely killing time, as too many are accustomed to do.

The task you have imposed on me, is a strong proof of your knowing the true value of time, and always having improved it to the best advantage, were there no other; and that there are other proofs, those who have the pleasure of being acquainted with you can tell.

As for my part, Madam, you have done me too much honour, by singling me out from all your acquaintance on this occasion, to say anything that would not look like flattery; you yourself would think it so, were I to do you the common justice all your friends allow you; I must therefore be silent on this head, and only say, that I shall think myself well rewarded in return, if you will believe me to be, with the utmost sincerity, as I really am, Madam, your faithful humble servant.

Letter 17. *To Colonel R——s, in Spain.*

BEFORE this can reach the best of husbands and the fondest lover, those tender names will be no more of concern to me. The indisposition in which you, to obey the dictates of your honour and duty, left me, has increased upon me; and I am acquainted, by my physicians, I cannot live a week longer. At this time my spirits fail me; and it is the

ardent love I have for you that carries me beyond my strength, and enables me to tell you, the most painful thing in the prospect of death is, that I must part with you; but let it be a comfort to you that I have no guilt hanging upon me, no unrepented folly that retards me; but I pass away my last hours in reflection upon the happiness we have lived in together, and in sorrow that is so soon to have an end. This is a frailty which I hope is so far from being criminal, that methinks there is a kind of piety in being so unwilling to be separated from a state which is the institution of Heaven, and in which we have lived according to its laws. As we know no more of the next life, but that it will be an happy one to the good, and miserable to the wicked, why may we not please ourselves at least, to alleviate the difficulty of resigning this being, in imagining that we shall have a sense of what passes below, and may possibly be employed in guiding the steps of those with whom we walked with innocence when mortal? Why may I not hope to go on in my usual work, and, though unknown to you, be assistant in all the conflicts of your mind? Give me leave to say to you, O best of men! that I cannot figure to myself a greater happiness than in such an employment; to be present at all the adventures to which human life is exposed; to administer slumber to thy eye-lids in the agonies of a fever; to cover thy beloved face in the day of battle; to go with thee a guardian angel, incapable of wound or pain, where I have longed to attend thee, when a weak, a fearful woman. These, my dear, are the thoughts with which I warm my poor languid heart; but indeed I am not capable, under my present weakness, of bearing the strong agonies of mind I fall into, when I form to myself the grief you must be in upon your

your first hearing of my departure. I will not dwell upon this, because your kind and generous heart will be but the more afflicted, the more the person, for whom you lament, offers you consolation. My last breath will, if I am myself, expire in a prayer for you. I shall never see thy face again. Farewell for ever.

SECT. III. FROM LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE, LORD CHESTERFIELD, DR. JOHNSON, AND OTHERS.

Letter 1. *Lady M. W. Montague to the Countess of —*

Rotterdam, Aug. 3, O. S. 1716.

I FLATTER myself (dear sister) that I shall give you some pleasure in letting you know that I have safely passed the sea, though we had the ill fortune of a storm. We were persuaded by the captain of the yacht to set out in a calm, and he pretended there was nothing so easy as to tide it over; but, after two days slowly moving, the wind blew so hard, that none of the sailors could keep their feet, and we were all Sunday night tossed very handsomely. I never saw a man more frightened than the captain. For my part, I have been so lucky, neither to suffer from fear nor sea-sickness; though, I confess, I was so impatient to see myself once more upon dry land, that I would not stay till the yacht could get to Rotterdam, but went in the long-boat to Helvoetsluys, where we had voitures to carry us to the Briel. I was charmed with the neatness of that little town; but my arrival at Rotterdam, presented me a new scene of pleasure. All the streets are paved with broad stones, and before many of the meanest artificers doors are placed seats of various coloured marbles, so neatly kept, that I will assure you, I walked almost all over the town yesterday, *incognito*, in my slippers, without receiving one spot of dirt; and you

may see the Dutch maids washing the pavement of the street, with more application than ours do our bed-chambers. The town seems so full of people, with such busy faces, all in motion, that I can hardly fancy it is not some celebrated fair; but I see it is every day the same. It is certain no town can be more advantageously situated for commerce. Here are seven large canals, on which the merchants ships come up to the very doors of their houses. The shops and warehouses are of a surprizing neatness and magnificence, filled with an incredible quantity of fine merchandize, and so much cheaper than what we see in England, that I have much ado to persuade myself I am still so near it. Here is neither dirt nor beggary to be seen. One is not shocked with those loathsome cripples, so common in London, nor teized with the importunity of idle fellows and wenches, that chuse to be nasty and lazy. The common servants and little shop-women here, are more nicely clean, than most of our ladies, and the great variety of neat dresses (every woman dressing her head after her own fashion) is an additional pleasure in seeing the town. You see, hitherto, I make no complaints, dear sister, and, if I continue to like travelling, as well as I do at present, I shall not repent my project. It will go a great way in making me satisfied with it, if it affords me an opportunity

opportunity of entertaining you. But it is not from Holland that you must expect a disinterested offer. I can write enough in the stile of Rotterdam, to tell you plainly, in one word, that I expect returns of all the London news. You see I have already learnt to make a good bargain, and that it is not for nothing I will so much as tell you, I am your affectionate sister.

Letter 2. *Lady M. W. Montague to Mrs. S. C.*

Nimeguen, Aug. 13, O. S. 1716.

I AM extremely sorry, my dear S. that your fears of disobliging your relations, and their fears for your health and safety, have hindered me from enjoying the happiness of your company, and you the pleasure of a diverting journey. I receive some degree of mortification from every agreeable novelty, or pleasing prospect, by the reflection of your having so unluckily missed the delight which I know it would have given you. If you were with me in this town, you would be ready to expect to receive visits from your Nottingham friends. No two places were ever more resembling; one has but to give the Maese the name of the Trent, and there is no distinguishing the prospect. The houses, like those of Nottingham, are built one above another, and are intermixed, in the same manner, with trees and gardens. The Tower, they call Julius Cæsar's, has the same situation with Nottingham Castle; and I cannot help fancying I see from it, the Trent-field, Adboulton, places so well known to us. It is true, the fortifications make a considerable difference. All the learned in the art of war, bestow great commendations on them; for my part, that know nothing at all of the matter, I shall content myself with telling you, it is a very pretty walk on the ramparts, on

which there is a tower, very deservedly called the Belvidere, where people go to drink coffee, tea, &c. and enjoy one of the finest prospects in the world. The public walks have no great beauty, but the thick shade of the trees, which is solemnly delightful. But I must not forget to take notice of the bridge, which appeared very surprizing to me. It is large enough to hold hundreds of men, with horses and carriages. They give the value of an English two-pence to get upon it, and then away they go, bridge and all, to the other side of the river, with so slow a motion, one is hardly sensible of any at all. I was yesterday at the French church, and stared very much at their manner of service. The parson clapped on a broad brimmed hat in the first place, which gave him entirely the air of, what d'ye call him, in Bartholomew fair, which he kept up by extraordinary antic gestures, and preaching much such stuff, as the other talked to the puppets. However, the congregation seemed to receive it with great devotion; and I was informed, by some of his flock, that he is a person of particular fame amongst them. I believe by this time you are as much tired with my account of him, as I was with his sermon; but I am sure your brother will excuse a digression in favour of the church of England. You know, speaking disrespectfully of the Calvinists, is the same thing as speaking honourably of the church. Adieu, my dear S. always remember me, and be assured I can never forget you, &c. &c.

Letter 3. *The same to the Lady ———.*

Cologne, Aug. 16, O. S. 1716.

IF my Lady ——— could have any notion of the fatigues I have suffered these two last days, I am sure she would own it a great proof of regard,

regard, that I now sit down to write to her. We hired horses from Nimeguen hither, not having the conveniency of the post, and found but very indifferent accommodation at Reinberg, our first stage; but it was nothing to what I suffered yesterday. We were in hopes to reach Cologne; our horses tired at Stamel, three hours from it, where I was forced to pass the night in my clothes, in a room, not at all better than a hovel; for though I have my bed with me, I had no mind to undress where the wind came from a thousand places. We left this wretched lodging at day-break, and about six, this morning, came safe here, where I got immediately into bed. I slept so well for three hours, that I found myself perfectly recovered, and have had spirits enough to go and see all that is curious in the town, that is to say, the churches, for here is nothing else worth seeing. This is a very large town, but the most part of it is old built. The Jesuits church, which is the neatest, was shewed me, in a very complaisant manner, by a handsome young Jesuit; who, not knowing who I was, took a liberty in his compliments and railleries, which very much diverted me, having never before seen any thing of that nature. I could not enough admire the magnificence of the altars, the rich images of the saints (all massy silver), and the enchasures of the relics, though I could not help murmuring, in my heart, at the profusion of pearls, diamonds, and rubies, bestowed on the adornment of rotten teeth and dirty rags. I own that I had wickedness enough to covet St. Ursula's pearl necklace; though perhaps this was no wickedness at all, an image not being certainly one's neighbour; but I went yet farther, and wished the wench herself converted into dressing-plate. I should also gladly see converted into silver, a great St.

Christopher, which I imagine would look very well in a cistern. These were my pious reflections; though I was very well satisfied to see piled up, to the honour of our nation, the skulls of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. I have seen some hundreds of relics here of no less consequence; but I will not imitate the common style of travellers so far, as to give you a list of them, being persuaded, that you have no manner of curiosity for the titles given to jaw-bones and bits of worm-eaten wood.—Adieu, I am just going to supper, where I shall drink your health in an admirable sort of Lorrain wine, which I am sure is the same you call Burgundy in London, &c. &c.

Letter 4. *The same to the Countess of B—.*

Nuremburg, Aug. 22, O. S. 1716.

AFTER five days travelling post, I could not sit down to write on any other occasion than to tell my dear Lady, that I have not forgot her obliging command of sending her some account of my travels. I have already passed a large part of Germany, I have seen all that is remarkable in Cologne, Frankfort, Wurtzburg, and this place. It is impossible not to observe the difference between the free towns, and those under the government of absolute princes, as all the little sovereigns of Germany are. In the first there appears an air of commerce and plenty. The streets are well built and full of people, neatly and plainly dressed. The shops are loaded with merchandize, and the commonalty are clean and cheerful. In the other you see a sort of shabby finery, a number of dirty people of quality tawdered out; narrow nasty streets out of repair, wretchedly thin of inhabitants, and above half of the common sort asking alms. I cannot help fancying one, under the

figure of a clean Dutch citizen's wife, and the other like a poor town lady of pleasure, painted, and ribboned out in her head-dress, with tarnished silver-laced shoes, a ragged under-petticoat, a miserable mixture of vice and poverty.—They have sumptuary laws in this town, which distinguish their rank by their dress, prevent the excess which ruins so many other cities, and has a more agreeable effect to the eye of a stranger, than our fashions. I need not be ashamed to own, that I wish these laws were in force in other parts of the world. When one considers impartially, the merit of a rich suit of clothes in most places, the respect and the smiles of favour it procures, not to speak of the envy and sighs it occasions (which is very often the principal charm of the wearer), one is forced to confess that there is need of an uncommon understanding to resist the temptation of pleasing friends and mortifying rivals; and that it is natural to young people to fall into a folly, which betrays them to that want of money, which is the source of a thousand basenesses. What numbers of men have begun the world with generous inclinations, that have afterwards been the instruments of bringing misery on a whole people, being led by a vain expence into debts that they could clear no other way, but by the forfeit of their honour, and which they never could have contracted, if the respect the multitude pays to habits, was fixed by law, only to a particular colour or cut of plain cloth. These reflections draw after them others that are too melancholy. I will make haste to put them out of your head by the farce of relics, with which I have been entertained in all the Romish churches.

The Lutherans are not quite free from these follies. I have seen here, in the principal church, a large piece of the cross set in

jewels, and the point of the spear, which, they told me very gravely, was the same that pierced the side of our Saviour. But I was particularly diverted in a little Roman catholic church which is permitted here, where the professors of that religion are not very rich, and consequently cannot adorn their images in so rich a manner as their neighbours. For not to be quite destitute of all finery, they dressed up an image of our Saviour over the altar, in a fair full-bottomed wig, very well powdered. I imagine I see your ladyship stare at this article, of which you very much doubt the veracity; but, upon my word, I have not yet made use of the privilege of a traveller, and my whole account is written with the same plain sincerity of heart, with which I assure you that I am, dear Madam, your, &c. &c.

Letter 5. *Lady M. W. Montague to Mrs. P—.*

Ratisbon, Aug. 30, O. S. 1716.

I HAD the pleasure of receiving your's but the day before I left London. I give you a thousand thanks for your good wishes, and have such an opinion of their efficacy, that, I am persuaded, I owe, in part, to them the good luck of having proceeded so far on my long journey without any ill accident. For I do not reckon it any, to have been stopped a few days in this town by a cold, since it has not only given me an opportunity of seeing all that is curious in it, but of making some acquaintance with the ladies, who have all been to see me with great civility, particularly Madame —, the wife of our King's envoy from Hanover. She has carried me to all the assemblies, and I have been magnificently entertained at her house, which is one the finest here. You know that all the nobility of this place are envoys from different States.

Here

Here are a great number of them, and they might pass their time agreeably enough, if they were less delicate on the point of ceremony. But instead of joining in the design of making the town as pleasant to one another as they can, and improving their little societies, they amuse themselves no other way than with perpetual quarrels, which they take care to eternise, by leaving them to their successors; and an envoy to Ratisbon receives, regularly, half a dozen quarrels, among the perquisites of his employment. You may be sure the ladies are not wanting, on their side, in cherishing and improving these important piques, which divide the town almost into as many parties as there are families. They chuse rather to suffer the mortification of sitting almost alone on their assembly nights, than to recede one jot from their pretensions. I have not been here above a week, and yet I have heard from almost every one of them, the whole history of their wrongs, and dreadful complaints of the injustice of their neighbours, in hopes to draw me to their party. But I think it very prudent to remain neuter, though if I was to stay amongst them, there would be no possibility of continuing so, their quarrels running so high, that they will not be civil to those who visit their adversaries. The foundation of these everlasting disputes turns entirely upon rank, place, and the title of Excellency, which they all pretend to, and, what is very hard, will give it to nobody. For my part, I could not forbear advertising them (for the public good) to give the title of Excellency to every body, which would include the receiving it from every body; but the very mention of such a dishonourable peace was received with as much indignation as Mrs. Blackaire did the motion of a reference. And, indeed, I began to think myself ill-

natured, to offer to take from them, in a town where there are so few diversions, so entertaining an amusement. I know that my peaceable disposition already gives me a very ill figure, and that it is publicly whispered as a piece of impertinent pride in me, that I have hitherto been saucily civil to every body, as if I thought nobody good enough to quarrel with. I should be obliged to change my behaviour, if I did not intend to pursue my journey in a few days. I have been to see the churches here, and had the permission of touching the relics, which was never suffered in places where I was not known. I had, by this privilege, the opportunity of making an observation, which I doubt not might have been made in all the other churches, that the emeralds and rubies which they shew round their relics and images, are most of them false; though they tell you that many of the crosses and madonas, set round with these stones, have been the gifts of emperors and other great princes. I doubt not indeed but they were at first jewels of value; but the good fathers have found it convenient to apply them to other uses, and the people are just as well satisfied with bits of glass amongst these relics. They shewed me a prodigious claw set in gold, which they called the claw of a griffin, and I could not forbear asking the reverend priest that shewed it, whether the griffin was a saint? The question almost put him beside his gravity; but he answered they only kept it as a curiosity. I was very much scandalized at a large silver image of the Trinity, where the Father is represented under the figure of a decrepit old man, with a beard down to his knees, and triple crown on his head, holding in his arms the Son, fixed on a cross, and the Holy Ghost, in the shape of a dove, hovering over him. Madame —

is come this minute to call me to the assembly, and forces me to tell you very abruptly, that I am ever your, &c. &c.

Letter 6, *Lady M. W. Montague to the Countess of —.*

Vienna, Sept. 8, O. S. 1716.

I AM now, my dear sister, safely arrived at Vienna, and, I thank God, have not at all suffered in my health, nor (what is dearer to me) in that of my child, by all our fatigues. We travelled by water from Ratisbon, a journey perfectly agreeable, down the Danube, in one of those little vessels, that they, very properly, call wooden houses, having in them all the conveniences of a palace, stoves in the chambers, kitchens, &c. They are rowed by twelve men each, and move with such an incredible swiftness, that in the same day you have the pleasure of a vast variety of prospects, and within the space of a few hours you have the pleasure of seeing a populous city, adorned with magnificent palaces, and the most romantic solitudes, which appear distant from the commerce of mankind, the banks of the Danube being charmingly diversified with woods, rocks, mountains covered with vines, fields of corn, large cities, and ruins of ancient castles. I saw the great towns of Passau and Lintz, famous for the retreat of the Imperial Court, when Vienna was besieged. This town, which has the honour of being the emperor's residence, did not at all answer my expectations, nor ideas of it, being much less than I expected to find it; the streets are very close, and so narrow, one cannot observe the fine fronts of the palaces, though many of them very well deserve observation, being truly magnificent. They are all built of fine white stone, and are excessive high. For as the town is too

little for the number of people that desire to live in it, the builders seem to have projected to repair that misfortune, by clapping one town on the top of another, most of the houses being of five, and some of them of six stories. You may easily imagine that, the streets being so narrow, the rooms are extremely dark, and, what is an inconveniency much more intolerable in my opinion, there is no house has so few as five or six families in it. The apartments of the greatest ladies, and even of the ministers of state, are divided, but by a partition, from that of a taylor or shoe-maker, and I know nobody that has above two floors in any house, one for their own use, and one higher for their servants. Those that have houses of their own, let out the rest of them to whoever will take them, and thus the great stairs (which are all of stone) are as common and as dirty as the street. It is true, when you have once travelled through them, nothing can be more surprisingly magnificent than the apartments. They are commonly a *suite* of eight or ten large rooms, all inlaid, the doors and windows richly carved and gilt, and the furniture such as is seldom seen in the palaces of sovereign princes in other countries. Their apartments are adorned with hangings of the finest tapestry of Brussels, prodigious large looking glasses in silver frames, fine japan tables, beds, chairs, canopies and window curtains of the richest Genoa damask or velvet, almost covered with gold-lace or embroidery. All this is made gay by pictures and vast jars of Japan china, and large lustres of rock crystal. I have already had the honour of being invited to dinner by several of the first people of quality, and I must do them the justice to say, the good taste and magnificence of their tables very well answer to that of their furniture. I have been more than

than once entertained with fifty dishes of meat, all served in silver, and well dressed; the desert proportionable, served in the finest china. But the variety and richness of their wines is what appears the most surprising. The constant way is, to lay a list of their names upon the plates of their guests along with the napkins, and I have counted several times, to the number of eighteen different sorts, all exquisite in their kinds. I was yesterday at Count Schoonbourn, the vice-chancellor's garden, where I was invited to dinner. I must own, I never saw a place so perfectly delightful as the Fauxbourg of Vienna. It is very large, and almost wholly composed of delicious palaces. If the emperor found it proper to permit the gates of the town to be laid open, that the Fauxbourgs might be joined to it, he would have one of the largest and best-built cities in Europe. Count Schoonbourn's villa is one of the most magnificent; the furniture all rich brocades, so well fancied and fitted up, nothing can look more gay and splendid; not to speak of a gallery full of rarities of coral, mother-of-pearl, and throughout the whole house a profusion of gilding, carving, fine paintings, the most beautiful porcelain, statues of alabaster and ivory, and vast orange and lemon trees in gilt pots. The dinner was perfectly fine and well ordered, and made still more agreeable by the good humour of the Count. I have not yet been at court, being forced to stay for my gown, without which there is no waiting on the empress; though I am not without great impatience to see a beauty that has been the admiration of so many different nations. When I have had the honour, I will not fail to let you know my real thoughts, always taking a particular pleasure in communicating them to my dear sister.

Letter 7. *The same to the Countess of —.*

Vienna, Sept. 14, O. S.

THOUGH I have so lately troubled you, my dear sister, with a long letter, yet I will keep my promise in giving you an account of my first going to court. In order to that ceremony, I was squeezed up in a gown, and adorned with a gorget, and the other implements thereunto belonging, a dress very inconvenient, but which certainly shews the neck and shape to great advantage. I cannot forbear giving you some description of the fashions here, which are more monstrous and contrary to all common sense and reason than it is possible for you to imagine. They build certain fabrics of gauze on their heads, about a yard high, consisting of three or four stories fortified with numberless yards of heavy ribbon. The foundation of this structure is a thing they call a *bourlé*, which is exactly of the same shape and kind, but about four times as big, as those rolls our prudent milk-maids make use of to fix their pails upon. This machine they cover with their own hair, which they mix with a great deal of false, it being a particular beauty to have their heads too large to go into a moderate tub. Their hair is prodigiously powdered to conceal the mixture, and set out with three or four rows of bodkins (wonderfully large, that stick out two or three inches from their hair) made of diamonds, pearls, red, green, and and yellow stones, that it certainly requires as much art and experience to carry the load upright, as to dance upon May-day with the garland. Their whalebone petticoats outdo ours by several yards circumference, and cover some acres of ground. You may easily suppose how this extraordinary dress sets off and improves the ugliness, with which God Almighty has been pleased to endow them, generally speaking,

speaking. Even the lovely empress herself is obliged to comply, in some degree, with these absurd fashions, which they would not quit for all the world. I had a private audience (according to ceremony) of half an hour, and then all the other ladies were permitted to come and make their court. I was perfectly charmed with the empress; I cannot however tell you that her features are regular; her eyes are not large, but have a lively look full of sweetness; her complexion the finest I ever saw; her nose and forehead well made, but her mouth has ten thousand charms, that touch the soul. When she smiles, it is with a beauty and sweetness, that forces adoration. She has a vast quantity of fine fair hair; but then her person!—one must speak of it poetically to do it rigid justice; all that the poets have said of the mien of Juno, the air of Venus, come not up to the truth. The Graces move with her; the famous statue of Medici was not formed with more delicate proportions; nothing can be added to the beauty of her neck and hands. Till I saw them, I did not believe there were any in nature so perfect, and I am almost sorry that my rank here did not permit me to kiss them; but they are kissed sufficiently, for every body that waits on her pays that homage at their first entrance, and when they take leave. When the ladies were come, she sat down to quinz. I could not play at a game I had never seen before, and she ordered me a seat at her right hand, and had the goodness to talk to me very much, with that grace so natural to her. I expected every moment when the men were to come in to pay their court; but this drawing room is very different from that of England; no man enters it but the grand master, who comes in to advertise the empress of the approach of the emperor. His Imperial Ma-

jesty did me the honour of speaking to me in a very obliging manner, but he never speaks to any of the other ladies, and the whole passes with a gravity and air of ceremony that has something very formal in it. The empress Amelia, dowager of the late emperor Joseph, came this evening to wait on the reigning empress, followed by the two arch-duchesses her daughters, who are very agreeable young princesses. Their Imperial Majesties rose and went to meet her at the door of the room, after which she was seated in an armed chair next the empress, and in the same manner at supper, and there the men had the permission of paying their court. The arch-duchesses sat on chairs with backs without arms. The table was entirely served, and all the dishes set on by the empresses maids of honour, which are twelve young ladies of the first quality. They have no salary but their chamber at court, where they live in a sort of confinement, not being suffered to go to the assemblies or public places in town, except in compliment to the wedding of a sister maid, whom the empress always presents with her picture set in diamonds. The three first of them are called Ladies of the Key, and wear gold keys by their sides; but what I find most pleasant, is the custom, which obliges them as long as they live, after they have left the empress's service, to make her some present every year on the day of her feast. Her Majesty is served by no married women but the *Grande Maitresse*, who is generally a widow of the first quality, always very old, and is at the same time groom of the stole and mother of the maids. The dressers are not at all in the figure they pretend to in England, being looked upon no otherwise than as downright chamber-maids. I had an audience next day of the empress mother, a princess of great

great virtue and goodness, but who piques herself too much on a violent devotion. She is perpetually performing extraordinary acts of penance, without ever having done any thing to deserve them. She has the same number of maids of honour, whom she suffers to go in colours; but she herself never quits her mourning; and sure nothing can be more dismal than the mourning here, even for a brother. There is not the least bit of linen to be seen; all black crape instead of it. The neck, ears, and side of the face are covered with a plated piece of the same stuff, and the face, that peeps out in the midst of it, looks as if it were pilloried. The widows wear, over and above, a crape forehead-cloth, and in this solemn weed, go to all the public places of diversion without scruple. The next day I was to wait on the Empress Amelia, who is now at her palace of retirement, half a mile from the town. I had there the pleasure of seeing a diversion wholly new to me, but which is the common amusement of this court. The empress herself was seated on a little throne at the end of the fine alley in her garden, and on each side of her were ranged two parties of her ladies of quality, headed by two young arch-duchesses, all dressed in their hair, full of jewels, with fine light guns in their hands, and at proper distances were placed three oval pictures, which were the marks to be shot at. The first was that of a Cupid, filling a bumper of Burgundy, and the motto, "It is easy to be valiant here." The second a Fortune holding a garland in her hand, the motto, "For her whom Fortune favours." The third was a Sword with a laurel wreath on the point, the motto, "Here is no shame to the vanquished."—Near the empress was a gilded trophy wreathed with flowers, and made of little crooks, on

which were hung rich Turkish handkerchiefs, tippets, ribbons, laces, &c. for the small prizes. The empress gave the first with her own hand, which was a fine ruby ring set round with diamonds in a gold snuff-box. There was for the second, a little Cupid set with brilliants, and besides these a set of fine china for the tea table, enclased in gold, Japan trunks, fans, and many gallantries of the same nature. All the men of quality at Vienna were spectators; but the ladies only had permission to shoot, and the arch-duchess Amelia carried off the first prize. I was very well pleased with having seen this entertainment, and do not know but it might make as good a figure as the prize-shooting in the *Æneid*, if I could write as well as Virgil. This is the favourite pleasure of the emperor, and there is rarely a week without some feast of this kind, which makes the young ladies skilful enough to defend a fort. They laughed very much to see me afraid to handle a gun. My dear sister, you will easily pardon an abrupt conclusion. I believe by this time you are ready to think I shall never conclude at all.

Letter 8. *Lady M. W. Montague to Mrs.*
J * * *

Vienna, Sept. 26, O. S. 1716.

I WAS never more agreeably surprized than by your obliging letter. It is a peculiar mark of my esteem, that I tell you so, and I can assure you, that if I loved you one grain less than I do, I should be very sorry to see it so diverting as it is. The mortal aversion I have to writing makes me tremble at the thoughts of a new correspondent, and I believe I disoblige no less than a dozen of my London acquaintance by refusing to hear from them, though I did verily think they intended

intended to send me very entertaining letters. But I had rather lose the pleasure of reading several witty things, than be forced to write many stupid ones. Yet in spite of these considerations, I am charmed with the proof of your friendship, and beg a continuation of the same goodness, though I fear the dulness of this will make you immediately repent of it. It is not from Austria that one can write with vivacity, and I am already infected with the phlegm of the country. Even their amours and their quarrels are carried on with a surprising temper, and they are never lively but upon points of ceremony. There, I own, they show all their passions, and it is not long since two coaches meeting in a narrow street at night, the ladies in them not being able to adjust the ceremonial of which should go back, sat there with equal gallantry till two in the morning, and were both so fully determined to die upon the spot rather than yield, in a point of that importance, that the street would never have been cleared till their deaths, if the Emperor had not sent his guards to part them, and even then they refused to stir, till the expedient could be found out, of taking them both out in chairs, exactly in the same moment. After the ladies were agreed, it was with some difficulty that the pas was decided between the two coachmen, no less tenacious of their rank than the ladies. This passion is so omnipotent in the breasts of the women, that even their husbands never die, but they are ready to break their hearts, because that fatal hour puts an end to their rank, no widows having any place at Vienna. The men are not much less touched with this point of honour, and they do not only scorn to marry, but even to make love to any woman of a family not as illustrious as their

own, and the pedigree is much more considered by them, than either the complexion or features of their mistresses. Happy are the ones that can number amongst their ancestors, Counts of the Empire; they have neither occasion for beauty, money, nor good conduct to get them husbands. It is true as to money, it is seldom any advantage to the man they marry; the laws of Austria confine the woman's portion to two thousand florins (about two hundred pounds English), and whatever they have beside, remains in their own possession and disposal. Thus here are many ladies much richer than their husbands, who are, however, obliged to allow them pin-money agreeable to their quality; and I attribute to this considerable branch of prerogative, the liberty that they take upon other occasions. I am sure you, that know my laziness and extreme indifference on this subject, will pity me, intangled amongst all these ceremonies, which are a wonderful burden to me, though I am the envy of the whole town, having by their own customs the pas before them all. They, indeed, so revenge upon the poor envoys this great respect shewn to ambassadors, that (with all my indifference) I should be very uneasy to suffer it. Upon days of ceremony they have no entrance at court, and on other days must content themselves with walking after every soul, and being the very last taken notice of. But I must write a volume to let you know all the ceremonies, and I have already said too much on so dull a subject, which, however, employs the whole care of the people here. I need not, after this, tell you how agreeably time slides away with me; you know as well as I do the taste of your's, &c. &c.

Letter

Letter 9. *Lady M. W. Montague to the Lady X—.*

Vienna, Oct 1, O. S. 1716.

YOU desire me, Madam, to send you some account of the customs here, and at the same time a description of Vienna. I am always willing to obey your commands, but you must, upon this occasion, take the will for the deed. If I should undertake to tell you all the particulars, in which the manners here differ from ours, I must write a whole quire of the duldest stuff, that ever was read, or printed without being read. Their dress agrees with the French or English in no one article, but wearing petticoats. They have many fashions peculiar to themselves; they think it indecent for a widow ever to wear green or rose colour, but all the other gayest colours at her own discretion. The assemblies here are the only regular diversions, the operas being always at court, and commonly on some particular occasion. Madam Rabutin has the assembly constantly every night at her house; and the other ladies, whenever they have a mind to display the magnificence of their apartments, or oblige a friend by complimenting them on the day of their saint, they declare, that on such a day the assembly shall be at their house in honour of the feast of the Count or Countess — such a one. These days are called days of Gala, and all the friends or relations of the lady, whose saint it is, are obliged to appear in their best clothes and all their jewels. The mistress of the house takes no particular notice of any body, nor returns any body's visit; and, whoever pleases, may go, without the formality of being presented. The company are entertained with ice in several forms, winter and summer; afterwards they divide into several

parties of ombre, piquet, or conversation, all games of hazard being forbid.

I saw the other day the Gala for Count Altheim, the Emperor's favourite, and never in my life saw so many fine clothes ill fancied. They embroider the richest gold stuffs, and provided they can make their clothes expensive enough, that is all the taste they shew in them. On other days the general dress is a scarf, and what you please under it.

But now I am speaking of Vienna, I am sure you expect I should say something of the convents; they are of all sorts and sizes, but I am best pleased with that of St. Lawrence, where the ease and neatness they seem to live with, appear to me much more edifying than those stricter orders, where perpetual penance and nastinesses must breed discontent and wretchedness. The nuns are all of quality. I think there are to the number of fifty. They have each of them, a little cell perfectly clean, the walls of which are covered with pictures, more or less fine, according to their quality. A long white stone gallery runs by all of them, furnished with the pictures of exemplary sisters; the chapel is extremely neat and richly adorned. But I could not forbear laughing at their shewing me a wooden head of our Saviour, which they assured me, spoke, during the siege of Vienna; and, as a proof of it, bid me remark his mouth, which had been open ever since. Nothing can be more becoming than the dress of these nuns. It is a white robe, the sleeves of which are turned up with fine white callico, and their head-dress the same, excepting a small veil of black crape that falls behind. They have a lower sort of serving-nuns, that wait on them as their chamber-maids. They receive all visits of women, and play at ombre in their chambers, with permission of their Abbess,

Abbeſs, which is very eaſy to be obtained. I never ſaw an old woman ſo good-natured; ſhe is near fourſcore, and yet ſhe ſhews very little ſign of decay, being ſtill lively and cheerful. She caſſed me as if I had been her daughter, giving me ſome pretty things of her own work, and ſweetmeats in abundance. The grate is not one of the moſt rigid; it is not very hard to put a head through; and I do not doubt but a man, a little more ſlender than ordinary, might ſqueeze in his whole perſon. The young Count of Salamis came to the grate, while I was there, and the Abbeſs gave him her hand to kiſs. But I was ſurpriſed to find here, the only beautiful young woman I have ſeen at Vienna, and not only beautiful, but genteel, witty, and agreeable, of a great family, and who had been the admiration of the town. I could not forbear ſhewing my ſurprize at ſeeing a nun like her. She made me a thouſand obliging compliments, and deſired me to come often. It will be an infinite pleaſure to me (ſaid ſhe, ſighing); but I avoid, with the greateſt care, ſeeing any of my former acquaintance, and whenever they come to our convent, I lock myſelf in my cell. I obſerved tears come into her eyes, which touched me extremely, and I begun to talk to her in that ſtrain of tender pity ſhe inſpired me with; but ſhe would not own to me, that ſhe is not perfectly happy. I have ſince endeavoured to learn the real cauſe of her retirement, without being able to get any other account, but that every body was ſurpriſed at it, and nobody gueſſed the reaſon. I have been ſeveral times to ſee her; but it gives me too much melancholy to ſee ſo agreeable a young creature buried alive. I am not ſurpriſed that nuns have ſo often inſpired violent paſſions; the pity one naturally feels for them, when

they ſeem worthy of another deſtiny, making an eaſy way for yet more tender ſentiments. I never in my life had ſo little charity for the Roman Catholic religion, as ſince I ſee the miſery it occasions; ſo many poor unhappy women! and then the groſs ſuperſtition of the common people, who are ſome or other of them, day and night, offering bits of candle to the wooden figures, that are ſet up almoſt in every ſtreet. The proceſſions I ſee very often are a pagentry, as offenſive and apparently contradictory to common ſenſe as the pagods of China. God knows whether it be the womanly ſpirit of contradiction that works in me, but there never, before, was ſuch zeal againſt popery in the heart of, dear Madam, &c. &c.

Letter 10. *Lady M. W. Montague to Mr. —.*

Vienna, Oct. 10, O. S. 1716.

I DESERVE not all the reproaches you make me. If I have been ſome time without answering your letter, it is not, that I do not know how many thanks are due to you for it; or that I am ſtupid enough to prefer any amuſements, to the pleaſure of hearing from you; but after the profeſſions of eſteem you have ſo obligingly made me, I cannot help delaying, as long as I can, ſhewing you that you are miſtaken. If you are ſincere, when you ſay you expect to be extremely entertained by my letters, I ought to be mortified at the diſappointment that I am ſure you will receive, when you hear from me; though I have done my beſt endeavours to find out ſomething worth writing to you. I have ſeen every thing that was to be ſeen, with a very diligent curioſity. Here are ſome fine villas, particularly the late prince of Liſtſtenſtein's; but the ſtatues are all modern, and the pictures not of the firſt hands.

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It is true, the Emperor has some of great value. I was yesterday to see the repository, which they call his Treasure, where they seem to have been more diligent in amassing a great quantity of things, than in the choice of them. I spent above five hours there, and yet there were very few things that stopped me long to consider them. But the number is prodigious, being a very long gallery filled on both sides, and five large rooms. There is a vast quantity of paintings, amongst which are many fine miniatures, but the most valuable pictures are a few of Corregio, those of Titian being at the Favorita.

The cabinet of jewels did not appear to me so rich as I expected to see it. They shewed me there a cup, about the size of a tea dish, of one entire emerald, which they had so particular a respect for, that only the Emperor has the liberty of touching it. There is a large cabinet full of curiosities of clockwork, only one of which I thought worth observing, that was a craw-fish with all the motions so natural, that it was hard to distinguish it from the life.

The next cabinet was a large collection of agates, some of them extremely beautiful and of an uncommon size, and several vases of lapis lazuli. I was surprized to see the cabinet of medals so poorly furnished; I did not remark one of any value, and they are kept in a most ridiculous disorder. As to the antiques, very few of them deserve that name. Upon my saying that they were modern, I could not forbear laughing at the answer of the profound antiquary that shewed them, that they were ancient enough, for, to his knowledge, they had been there these forty years; but the next cabinet diverted me yet better, being nothing else but a parcel of wax babies, and toys in ivory, very well worthy

to be presented children of five years old. Two of the rooms were wholly filled with these trifles of all kinds, set in jewels, amongst which I was desired to observe a crucifix, that they assured me had spoke very wisely to the Emperor Leopold. I will not trouble you with a catalogue of the rest of the lumber, but I must not forget to mention, a small piece of loadstone that held up an anchor of steel too heavy for me to lift. This is what I thought most curious in the whole treasure. There are some few heads of ancient statues; but several of them are defaced by modern additions. I foresee that you will be very little satisfied with this letter, and I dare hardly ask you, to be good-natured enough to charge the dulness of it on the barrenness of the subject, and to overlook the stupidity of your, &c. &c.

Letter II. *Lady M. W. Montague to the Lady ———.*

Vienna, Jan, 1, O. S. 1717.

I HAVE just received here at Vienna, your Ladyship's compliments on my return to England, sent me from Hanover. You see, Madam, all things that are asserted with confidence, are not absolutely true; and that you have no sort of reason to complain of me for making my designed return a mystery to you, when you say, all the world are informed of it. You may tell all the world in my name, that they are never so well informed of my affairs as I am myself, that I am very positive I am at this time at Vienna, where the carnival is begun, and all sorts of diversions are carried to the greatest height, except that of masquing, which is never permitted during a war with the Turks. The balls are in the public places, where the men pay a gold ducat at entrance, but the ladies nothing. I
am

am told that these houses get sometimes a thousand ducats in a night. They are very magnificently furnished, and the music good, if they had not that detestable custom of mixing hunting horns with it, that almost deafen the company. But that noise is so agreeable here, they never make a concert without them. The ball always concludes with English country dances, to the number of thirty or forty couple, and so ill danced, that there is very little pleasure in them. They know but half a dozen, and they have danced them over and over these fifty years. I would fain have taught them some new ones, but I found it would be some months labour to make them comprehend them. Last night there was an Italian comedy acted at court. The scenes were pretty, but the comedy itself such intolerable low farce, without either wit or humour, that I was surprised how all the court could sit there attentively for four hours together. No women are suffered to act on the stage, and the men dressed like them were such awkward figures, they very much added to the ridicule of the spectacle. What completed the diversion was the excessive cold, which was so great I thought I should have died there. It is now the very extremity of the winter here; the Danube is entirely frozen, and the weather not to be supported without stoves and furs; but, however, the air so clear, almost every body is well, and colds not half so common as in England. I am persuaded there cannot be a purer air, nor more wholesome, than that of Vienna. The plenty and excellence of all sorts of provisions are greater here than in any place I ever was before, and it is not very expensive to keep a splendid table. It is really a pleasure to pass through the markets, and see the abundance of what we should think rarities, of

fowls and venison, that are daily brought in from Hungary and Bohemia. They want nothing but shell fish, and are so fond of oysters, that they have them sent from Venice, and eat them very greedily, stink or not stink. Thus I obey your commands, Madam, in giving you an account of Vienna, though I know you will not be satisfied with it. You chide me for my laziness in not telling you a thousand agreeable and surprising things, that you say you are sure I have seen and heard. Upon my word, Madam, it is my regard to truth, and not laziness, that I do not entertain you with as many prodigies as other travellers use to divert their readers with. I might easily pick up wonders in every town I pass through, or tell you a long series of Popish miracles, but I cannot fancy that there is any thing new in letting you know, that priests will lie, and the mob believe, all the world over. Then as for news, that you are so inquisitive about, how can it be entertaining to you (that do not know the people), that the Prince of ——— has forsaken the Countess of ———? or that the Prince such a one has an intrigue with Count such a one? Would you have me write novels like the Countess of D'———? and is it not better to tell you a plain truth, that I am, &c.?

Letter 12. *Lady M. W. Montague to the Countess of ———.*

Vienna, Jan. 16, O. S. 1717.

I AM now, dear sister, to take leave of you for a long time, and of Vienna for ever, designing, to-morrow, to begin my journey through Hungary in spite of the excessive cold and deep snows, which is enough to damp a greater courage than I am mistress of. But my principle of passive obedience carries me through every thing. I have had my audience

ence of leave of the Empress. His Imperial Majesty was pleased to be present, when I waited on the reigning Empress, and, after a very obliging conversation, both their Imperial Majesties invited me to take Vienna in my road back; but I have no thoughts of enduring, over again, so great a fatigue. I delivered a letter from the Duchess of Blankenburg. I staid but a few days at that court, though her Highness pressed me very much to stay; and when I left her, engaged me to write to her. I wrote you a long letter from thence, which I hope you have received, though you do not mention it; but I believe I forgot to tell you one curiosity in all the German courts, which I cannot forbear taking notice of: All the princes keep favourite dwarfs. The Emperor and Empress have two of these little monsters, as ugly as devils, especially the female; but they are all bedawbed with diamonds, and stand at her Majesty's elbow in all public places. The Duke of Wolfenbuttel has one, and the Duchess of Blankenburg is not without hers, but indeed the most proportionable I ever saw. I am told the King of Denmark has so far improved upon this fashion, that his dwarf is his chief minister. I can assign no reason for their fondness for these pieces of deformity, but the opinion all the absolute princes have, that it is below them to converse with the rest of mankind; and not to be quite alone, they are forced to seek their companions among the refuse of human nature, these creatures being the only part of their court privileged to talk freely to them. I am at present confined to my chamber by a sore throat, and am really glad of the excuse to avoid seeing people, that I love well enough, to be very much mortified when I think I am going to part with them for ever. It is true, the Austrians are

not commonly the most polite people in the world, nor the most agreeable. But Vienna is inhabited by all nations, and I had formed to myself a little society of such as were perfectly to my own taste. And though the number was not very great, I could never pick up, in any other place, such a number of reasonable agreeable people. We were almost always together, and you know I have ever been of opinion, that a chosen conversation, composed of a few that one esteems, is the greatest happiness of life. Here are some Spaniards of both sexes, that have all the vivacity and generosity of sentiments anciently ascribed to their nation; and could I believe that the whole kingdom were like them, I should wish nothing more than to end my days there. The ladies of my acquaintance have so much goodness for me, they cry whenever they see me, since I am determined undertake this journey. And indeed I am not very easy when I reflect on what I am going to suffer. Almost every body I see frights me with some new difficulty. Prince Eugene has been so good as to say all the things he could to persuade me to stay till the Danube is thawed, that I may have the conveniency of going by water, assuring me that the houses in Hungary are such, as are no defence against the weather, and that I shall be obliged to travel three or four days between Buda and Esseek, without finding any house at all, through desert plains covered with snow; where the cold is so violent, many have been killed by it. I own these terrors have made a very deep impression on my mind, because I believe he tells me things truly as they are, and nobody can be better informed of them.

Now I have named that great man, I am sure you expect I should say something particular

ticular of him, having the advantage of seeing him very often; but I am as unwilling to speak of him at Vienna as I should be to talk of Hercules in the court of Omphale, if I had seen him there. I do not know what comfort other people find in considering the weakness of great men, (because, perhaps, it brings them nearer to their level,) but it is always a mortification to me to observe, that there is no perfection in humanity. The young Prince of Portugal is the admiration of the whole court; he is handsome and polite, with a great vivacity. All the officers tell wonders of his gallantry the last campaign. He is lodged at court with all the honours due to his rank.—Adieu, dear sister; this is the last account you will have from me of Vienna. If I survive my journey, you shall hear from me again. I can say, with great truth, in the words of Monefes, I have long learnt to hold myself as nothing; but when I think of the fatigue my poor infant must suffer, I have all a mother's fondness in my eyes, and all her tender passions in my heart.

P. S. I have written a letter to my Lady ———, that I believe she will not like; and, upon cooler reflection, I think I had done better to have let it alone; but I was downright peevish at all her questions, and at her ridiculous imagination, that I have certainly seen abundance of wonders which I keep to myself out of mere malice. She is very angry that I will not lie like other travellers. I verily believe she expects I should tell her of the Anthropophagie, men whose heads grow below their shoulders: However, pray say something to pacify her.

Letter 13. *Lady M. W. Montague to the Lady —.*

Adrianople, April 1, O. S. 1717.

I AM now got into a new world, where every thing I see appears to me a change of scene; and I write to your ladyship with some content of mind, hoping, at least, that you will find the charm of novelty in my letters, and no longer reproach me, that I tell you nothing extraordinary. I will not trouble you with a relation of our tedious journey; but I must not omit what I saw remarkable at Sophia, one of the most beautiful towns in the Turkish Empire, and famous for its hot baths, that are resorted to both for diversion and health. I stopped here one day, on purpose to see them; and designing to go *incognito*, I hired a Turkish coach. These Voitures are not at all like ours, but much more convenient for the country, the heat being so great that glasses would be very troublesome. They are made a good deal in the manner of the Dutch stage-coaches, having wooden lattices painted and gilded; the inside being also painted with baskets and nosegays of flowers, intermixed commonly with little poetical mottos. They are covered all over with scarlet cloth, lined with silk, and very often richly embroidered and fringed. This covering entirely hides the persons in them, but may be thrown back at pleasure, and thus permit the ladies to peep through the lattices. They hold four people very conveniently, seated on cushions, but not raised.

In one of these covered waggons, I went to the Bagnio about ten o'clock. It was already full of women. It is built of stone, in the shape of a dome, with no windows but in the roof, which gives light enough. There were five of these domes joined together, the utmost

utmost being less than the rest, and serving only as a hall, where the portrets stood at the door. Ladies of quality generally give this woman a crown or ten shillings, and I did not forget that ceremony. The next room is a very large one, paved with marble, and all round it are two raised sofas of marble, one above another. There were four fountains of cold water in this room, falling first into marble basons, and then running on the floor in little channels made for that purpose, which carried the streams into the next room, something less than this, with the same sort of marble sofas, but so hot with steams of sulphur, proceeding from the baths joining to it, it was impossible to stay there with one's clothes on. The two other domes were the hot baths, one of which had cocks of cold water turning into it, to temper it to what degree of warmth the bathers pleased to have.

I was in my travelling habit, which is a riding dress, and certainly appeared very extraordinary to them. Yet there was not one of them that shewed the least surprize or impertinent curiosity, but received me with all the obliging civility possible. I know no European court, where the ladies would have behaved themselves in so polite a manner to such a stranger. I believe, upon the whole, there were two hundred women, and yet none of those disdainful smiles, and satirical whispers, that never fail in our assemblies, when any body appears that is not dressed exactly in the fashion.

Letter 14. *Lord Chesterfield to Dr. R. Chenevix, Lord Bishop of Waterford.*

Dear Doctor, Spa, July 4, N.S. 1751.

IT was with real concern that I heard you were ill; and it is with equal truth that I

hope this will find you perfectly recovered: That virtue, which makes you fit, and it may be willing, to die, makes those who are acquainted with it, as I am, unwilling you should; therefore take care of your health, and let it not be affected by a too great sensibility of those misfortunes that inseparably attend our state here. Do all you can to prevent them, but, when inevitable, bear them with resolution; this is the part I take with relation to my own health: I do all I can to retrieve and improve it; and if I acquire it, I will do all I can to preserve it; my bodily infirmities shall as little as possible affect my mind, and so far at least I will lessen the weight of them.

These waters have already done me so much good, that I have reason to expect a great deal more from them; and I expect still more benefit from passing my autumn afterwards in constant travelling through the south of France: Thus you see I anticipate eventually the good, which is at least so much clear gain, let what will happen afterwards; do so too, dear Doctor, and be as well, and as happy, as you are sincerely wished to be by your most faithful friend and servant, &c.

Letter 15. *From the same to Dr. R. C——.*

My dear Lord, London, July 14, 1752.

I KNOW the gentleness, the humanity, and the tenderness of your nature too well to doubt of your grief, and I know the object of it * too well to blame it; no, in such cases it is a commendable, not a blameable passion, and is always inseparable from a heart that is capable of friendship or love. I therefore offer you no trite and always unavailing

* The death of Mrs. Chenevix, the Bishop's wife.

arguments of consolation; but as any strong and prevailing passion is apt to make us neglect or forget for the time our most important duties, I must remind you of two in particular, the neglect of which would render your grief, instead of pious, criminal: I mean your duty to your children as a father, and to your diocese as a bishop. Your care of your children must be doubled, in order to repair as fast as possible their loss; and the public trust of your flock must not suffer from a personal and private concern. These incumbent and necessary duties will sometimes suspend, and at last mitigate, that grief, which I confess mere reason would not: They are equally moral and Christian duties, which I am sure no consideration upon earth will ever make you neglect. May your assiduous discharge of them insensibly lessen that affliction, which, if indulged, would prove as fatal to you and to your family, as it must be vain and unavailing to her whose loss you justly lament! I am, with the greatest truth and affection, my dear Lord, your most faithful friend and servant, &c.

Letter 16. *Lord Chesterfield to Dr. R. C.—*

My dear Lord, London, Dec. 19, 1752.

I AM extremely glad to find, by your last very friendly letter, that you enjoy the greatest blessing of this life, the health of body and mind: Proper exercise is necessary for both; go as little in your coach and as much on foot as ever you can, and let your paternal and pastoral functions at once share and improve the health of your mind. The mind must have some worldly objects, to excite its attention; otherwise it will stagnate in indolence, sink into melancholy, or rise into visions and enthusiasm. Your children cannot be in a better way than, by your account,

they seem to be in at present: Your sons learn what a boy should learn; and your daughters read what girls should read, history; the former cannot know too much, and the latter ought not.

I am so weary of giving an account of my own wretched deafness, that I should not attempt it, did not I know that the kind interest, which you take in whatever concerns me, makes you both desire and expect it. I am then neither better nor worse than when I wrote to you last; I have tried many things, and am going on to try many others, but without expecting any benefit from any medicine but patience. I am, my dear Lord, sincerely yours, &c.

Letter 17. *The same to the same.*

My dear Lord, Blackheath, Aug. 30, 1755.

I CONFESS myself in every respect a very bad correspondent. My heart only does its duty; but my head and hands often refuse to do theirs. You, I am sure, are charitable enough to every body, and just enough to me, to accept of intentions instead of actions. Besides, I must acquaint you, that I have of late had a great deal more on my hands, than I either cared or was fit for. *L'académie des belles lettres* at Paris having, God knows why, associated me to their body; in return to this unexpected and undeserved compliment, I have been obliged to write many letters to individuals, and one to the *académie en corps*, (academic body,) which was to be a kind of speech; and I fear it was of the very worst kind, for I have been long disused to compliments and declamations.

These last six weeks my state of health has been rather better, though by no means good; and, if I can but weather out the next month tolerably, I am morally sure of being better
the

the two following months, which I shall pass at Bath; for those waters always prove a temporary, though never a radical or permanent, cure of my complaints. However, *c'est autant de gagné*, (it is so much clear gain,) and that is worth the trouble of the journey.

Hawkins brought me the other day your kind present of Dr. Seed's sermons. I have read some of them, and like them very well. But I have neither read nor intend to read those which are meant to prove the existence of God; because it seems to me too great a disparagement of that reason which he has given us, to require any other proofs of his existence, than those which the whole and every part of the creation afford us. If I believe my own existence, I must believe his: It cannot be proved *à priori* as some have idly attempted to do, and cannot be doubted of *à posteriori*. Cato says very justly, *And that be is, all nature cries aloud*.

By what I hear from Ireland, the ferment does not seem to subside hitherto, but rather to increase. However, I cannot help thinking but that things will go quietly enough in the next session of parliament. The castle will, I take it for granted, some how or other, procure a majority, which, when the patriots perceive, they will probably think half a loaf better than no bread, and come into measures. I wish, for the sake of Ireland, that they may; for I am very sure that, while these squabbles subsist, the public good never enters into the head of either party.

However your public affairs may go, I am very glad to find that your private ones go so well, and that your children answer your care and expectations. May you long contribute mutually to your respective happiness! Yours most faithfully, &c.

Letter 18. *The same to the same.*

My dear Lord, Blackheath, July 15, 1756.

IT is not without doing some violence to my weak hand, and weaker head, that I attempt to satisfy your friendly anxiety about my health. I still crawl upon the face of the earth, neither worse nor better than I was some months ago, weary of, but not murmuring at, my disagreeable situation. Speaking tires and exhausts me; and as for hearing, I have none left; so that I am *isolé* in the midst of my friends and acquaintance; but, as I have had much more than my share of the good things of this world in the former part of my life, I neither do, nor ought, to complain of the change which I now experience. I will make the best use I can of this wretched remnant of my life, and atone, as well as I can, for the abuse of the whole piece, by wishing that I had employed it better.

I hope your children continue to deserve well all your tenderness: That you may have that and every other happiness, is the sincere wish of your faithful friend and servant, &c.

Letter 19. *The same to the same.*

My dear Lord, Blackheath, Oct. 11, 1756.

WHAT can a hermit send you from the deserts of Blackheath, in return for your kind letter, but his hearty thanks? I see nobody here by choice, and I hear nobody any where by fatal necessity; and as for the thoughts of a deaf, solitary, sick man, they cannot be entertaining for one in health, as I hope you are. Those thoughts which relate to you are such as you would desire, that is, such as you deserve. My others seem to be a succession of dreams, but with this comfortable circumstance, that I have no gloomy ones. No passions agitate me, no fears disturb me,

me, and no silly hopes gull me any longer. I have done with this world, and think of my journey to another, which I believe is not very remote. In the mean time, I shall next week take one to Bath, which the skilful say may perhaps do me good; *à la bonne heure*, I will try. I only ask for negative health; and if those waters will procure me that, I shall be abundantly satisfied.

I think you have taken a very prudent resolution with regard to your approaching election.

My friend George Faulkner dined with me here one day; he tells me that reading is not yet come in fashion in Ireland, and that more bottles are bought in one week than books in one year. Adieu, my dear Lord: It is impossible to be more truly and faithfully than I am yours.

Letter 20. *Lord Chesterfield to Dr. R. C.—.*

My dear Lord, London, Jan. 22, 1760.

WHEN I received your last letter, I was not in a condition to answer, and hardly to read it; I was so extremely ill, that I little thought that I should live to the date of this letter. I have within these few months more than once seen death very near; and when one does see it near, let the best or the worst people say what they please, it is a very serious consideration. I thank God, I saw it without very great terrors; but at the same time, the divine attribute of mercy, which gives us comfort, cannot make us forget, nor ought it, his attribute of justice, which must blend some fears with our hopes. The faculty tell me that I am now much better, and to be sure I am so, compared with what I was a fortnight ago; but, however, still in a very weak and lingering condition, not likely in my opinion to hold out long; but, whe-

ther my end be more or less remote, I know I am tottering upon the brink of this world, and my thoughts are employed about the other. However, while I crawl upon this planet, I think myself obliged to do what good I can, in my narrow domestic sphere, to my fellow-creatures, and to wish them all the good I cannot do. What share you will always have in those wishes, our long friendship, and your own merit, which I have so long known, will best tell you.

I am, with great truth and just esteem, your most faithful friend and servant, &c.

Letter 21. *The same to the same.*

My dear Lord, Blackheath, Aug. 28, 1760.

I SHOULD have answered your last and most friendly letter sooner, but that the weak and languid state which I have been in for some time did not leave me spirits to do any thing, much less any thing well. What was unjustly and infamously urged against Algon Sidney, I found too true in my own case, that *scribere est agere* (writing is acting), and therefore did not undertake it. I am now a little better, but this better moment is no security that the next will not be a very bad one, for I am more than *journalier* in my complaints, even hours make great variations in them. This, you must allow, is an unfortunate latter end of my life, and consequently a tiresome one; but I must own too, that perhaps it is a very just one, and a sort of balance to the tumultuous and imaginary pleasures of the former part of it. In the general course of things, there seems to be, upon the whole, a pretty equal distribution of physical good and evil, some extraordinary cases excepted; and even moral good and evil, seem mixed to a certain degree; for one never sees any body so perfectly good, or so perfectly

perfectly bad, as they might be. Why this is so, it is vain for us upon this planet to inquire, for it is not given us yet to know. I behold it with a respectful admiration, and cry out, *O altitudo!*

White told me that you intend to turn gardener, and that your first trial is to be raising of melons; for which reason I have sent you such a provision of good melon-seed of different kinds, as will serve you, your *nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis* (your children's children, and those that will be born of them); but, as an older and more experienced gardener than you are, I must add some instructions as to their culture. Know then, that they are much better raised in tanner's bark than in dung; that you should put but two seeds in what the gardeners call a light; and, that when they are about half-grown, if the weather is hot, you should cover them with oiled paper, instead of glass, to save the vines from being burned up before the fruit is ripe. I, and most people here, prefer the canteloupes, but they are not the best bearers.

I am very glad that your son does hitherto so well at the university, and there is no doubt of his continuing to do so, provided he keeps clear of the epidemical vices of colleges in general, and of Irish colleges in particular. You may easily guess that I mean that beastly degrading vice of drinking, which increases with years, and which ends in stupid sottishness. I hope all the rest of your family are as well as I wish them; for, upon my word, I sincerely wish you all *tutti quanti* as well as you can wish yourselves. I am, my dear Lord, your faithful friend and humble servant.

Letter 22. *The same to the same.*

My dear Lord, London, Dec. 9, 1771.

I AM sure you will believe me when I tell you that I am sincerely sorry for your loss, which I received the account of yesterday, and upon which I shall make you none of the trite compliments of condolence. Your grief is just; but your religion, of which I am sure you have enough, (with the addition of some philosophy,) will make you keep it within due bounds, and leave the rest to time and avocations. When your son was with me here, just before he embarked for France, I plainly saw that his consumption was too far gone to leave the least hopes of a cure; and, if he had dragged on this wretched life some few years longer, that life could have been but trouble and sorrow to you both. This consideration alone should mitigate your grief, and the care of your grandson will be a proper avocation from it. Adieu, my dear Lord. May this stroke of adversity be the last you may ever experience from the hand of Providence!

Yours most affectionately and sincerely,
&c.

Letter 23. *Dr. Swift to the Earl of Chesterfield.*

My Lord, November 10, 1730.

I WAS positively advised by a friend, whose opinion has much weight with me, and who has a great veneration for your Lordship, to venture a letter of solicitation: and it is the first request of this kind that I ever made, since the public changes, in times, persons, measures, and opinions, drove me into distance and obscurity.

There is an honest man, whose name is Launcelot; he has been long a servant to my

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Lord Suffex : he married a relation of mine, a widow, with a tolerable jointure ; which, depending upon a lease which the duke of Grafton suffered to expire about three years ago, sunk half her little fortune. Mr. Launcelot had many promises from the Duke of Dorset, while his Grace held that office which is now in your Lordship ; but they all failed, after the usual fate that the bulk of court-suitors must expect.

I am very sensible that I have no manner of claim to the least favour from your Lordship, whom I have hardly the honour to be known to, although you were always pleased to treat me with much humanity, and with more distinction than I could pretend to deserve. I am likewise conscious of that demerit which I have largely shared with all those who concerned themselves in a court and ministry, whose maxims and proceedings have been ever since so much exploded. But your Lordship will grant me leave to say, that, in those times, when any persons of the ejected party came to court, and were of tolerable consequence, they never failed to succeed in any reasonable request they made for a friend. And, when I sometimes added my poor solicitations, I used to quote the then ministers a passage in the Gospel, *the poor* (meaning their own dependants) *you have always with you, &c.*

This is the strongest argument I have, to intreat your Lordship's favour for Mr. Launcelot, who is a perfect honest man, and as loyal as you could wish. His wife, my near relation, has been my favourite from her youth, and as deserving as it is possible for one of her level. It is understood, that some little employments about the court may be often in your Lordship's disposal ; and that my Lord Suffex will give Mr. Launcelot

the character he deserves ; and then let my petition be (to speak in my own trade) a drop in the bucket.

Remember, my Lord, that, although this letter be long, yet what particularly concerns my request is but of a few lines.

I shall not congratulate with your Lordship upon any of your present great employments, or upon the greatest that can possibly be given to you ; because you are one of those very few, who do more honour to a court, than you can possibly receive from it, which I take to be a greater compliment to a court than it is to your Lordship. I am, my Lord, &c.

Letter 24. *The Earl of Chesterfield to Dr. Swift.*

Sir, Hague, Dec. 15, N. S. 1730.

YOU need not have made any excuse to me for your solicitation : on the contrary, I am proud of being the first person, to whom you have thought it worth the while to apply since those changes, which, you say, drove you into distance and obscurity. I very well know the person you recommend to me, having lodged at his house a whole summer at Richmond. I have always heard a very good character of him, which alone would incline me to serve him ; but your recommendation, I can assure you, will make me impatient to do it. However, that he may not again meet with the common fate of court-suitors, nor I lie under the imputation of making court-promises, I will exactly explain to you how far it is likely I may be able to serve him.

When first I had this office, I took the resolution of turning out nobody ; so that I shall only have the disposal of those places that the death of the present possessors will procure

procure me. Some old servants, that have served me long and faithfully, have obtained the promises of the first four or five vacancies; and the early solicitations of some of my particular friends have tied me down for about as many more. But after having satisfied these engagements, I do assure you Mr. Launcelot shall be my first care. I confess, his prospect is more remote than I could have wished it; but as it is so remote, he will not have the uneasiness of a disappointment, if he gets nothing; and if he gets something, we shall both be pleased.

As for his political principles, I am in no manner of pain about them. Were he a Tory, I would venture to serve him, in the just expectation that, should I ever be charged with having preferred a Tory, the person, who was the author of my crime, would likewise be the author of my vindication. I am, with real esteem, Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Letter 25. *Dean Swift to the Earl of Chesterfield.*

My Lord, January 5, 1730-1.

I RETURN your Lordship my most humble thanks for the honour and favour of your letter, and desire your justice to believe, that in writing to you a second time, I have no design of giving you a second trouble. My only end at present is to beg your pardon for a fault of ignorance. I ought to have remembered, that the arts of courts are like those of play; where if the most expert be absent a few months, the whole system is so changed that he hath no more skill than a new beginner. Yet I cannot but wish, that your Lordship had pleased to forgive one who has been an utter stranger to public life above sixteen years. Bussy Rabutin himself, the po-

litest person of his age, when he was recalled to court after a long banishment, appeared ridiculous there; and what could I expect from my antiquated manner of addressing your Lordship in the prime of your life, in the height of fortune, favour, and merit; so distinguished by your active spirit, and greatness of your genius? I do here repeat to your Lordship, that I lay the fault of my misconduct entirely on a friend, whom I exceedingly love and esteem, whom I dare not name, and who is as bad a courtier by nature as I am grown by want of practice. God forbid that your Lordship should continue in an employment, however great and honourable, where you only can be an ornament to the court so long, until you have an opportunity to provide offices for a dozen low people, like the poor man whom I took the liberty to mention! And God forbid that, in one particular branch of the king's family, there should ever be such a mortality, as to take away a dozen of meaner servants in less than a dozen years!

Give me leave, in further excuse of my weakness, to confess, that, besides some hints from my friends, your Lordship is in great measure to blame, for your obliging manner of treating me in every place where I had the honour to see you; which I acknowledge to have been a distinction that I had not the least pretence to, and consequently as little to ground upon it the request of a favour.

As I am an utter stranger to the present forms of the world, I have imagined more than once, that your Lordship's proceeding with me may be a refinement introduced by yourself; and that as, in my time, the most solemn and frequent promises of great men usually failed, against all probable appearances, so that single slight one of your Lordship

may, by your generous nature, early succeed against all visible impossibilities*. I am, &c.

Letter 26. *John Dunning, Esq. to a Gentleman of the Inner Temple; containing Directions to the Student.*

Dear Sir, Lincoln's-Inn, March 3, 1779.

THE habits of intercourse in which I have lived with your family, joined to the regard which I entertain for yourself, make me solicitous, in compliance with your request, to give you some hints concerning the study of the law.

Our profession is generally ridiculed as being dry and uninteresting; but a mind anxious for the discovery of truth and information, will be amply gratified for the toil, in investigating the origin and progress of a jurisprudence, which has the good of the people for its basis, and the accumulated wisdom and experience of ages for its improvement. Nor is the study itself so intricate as has been imagined: more especially since the labours of some modern writers have given it a more regular and scientific form. Without industry, however, it is impossible to arrive at any eminence in practice; and the man who shall be bold enough to attempt excellence by abilities alone will soon find himself foiled by many who have inferior understandings, but better attainments. On the other hand, the most painful plodder can never arrive at celebrity by mere reading; a man calculated for success, must add to native genius an instinctive faculty in the discovery and retention of that knowledge only, which can be at once useful and productive.

* And so it did; Lord Chesterfield having soon found an opportunity of providing for the person recommended by Dean Swift.

I imagine that a considerable degree of learning is absolutely necessary. The elder authors frequently wrote in Latin, and the foreign jurists continue the practice to this day. Besides this, classical attainments contribute much to the refinement of the understanding and embellishment of the style.—The utility of grammar, rhetoric, and logic, are known and felt by every one. Geometry will afford the most apposite examples of close and pointed reasoning; and geography is so very necessary in common life, that there is less credit in knowing, than dishonour in not being acquainted with it. But it is history, and more particularly that of his own country, which will occupy the attention, and attract the regard, of the great lawyer. A minute knowledge of the political revolutions and judicial decisions of our predecessors, whether in the more ancient or modern æras of our government, is equally useful and interesting. This will include a narrative of all the material alterations in the common law, and the reasons; and I would always recommend a diligent attendance on the courts of justice; as by that means the practice of them (a circumstance of great moment) will be easily and naturally acquired. Besides this, a much stronger impression will be made on the mind by the statement of the case, and the pleadings of the counsel, than from a cold uninteresting detail of it in a report. But above all, a trial at bar, or a special argument, should never be neglected. As it is usual on these occasions to take notes, a knowledge of short-hand will give such facility to your labours, as to enable you to follow the most rapid speaker with certainty and precision. Common-place books are convenient and useful; and as they are generally lettered, a reference may be had to them

them in a moment. It is usual to acquire some insight into real business, under an eminent special pleader, previous to actual practice at the bar: This idea I beg leave strongly to second, and indeed I have known but a few great men who have not possessed this advantage. I here subjoin a list of books necessary for your perusal and instruction, to which I have added some remarks; and wishing that you may add to a successful practice, that integrity which can alone make you worthy of it, I remain, &c. &c.

Read Hume's History of England, particularly observing the rise, progress, and declension of the feudal system. Minutely attend to the Saxon government that preceded it, and dwell on the reigns of Edward I. Henry VI. Henry VII. Henry VIII. James I. Charles I. Charles II. and James II.

Blackstone. On the second reading turn to the references.

Mr. Justice Wright's learned Treatise on Tenures.

Coke Littleton, especially every word of Fee-simple, Fee-tail, and Tenant in tail.

Coke's Institutes; more particularly the 1st and 2d; and Serjeant Hawkins's Compendium.

Coke's Reports—Plowden's Commentary—Bacon's Abridgment; and First Principles of Equity—Pigott on Fines—Reports of Croke, Burrow, Raymond, Saunders, Strange, and Peere Williams—Paley's Maxims—Lord Bacon's Elements of the Common Law.

Letter 27. *Dr. Johnson to Mr. Elphinstone*.*

Dear Sir, Sept. 25, 1750.

YOU have, as I find, by every kind of evidence, lost an excellent mother, and I

* Translator of Martial, Bossuet, &c. and formerly master of an academy at Kensington.

hope you will not think me incapable of partaking of your grief. I have a mother now eighty-two years of age, whom therefore I must soon lose, unless it please God that she rather should mourn for me. I read the letters in which you relate your mother's death to Mrs. Strahan; and think I do myself honour when I tell you that I read them with tears; but tears are neither to me nor to you of any farther use, when once the tribute of nature has been paid. The business of life summons us away from useless grief, and calls us to the exercise of those virtues of which we are lamenting our deprivation. The greatest benefit which one friend can confer upon another, is to guard and incite, and elevate his virtues. This your mother will still perform, if you diligently preserve the memory of her life, and of her death; a life, so far as I can learn, useful and wise; innocent; and a death resigned, peaceful, and holy. I cannot forbear to mention, that neither reason nor revelation denies you to hope that you may increase her happiness by obeying her precepts; and that she may, in her present state, look with pleasure upon every act of virtue to which her instructions or example have contributed. Whether this be more than a pleasing dream, or a just opinion of separate spirits, is indeed of no great importance to us, when we consider ourselves as acting under the eye of God: Yet surely there is something pleasing in the belief, that our separation from those whom we love is merely corporeal; and it may be a great incitement to virtuous friendship, if it can be made probable, that union which has received the divine approbation, shall continue to eternity.

There is one expedient, by which you may in some degree continue her presence. If

you write down minutely what you remember of her from your earliest years, you will read it with great pleasure, and receive from it many hints of soothing recollection, when time shall remove her yet farther from you, and your grief shall be matured to veneration. To this, however painful for the present, I cannot but advise you, as to a source of comfort and satisfaction in the time to come: For all comfort and all satisfaction is sincerely wished you by, dear Sir, your, &c.

Letter 27. *Dr. Johnson to the Rev. Dr. Taylor.*

Dear Sir, March 18, 1752.

LET me have your company and your instruction. Do not live away from me; my distress is great.

Pray desire Mrs. Taylor to inform me what mourning I should buy for my mother and Miss Porter, and bring a note in writing with you.

Remember me in your prayers; for vain is the help of man. I am, dear Sir, &c.

Letter 28. *Dr. Johnson to the Right Honourable the Earl of Chesterfield.*

My Lord, February 1755.

I HAVE been lately informed, by the proprietor of the *World*, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished, is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not

forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*;—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance†, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of

† The following note is subjoined by Mr. Langton: “Dr. Johnson, when he gave me this copy of his letter, desired that I would annex to it his information to me, that whereas it is said in the letter that ‘no assistance has been received,’ he did once receive from Lord Chesterfield the sum of ten pounds; but as that was so inconsiderable a sum, he thought the mention of it could not properly find place in a letter of the kind that this was.”

my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it*; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long awakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my Lord, your Lordship's most humble, most obedient servant.

Letter 29. *Mrs. Thrale to Mr. — on his marriage.*

My dear Sir,

I RECEIVED the news of your marriage with infinite delight, and hope that the sincerity with which I wish your happiness may excuse the liberty I take in giving you a few rules whereby more certainly to obtain it. I see you smile at my wrong-headed kindness, and reflecting on the charms of your bride, cry out in a rapture, that you are happy enough without my rules. I know you are; but after one of the forty years, which I hope you will pass pleasingly together, are over, this letter may come in turn, and rules for felicity may not be found unnecessary, however some of them may appear impracticable.

Could that kind of love be kept alive through the married state, which makes the

* In this passage Dr. Johnson evidently alludes to the loss of his wife.

charm of a single one, the sovereign good would no longer be sought for; in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found: but reason shews us that this is impossible, and experience informs us that it never was so; we must preserve it as long, and supply it as happily, as we can.

When your present violence of passion subsides, however, and a more cool and tranquil affection takes its place, be not hasty to censure yourself as indifferent, or to lament yourself as unhappy; you have lost that only which it was impossible to retain, and it were graceless amid the pleasures of a prosperous summer to regret the blossoms of a transient spring. Neither unwarily condemn your bride's insipidity till you have recollected that no object however sublime, no sounds however charming, can continue to transport us with delight when they no longer strike us with novelty. The skill to renovate the powers of pleasing is said indeed to be possessed by some women in an eminent degree, but the artifices of maturity are seldom seen to adorn the innocence of youth; you have made your choice, and ought to approve it.

Satiety follows quick upon the heels of possession; and to be happy, we must always have something in view. The person of your lady is already all your own, and will not grow more pleasing in your eyes I doubt, though the rest of your sex will think her handsomer for these dozen years. Turn therefore all your attention to her mind, which will daily grow brighter by polishing. Study some easy science together, and acquire a similarity of tastes while you enjoy a community of pleasures. You will, by this means, have many images in common, and be freed from the necessity of separating to find amusement: Nothing is so dangerous

to wedded love as the possibility of either being happy out of the company of the other; endeavour therefore to cement the present intimacy on every side; let your wife never be kept ignorant of your income, your expences, your friendships, or aversions; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues; consider all concealment as a breach of fidelity; let her never have any thing to find out in your character; and remember, that from the moment one of the partners turns spy upon the other, they have commenced a state of hostility.

Seek not for happiness in singularity; and dread a refinement of wisdom as a deviation into folly. Listen not to those sages who advise you always to scorn the counsel of a woman, and if you comply with her requests pronounce you to be wife-ridden. Think not any privation, except of positive evil, an excellence, and do not congratulate yourself that your wife is not a learned lady, that she never touches a card, or is wholly ignorant how to make a pudding. Cards, cookery, and learning, are all good in their places, and may all be used with advantage.

With regard to expence, I can only observe, that the money laid out in the purchase of distinction is seldom or ever profitably employed. We live in an age when splendid furniture and glittering equipage are grown too common to catch the notice of the meanest spectator, and for the greater ones they only regard our wasteful folly with silent contempt, or open indignation.—This may perhaps be a displeasing reflection, but the following consideration ought to make amends. The age we live in, pays, I think, peculiar attention to the higher distinctions of wit, knowledge, and virtue, to which we may

more safely, more cheaply, and more honourably, aspire. The giddy flirt of quality frets at the respect she sees paid to lady Edgumbe, and the gay duncie sits pining for a partner, while Jones the Orientalist leads up the ball.

I said that the person of your lady would not grow more pleasing to you, but pray let her never suspect that it grows less so; that a woman will pardon an affront to her understanding much sooner than one to her person, is well known; nor will any of us contradict the assertion. All our attainments, all our arts, are employed to gain and keep the heart of man; and what mortification can exceed the disappointment, if the end be not obtained! There is no reproof however pointed, no punishment however severe, that a woman of spirit will not prefer to neglect; and if she can endure it without complaint, it only proves that she means to make herself amends by the attention of others for the slights of her husband. For this, and for every reason, it behoves a married man not to let his politeness fail, though his ardour may abate, but to retain, at least, that general civility towards his own lady which he is so willing to pay to every other, and not shew a wife of eighteen or twenty years old, that every man in company can treat her with more complaisance than he who so often vowed to her eternal fondness.

It is not my opinion that a young woman should be indulged in every wild wish of her gay heart or giddy head, but contradiction may be softened by domestic kindness, and quiet pleasures substituted in the place of noisy ones. Public amusements are not indeed so expensive as is sometimes imagined, but they tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other. A well-chosen so-

cieté

ciety of friends and acquaintance, more eminent for virtue and good sense than for gaiety and splendour, where the conversation of the day may afford comment for the evening, seems the most rational pleasure this great town can afford; and to this, a game at cards now and then gives an additional relish.

That your own superiority should always be seen, but never felt, seems an excellent general rule. A wife should outshine her husband in nothing, not even in her dress. If she happens to have a taste for the trifling distinctions that finery can confer, suffer her not for a moment to fancy, when she appears in public, that Sir Edward or the Colonel are finer gentlemen than her husband. The bane of married happiness among the city men in general has been, that finding themselves unfit for polite life, they transferred their vanity to their ladies, dressed them up gaily, and sent them out a galanting, while the good man was to regale with port-wine or rum-punch, perhaps among mean companions, after the counting-house was shut; this practice produced the ridicule thrown on them in all our comedies and novels since commerce began to prosper. But now that I am so near the subject, a word or two on jealousy may not be amiss; for though not a failing of the present age's growth, yet the seeds of it are too certainly sown in every warm bosom for us to neglect it as a fault of no consequence. If you are ever tempted to be jealous, watch your wife narrowly, but never teize her: Tell her your jealousy, but conceal your suspicion; let her, in short, be satisfied that it is only your odd temper, and even troublesome attachment, that makes you follow her; but let her not dream that you ever doubted seriously of her virtue, even for a moment. If she is disposed towards jealousy

of you, let me beseech you to be always explicit with her, and never mysterious: Be above delighting in her pain of all things,—nor do your business, nor pay your visits, with an air of concealment, when all you are doing might as well be proclaimed perhaps in the parish vestry. But I will hope better than this of your tenderness and of your virtue, and will release you from a lecture you have so very little need of, unless your extreme youth and my uncommon regard will excuse it. And now farewell; make my kindest compliments to your wife, and be happy in proportion as happiness is wished you by, dear Sir, &c.

Letter 30. *Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale.*

Dear Madam,

June 10, 1780.

YOU have ere now heard and read enough to convince you, that we have had something to suffer and something to fear, and therefore I think it necessary to quiet the solicitude which you undoubtedly feel, by telling you that our calamities and terrors are now at an end. The soldiers are stationed so as to be every where within call; there is no longer any body of rioters, and the individuals are hunted to their holes, and led to prison; the streets are safe and quiet; Lord George was last night sent to the Tower. Mr. John Wilkes was this day with a party of soldiers in my neighbourhood, to seize the publisher of a seditious paper. Every body walks, and eats, and sleeps in security. But the history of the last week would fill you with amazement; it is without any modern example.

Several chapels have been destroyed, and several inoffensive Papists have been plundered; but the high sport was to burn the jails. This was a good rabble trick; the debtors and the criminals were all set at liber-

ty; but of the criminals, as has always happened, many are already retaken, and two pirates have surrendered themselves, and it is expected that they will be pardoned.

Government now acts again with its proper force; and we are all again under the protection of the King and the law. I thought that it would be agreeable to you and my master to have my testimony to the public security; and that you would sleep more quietly when I told you that you are safe. I am, dearest Lady, your, &c.

Letter 31. *Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale.*

Dear Madam, London, June 12, 1780.

ALL is well, and all is likely to continue well. The streets are all quiet, and the houses are all safe. This is a true answer to the first inquiry which obtrudes itself upon your tongue at the reception of a letter from London. The public has escaped a very heavy calamity. The rioters attempted the Bank on Wednesday night, but in no great number; and like other thieves, with no great resolution. Jack Wilkes headed the party that drove them away. It is agreed, that if they had seized the Bank on Tuesday, at the height of the panic, when no resistance had been prepared, they might have carried irrecoverably away whatever they had found. Jack, who was always zealous for order and decency, declares, that if he be trusted with power he will not leave a rioter alive. There is however now no longer any need of heroism or bloodshed; no blue riband is any longer worn.

—— called on Friday at Mrs. Gardiner's, to see how she escaped or what she suffered; and told her that she had herself too much affliction within doors, to take much notice of the disturbances without.

It was surely very happy that you and Mr. Thrale were away in the tumult; you could have done nothing better than has been done, and must have felt much terror which your absence has spared you.

We have accounts here of great violences committed by the Protestants at Bath; and of the demolition of the mass-house. We have seen so much here, that we are very credulous.

Pray tell Miss Burney that Mr. Hutton called on me yesterday, and spoke of her with praise; not profuse but very sincere, just as I do. And tell Queeney, that if she does not write oftener, I will try to forget her. There are other pretty girls that perhaps I could get, if I were not constant.

My Lives go on but slowly. I hope to add some to them this week. I wish they were well done.

Thus far I had written when I received your letter of battle and conflagration. You certainly do right in retiring; for who can guess the caprice of the rabble? My master and Queeney are dear people for not being frightened, and you and Burney are dear people for being frightened. I wrote to you a letter of intelligence and consolation; which, if you staid for it, you had on Saturday; and I wrote another on Saturday, which perhaps may follow you from Bath, with some achievement of John Wilkes.

Do not be disturbed; all danger here is apparently over; but a little agitation still continues. We frighten one another with seventy thousand Scots to come hither with the Dukes of Gordon and Argyle, and eat us, and hang us, or drown us; but we are all at quiet.

I am glad, though I hardly know why, that you are gone to Brighthelmston rather than

than to Bristol. You are somewhat nearer home, and I may perhaps come to see you. Brighthelmston will soon begin to be peopled, and Mr. Thrale loves the place; and you will see Mr. Scrase; and though I am sorry that you should be so outrageously unrooted, I think that Bath has had you long enough.

Of the commotions at Bath there has been talk here all day. An express must have been sent; for the report arrived many hours before the post, at least before the distribution of the letters. This report I mentioned in the first part of my letter, while I was yet uncertain of the fact.

When it is known that the rioters are quelled in London, their spirit will sink in every other place, and little more mischief will be done. I am, dear Madam, your, &c.

Letter 32. *The same to the same.*

Dear Madam, London, June 14, 1780.

EVERY thing here is safe and quiet. This is the first thing to be told; and this I told in my last letter directed to Brighthelmston. There has indeed been an universal panic, from which the King was the first that recovered. Without the concurrence of his ministers, or the assistance of the civil magistrate, he put the soldiers in motion, and saved the town from calamities, such as a rabble's government must naturally produce.

Now you are at ease about the public, I may tell you that I am not well; I have had a cold and cough some time, but it is grown so bad, that yesterday I fasted and was blooded, and to-day took physic and dined: But neither fasting, nor bleeding, nor dinner, nor physic, have yet made me well.

No sooner was the danger over, than the people of the Borough found out how foolish

it was to be afraid, and formed themselves into four bodies for the defence of the place; through which they now march morning and evening in a martial manner.

I am glad to find that Mr. Thrale continues to grow better; if he is well, I hope we shall be all well: But I am very weary of my cough, though I have had much worse. I am, &c.

Letter 33. *The same to the same on the Death of Mr. Thrale.*

London,

Dearest Madam,

April 5, 1781.

OF your injunctions, to pray for you and write to you, I hope to leave neither unobserved; and I hope to find you willing in a short time to alleviate your trouble by some other exercise of the mind. I am not without my part of the calamity. No death since that of my wife has ever oppressed me like this. But let us remember, that we are in the hands of Him who knows when to give and when to take away; who will look upon us with mercy through all our variations of existence, and who invites us to call on him in the day of trouble. Call upon him in this great revolution of life, and call with confidence. You will then find comfort for the past, and support for the future. He that has given you happiness in marriage, to a degree of which, without personal knowledge, I should have thought the description fabulous, can give you another mode of happiness as a mother; and at last, the happiness of losing all temporal cares in the thoughts of an eternity in heaven.

I do not exhort you to reason yourself into tranquillity. We must first pray, and then labour; first implore the blessing of God, and those means which he puts into our hands. Cultivated ground has few weeds; a mind

occupied by lawful business, has little room for useless regret.

We read the will to-day; but I will not fill my first letter with any other account than that, with all my zeal for your advantage, I am satisfied; and that the other executors, more used to consider property than I, commended it for wisdom and equity. Yet why should I not tell you that you have five hundred pounds for your immediate expences, and two thousand pounds a-year, with both the houses and all the goods?

Let us pray for one another, that the time, whether long or short, that shall yet be granted us, may be well spent; and that when this life, which at the longest is very short, shall come to an end, a better may begin which shall never end. I am, dearest Madam, your, &c.

Letter 34. *Dr. Johnson to Miss Susanna Thrale.*

Dear Miss Susan,

London,
July 26, 1783.

I ANSWER your letter last, because it was received last; and when I have answered it, I am out of debt to your house. A short negligence throws one behind-hand. This maxim, if you consider and improve it, will be equivalent to your parson and bird, which is however a very good story, as it shews how far gluttony may proceed, which where it prevails is I think more violent, and certainly more despicable, than avarice itself.

Gluttony is, I think, less common among women than among men. Women commonly eat more sparingly, and are less curious in the choice of meat; but if once you find a woman gluttonous, expect from her very little virtue. Her mind is enslaved to the lowest and grossest temptation.

A friend of mine, who courted a lady of whom he did not know much, was advised to see her eat, and if she was voluptuous at table, to forsake her. He married her however, and in a few weeks came to his adviser with this exclamation, "It is the disturbance of my life to see this woman eat!" She was, as might be expected, selfish and brutal, and after some years of discord they parted, and I believe came together no more.

Of men, the examples are sufficiently common. I had a friend, of great eminence in the learned and the witty world, who had hung up some pots on his wall to furnish nests for sparrows. The poor sparrows, not knowing his character, were seduced by the convenience, and I never heard any man speak of any future enjoyment with such contortions of delight as he exhibited, when he talked of eating the young ones.

When you do me the favour to write again, tell me something of your studies, your work, or your amusements. I am, Madam, your, &c.

Letter 35. *The same to Mrs. Thrale.*

Dear Madam, London, Sept. 22, 1783.

HAPPY are you that have ease and leisure to want intelligence of air ballons. Their existence is I believe indubitable; but I know not that they can possibly be of any use. The construction is this:—The chymical philosophers have discovered a body (which I have forgotten, but will inquire) which, dissolved by an acid, emits a vapour lighter than the atmospherical air. This vapour is caught, among other means, by tying a bladder, compressed upon the bottle in which the dissolution is performed; the vapour rising swells the bladder, and fills it. The bladder is then tied and removed, and another applied,

plied, till as much of this light air is collected as is wanted. Then a large spherical case is made, and very large it must be, of the lightest matter that can be found, secured by some method, like that of oiling silk, against all passage of air. Into this are emptied all the bladders of light air, and if there is light air enough it mounts into the clouds, upon the same principle as a bottle filled with water will sink in water, but a bottle filled with æther would float. It rises till it comes to air of equal tenuity with its own, if wind or water does not spoil it on the way. Such, Madam, is an air balloon.

Meteors have been this autumn very often seen, but I have never been in their way.

Poor Williams has I hope seen the end of her afflictions. She acted with prudence, and she bore with fortitude. She has left me.

Thou thy weary task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.

Had she had good humour and prompt elocution, her universal curiosity and comprehensive knowledge would have made her the delight of all that knew her. She left her little to your charity school.

The complaint about which you enquire is a farcocele; I thought it a hydrocele, and heeded it but little. Puncture has detected the mistake: It can be safely suffered no longer. Upon inspection three days ago it was determined *extrema ventura*. If excision should be delayed there is danger of a gangrene. You would not have me for fear of pain perish in putrefaction. I shall I hope, with trust in eternal mercy, lay hold of the possibility of life which yet remains. My health is not bad; the gout is now trying at my feet. My appetite and digestion are good, and my sleep better than formerly; I am not

dejected, and I am not feeble. There is however danger enough in such operations at seventy-four.

Let me have your prayers and those of the young dear people. I am, dear Madam, your, &c.

Write soon and often.

Letter 36. *The same to the same.*

Dear Madam, London, Nov. 13, 1783.

SINCE you have written to me with the attention and tenderness of ancient time, your letters give me a great part of the pleasure which a life of solitude admits. You will never bestow any share of your good-will on one who deserves better. Those that have loved longest love best. A sudden blaze of kindness may by a single blast of coldness be extinguished, but that fondness which length of time has connected with many circumstances and occasions, though it may for a while be suppressed by disgust or resentment, with or without a cause, is hourly revived by accidental recollection. To those that have lived long together, every thing heard and every thing seen recalls some pleasure communicated, or some benefit conferred, some petty quarrel, or some slight endearment. Esteem of great powers, or amiable qualities newly discovered, may embroider a day or a week, but a friendship of twenty years is interwoven with the texture of life. A friend may be often found and lost, but an *old friend* never can be found, and Nature has provided that he cannot easily be lost.

I have not forgotten the Davenants, though they seem to have forgotten me. I began very early to tell them what they have commonly found to be true. I am sorry to hear of their building. I have always warned those whom I loved against that mode of ostentatious waste.

You

You seem to mention Lord Kilmurry as a stranger. We were at his house in Cheshire; and he one day dined with Sir Lynch. What he tells of the epigram is not true, but perhaps he does not know it to be false. Do not you remember how he rejoiced in having *no* park? he could not disoblige his neighbours by sending them *no* venison.

The frequency of death, to those who look upon it in the leisure of Arcadia, is very dreadful. We all know what it should teach us; let us all be diligent to learn. Lucy Porter has lost her brother. But whom I have lost—let me not now remember. Let not your loss be added to the mournful catalogue. Write soon again to, Madam, your, &c.

Letter 37. *Dr. Johnson to Mrs. Thrale.*

Dear Madam, London, Nov. 29, 1783.

THE life of my dear, sweet, pretty, lovely, delicious Miss Sophy is safe; let us return thanks to the great Giver of existence, and pray that her continuance amongst us may be a blessing to herself and to those that love her. *Multos et felices*, my dear girl.

Now she is recovered, she must write me a little history of her sufferings, and impart her schemes of study and improvement. Life, to be worthy of a rational being, must be always in progression; we must always purpose to do more or better than in time past. The mind is enlarged and elevated by mere purposes, though they end as they begin by airy contemplation. We compare and judge, though we do not practise.

She will go back to her arithmetic again; a science which will always delight her more, as by advancing further she discerns more of its use, and a science suited to Sophy's ease of mind; for you told in the last winter that she loved metaphysics more than romances. Her

choice is certainly as laudable as it is uncommon; but I would have her like what is good in both.

God bless you and your children; so says, dear Madam, your old friend.

Letter 38. *The same to the Rev. Dr. Taylor, Ashbourne, Derbyshire.*

London, Easter-Monday,

April 12, 1784.

Dear Sir,

WHAT can be the reason that I hear nothing from you? I hope nothing disables you from writing. What I have seen, and what I have felt, gives me reason to fear every thing. Do not omit giving me the comfort of knowing, that after all my losses I have got a friend left.

I want every comfort. My life is very solitary and very cheerless. Though it has pleased God wonderfully to deliver me from the dropsy, I am yet very weak, and have not passed the door since the 13th of December. I hope for some help from warm weather, which will surely come in time.

I could not have the consent of the physicians to go to church yesterday; I therefore received the Holy Sacrament at home, in the room where I communicated with dear Mrs. Williams a little before her death. O, my friend, the approach of death is very dreadful. I am afraid to think on that which I know I cannot avoid. It is vain to look round and round for that help which cannot be had. Yet, we hope and hope, and fancy that he who has lived to-day may live to-morrow. But let us learn to derive our hope only from God.

In the mean time, let us be kind to one another. I have no friend now living but you and Mr. Hector that was the friend of my youth. Do not neglect, dear Sir, yours affectionately, &c.

Letter

Letter 39. *Miss ———** to the Rev. Dr. Horne, President of Magdalen College, Oxford.

My dear Sir, Nov. 6.

WITH a heart almost broken with grief, I am going, I fear, to trouble you by pouring it forth. I have lost my ———, my best friend, and every thing that was most valuable to me in the world! Perhaps, ere this, the melancholy tidings have reached your ear.

On Saturday morning last, the — of ———, he yielded his soul into the hands of his Maker. O Sir! paint to your imagination the woe and distraction that entered this house in the moment of his dissolution! Had you heard the piercing cries that were uttered! But what do I say? God forbid that your tender, your most affectionate heart should have been a witness of the scene!

I was hardly able to bear the thoughts of surviving him; but, thank God, I am in some degree composed. I most earnestly repent of my sin, in forgetting for a moment that from His hand I received good, and why not evil when he thought fit? Pray, Sir, pardon the liberty I have taken in writing to you; but allow me to apologize in some measure, by telling you, that, the day before my dearest ——— grew ill, he desired me to write. As you may remember, he owed you a letter. "Perhaps," said he, smiling, "it may please the dear ———." You will, no doubt, wonder what could take him off so suddenly. It was a disorder on the brain, not water, but something occasioned by a fulness in the head. He died on the sixth day after he was seized. The day he was first affected he came

* The writer of this letter was an elegant and accomplished young lady of the first distinction in Ireland, who had not completed her 17th year at the time of her father's death.

down to breakfast; but, alas! he had totally lost his senses. Think what I must have felt! The physicians all agreed, and all thought till the very last, that his bodily ailments were not fatal, but that his understanding was gone for ever. Was it not a blessing then that God did not ordain him to outlive himself? I have been since thinking that I was permitted to see him in that most melancholy state, to fill my heart with this subject of thankfulness.

And let me cast my thoughts on that most amazing and blessed change he has undergone, from a world of pains and vexations at best, to join that blessed spirit, my dearest ———, and make one of that angelic choir that cease not day and night to sing their hallelujahs. How this idea transports me from the world! God grant it may influence my life; that, when I come to die, it may be the death of the righteous, which is only to be attained by living their life!

Will you be so kind as to present my most affectionate respects to ——— and your ———? You will break these most dismal tidings to them; I am sure they will sympathize in my affliction.

Perhaps, were I critically to trace the source of my troubling you with this letter, self might be found to be the cause. I flatter myself that you will favour me with a line to the afflicted. What consolation must flow from your pen! And suffer me to assure you, that, next to that dear parent who is laid in the dust, I have revered, loved, and honoured you. If you can pardon me for thus troubling you, and should wish to hear now and then how the mourners at ——— go on, how happy would it make me to let you know! but this rests in your own power. I fear you will repent of your former condescension

scension towards me, since this is the effect of it.

My poor — is most deeply afflicted; my happiness must *now* rest upon his good conduct, and I think he will not disappoint me: Thus, as one prop is withdrawn, the heart of man fondly clings to another.

Mrs. — is getting much better. Ever since we came home this year we have been in daily expectation of her decease. Good God! what an amazement it is to her to find herself alive, surviving her —! She bears it like a Christian; says, she need not take her leave so soon to follow. Farewel, most honoured Sir. Believe me to remain your most dutiful, most afflicted servant.

Letter 40. *Dr. Horne, Dean of Canterbury**, to Miss —, in answer to the above.

My dear Madam, Canterbury, Nov. 11.

LITTLE did I think a letter from — would afflict my soul, but your's received this morning has indeed done it. Seeing your hand, and a black seal, my mind foreboded what had happened: I made an attempt to read it to my wife and daughters, but—it would not do—I got no further than the first sentence, burst into a flood of tears, and was obliged to retreat into the solitude of my study, unfit for any thing, but to think on what had happened; then to fall upon my knees, and pray, that God would evermore pour down his choicest blessings on the children of my departed friend, and as their "father and their mother had forsaken them," that HE would "take them up," and support them in time and eternity. Even so! Amen.

You ask comfort of me, but your truly excellent letter has suggested comfort to me, from all the proper topics; and I can only

* His Lordship was at the time Dean of Canterbury.

reflect it back to you again. All things considered, the circumstance which first marked the disorder may be termed a *gracious* dispensation. It at once rendered the event, one may say, *desirable*, which otherwise carried so much terror and sorrow in the face of it. Nothing else in the world could so soon, and so effectually, have blunted the edge of the approaching calamity, and reconciled to it minds full of the tenderest love and affection. To complete the consolation that only remained, which we all know to be the fact, Mr. — stood always so prepared, so firm in his faith, so constant in his christian practice of every duty, that he could not be taken by surprise, or off his guard: The stroke must be to himself a blessing, whenever, or however, it came. His death was his birthday; and, like the primitive Christians, we should keep it as such, as a day of joy and triumph. Bury his body, but embalm his example, and let it diffuse his fragrance among you from generation to generation. Call him blessed, and endeavour to be like him; like him in piety, in charity, in friendship, in courteousness, in temper, in conduct, in word, and in deed. His virtues compose a little volume, which your brother should carry in his bosom; and he will need no other, if that be well studied, to make him the gentleman and the Christian. You, my dear Madam, will, I am sure, go on with diligence to finish the fair transcript you have begun, that the world around you may see, and admire.

Do not apologize for writing; but let me hear what you do, and what plan of life your brother thinks of pursuing. With kindest compliments from the sympathizing folks here, believe me, ever, my dear Madam, your faithful friend and servant.

SECT. IV. FROM GEORGE LORD LYTTTELTON, BISHOP HOADLY,
AND OTHERS.

Letter 1. Lord Lyttelton to Sir Thomas Lyttelton.

Dear Sir, Paris, Sept. 8.
SUNDAY by four o'clock we had the good news of a Dauphin, and since that time I have thought myself in Bedlam. The natural gaiety of the nation is so improved on this occasion, that they are all stark mad with joy, and do nothing but dance and sing about the streets by hundreds and by thousands. The expressions of their joy are admirable: One fellow gives notice to the public, that he designs to draw teeth for a week together upon the Pont Neuf, *gratis*. The King is as proud of what he has done, as if he had gained a kingdom; and tells every body that he sees, *q'uil sçaura bien fair des fils tant qu'il voudra*. We are to have a fine fire-work to-morrow, his Majesty being to sup in town.

The Duke of Orleans was sincerely, and without any affectation, transported at the birth of the Dauphin.

The succession was a burthen too heavy for his indolence to support, and he piously sings hallelujah for his happy delivery from it. The good old Cardinal cried for joy.

It is very late, and I have not slept these three nights for the squibs and crackers, and other noises that the people make in the streets; so must beg leave to conclude, with assuring that I am, dear Sir, your affectionate and dutiful son.

Letter 2. S. Poyntz, Esq. to Sir Thomas Lyttelton.

Sir, Haute Fontaine, Oct. 18.
MR. Lyttelton will have acquainted you with my removing to this place, the day be-

fore he left Paris, for the benefit of the air and exercise of the country, which has almost restored me to health. The first use I make of it, Sir, is to return you my sincere thanks, for making me so long happy in his good company; which, I may with great truth say, has contributed, more than any thing else, to make the tediousness of this splendid banishment supportable to me, and to soften the impressions which the many perverse turns of the negotiations must have made upon my mind. I wish it had been in my power to make equal returns: His good-nature disposes him to over-value them, such as they were; but I can only hope that our future acquaintance may afford me an opportunity of discharging some part of the debt.

His behaviour has continued the same as I described it last winter; and I am morally sure will never alter, in any country, or any part of life, for the worse. His health is liable to frequent interruptions, though not dangerous ones, nor of any long continuance. They seem to proceed chiefly from an ill digestion, which, I believe, may sometimes be occasioned by the vivacity of his imagination's pursuing some agreeable thought too intensely, and diverting the spirits from their proper function, even at meals; for we have often been obliged at that time to recal him from *reveries*, that made him almost absent to his company, though without the least tincture of melancholy.

I mention this last circumstance as a peculiar felicity of his temper; melancholy and spleen being the rock on which minds of so delicate a texture as his are most in danger of

of splitting. I have seen two or three instances of it myself in young gentlemen of the greatest hopes; and the epistles written by Languett to Sir Philip Sidney, upon an acquaintance contracted like ours abroad, bring his particular case to my mind.

No young gentleman ever promised more; but, returning to England, conscious of his own worth, and full of more refined notions of honour, virtue, and friendship, than were to be met with in courts and parliaments, and in that mixed herd of men with whom business must be transacted, he conceived a total disgust for the world; and, retiring into the country, sat down with patience to consume the vigour of his imagination and youth in writing a trifling romance. I can with pleasure assure you, that I see no symptom of this kind in Mr. Lyttelton; his mind is ever cheerful and active, and full of such a benevolence towards his friends and relations in England, as well as such zeal for the honour and interests of his country, as, I verily believe, will never let him sink down into indolence and inaction. However, this sickness of the mind, and an ill state of bodily health, which naturally influence and promote one the other, are the two points most necessary to guard against, in a nature the most exempt from faults I ever met with.

I ought to ask pardon for indulging this liberty, if I were not writing to the best of fathers; though this very circumstance makes all my care superfluous. But the friendship your son has expressed for me ever since his being here, and more particularly in my late illness, and at parting, is too strong upon my mind, to suffer me to suppress any hint that may be of the most distant use to him, or may convince you of the sincerity of that respect with which I am, Sir, your most humble and obedient servant.

Letter 3. *Lord Lyttelton to Sir Thomas Lyttelton.*

Dear Sir,

Jan. 17, 1747.

IT is a most sensible and painful addition to my concern and affliction for my dear wife, to hear of your being so bad with the stone; and, loaded as my heart is with my other grief, I cannot help writing this, to tell you how much I feel for you, and how ardently I pray to God to relieve you.

Last night all my thoughts were employed on you; for, when I went to bed, my poor Lucy was so much better, that we thought her in a fair way of recovery; but my uneasiness for you kept me awake great part of the night, and in the morning I found she had been much worse again, so that our alarm was as great as ever: She has since mended again, and is now pretty near as you heard last post; only that such frequent relapses give one more cause to fear that the good symptoms, which sometimes appear, will not be lasting. On the other hand, by her struggling so long, and her pulse recovering itself so well as it does, after such violent flurries, and such great sinkings, one would hope that nature is strong in her, and will be able at last to conquer her illness.

Sir Edward Hulse seems now inclined to trust to *that*, and to trouble her with no more physic; upon which condition alone she has been persuaded to take any food to-day. Upon the whole, her case is full of uncertainty, and the doctors can pronounce nothing positively about her; but they rather think it will be an affair of time. For my own health, it is yet tolerably good, though my heart has gone through as severe a trial as it can well sustain: More indeed than I thought it could have borne: And you may depend upon it, dear Sir, that I will

will make use of all the supports that religion or reason can give me, to save me from sinking under it. I know the part you take in my life and health; and I know it is my duty to try not to add to your other pains that of my loss, which thought has as great an effect upon me as any thing can; and I believe God Almighty supports me above my own strength, for the sake of my friends who are concerned for me, and in return for the resignation with which I endeavour to submit to his will. If it please him, in his infinite mercy, to restore my dear wife to me, I shall most thankfully acknowledge his goodness; if not, I shall most humbly endure his chastisement, which I have too much deserved.

These are the sentiments with which my mind is replete; but as it is still a most bitter cup, how my body will bear it, if it must not pass from me, it is impossible for me to foretell; but I hope the best. I once more pray God to relieve you from that dreadful distemper with which you are afflicted.

Gilbert West would be happy in the reputation his book has gained him, if my poor Lucy was not so ill. However, his mind leans always to hope; which is an advantage both to him and me, as it makes him a better comforter. To be sure we ought not yet to despair; but there is much to fear, and a most melancholy interval to be supported before any certainty comes—God send it may come well at last! I am, dear Sir, your most afflicted, but most affectionate son.

Letter 4. (The first part.) *Bishop Hoadly to Lady Sundon.*

Madam,

Sept. 4, 1716.

YOU oblige your friends in the most agreeable manner in the world. You take a part in what is of concern to their interest, in such

a manner, and with such a grace, as can never be forgotten. One doth not know which to value most, the head or the heart; but this is the satisfaction, that they are inseparable, and both together invaluable. I take this first minute I can, to thank you for the quickness, the beauty, the warmth, and partiality, of your last. If I am proud in the latter part of my life, yourself and another* must chiefly answer for it. Now I have mentioned warmth, you must give me leave to mention one uncommon, and hardly ever to be met with, mixture in the character of the lady I spake of in my first letter. And that is the *passion* which is often seen to accompany sincerity, inseparably joined with the prudence which is very seldom, in any tolerable degree, found with it. Without that warmth, which I have ventured to call passion, the best-meaning person in the world hath but little heart to press forward, even in what he knows to be right; and without this prudence, that warmth becomes passion in the common sense of the word; and pusheth him on to ruin his own designs. You must have seen many instances of this in life, in which a natural boldness and an imprudent warmth have been equally pernicious to the best designs. The happy peculiarity is, I sincerely think in her I have mentioned, the warmth of an honest heart, incapable of any but good and noble views, under the conduct of such a prudence and knowledge of the world as guards it safely from overturning them. I protest to you, I am not sensible in this, or any thing else I have said, of any partiality; unless that can be called partiality, which is a judgment founded upon observation and experience. I confess, I often promise to

* The Princess of Wales, Caroline.

myself great things (I mean great things for the public) from the influences of such a combination of good qualities as never, I believe, met at court, till you carried them thither; if uncertain life, uncertain health, and uncertain favour, will give leave. But why should we doubt of favour, where there is so much reason and real profit in the continuance of it, and so much good sense to discern that reason and advantage? I wish we could be as sure of the other two. But I go to other subjects.

Letter 5. (The latter part.) *Bishop Houldy to Lady Sundon.*

Salisbury, June 8, 1725.

YOU have often and voluntarily done me the most engaging offices of friendship of this sort: and I will say no more now, but one word of truth in the sincerity of my heart. Your good understanding, your established love to virtue and integrity, your true sense of honour, your knowledge of the world without being the worse for it, your conversing in it with all the good manners, and none of the faults of its admirers, your entering into all its innocent fashions, and abhorring all its vices; such accomplishments have, I own, a force upon me, to make me think it worth my while to engage and preserve a friendship of such a sort. They have long had this force upon me; and time and experience have not lessened, but increased it. I will therefore write myself, with the greatest (that is, the truest) respect, Madam, your most faithful friend, and humble servant.

Letter 6. *The same to the same.*

(With a pot of char.)

Jan. 6, 1726-7.

—AND whenever it comes to your table, let it put you in mind of him who sends it. And, believe me, he does not wish to be re-

membered under a character more favourable, or more honourable to himself, than that of one, who knows how to value, in an uncommon manner, virtue and good sense united in an uncommon degree; or, in other words, that of Mrs. Clayton's faithful friend and humble servant.

Letter 7. *The same to the same.*

Jan. 3, 1727-8.

—IT is a long time since I had the pleasure of a conversation, which I cannot part with without some struggles. I consider indeed, that the hours in which I used to enjoy it, are those which are now generally better and more usefully employed, on your part, in another manner: and, I think, you cannot be too often at court, because no harm can, but a great deal of good, I am confident, will come from it. I am willing therefore to suffer some mortification, but not a perpetual one. I am a little too selfish, to give up all: and hope I may still have some part in a gratification which I pursued, you know, long before the present situation of affairs; and which, give me leave to say, I still pursue for the sake of your merit; the merit, I mean, of virtue and good sense. I like you not one thought the better for your power at court; though, I own, I like the court itself the better for it. Nor do I court your friendship at all the more for that. I cannot but flatter myself, I have still some little claim to it, from my own constant and uniform regard to you, ever since I knew you, which I would call merit in myself, could I have acted otherwise. But I have a greater claim to it. I have your own promise, given me many years ago, and I can never give up this claim, unless I appear to have done any thing to forfeit it. I have letters written from Bath in 1716, which have just now given me a fresh pleasure in reading

reading them: and I keep them as the writings of my estate in you, which very much confirm my title to your friendship.

Letter 8. *The same to the same.*

Madam, Salisbury, Aug. 3, 1730.

IT would be a very great pleasure to me to hear you are well, in whatever part of our world you now are. I left you at Windsor; where I sent to inquire after your health, but could not possibly stay to wait on you myself. I had the pleasure just to see you going into the chapel. If you saw me there, you saw me tired to death with a ceremony more insignificantly troublesome, and more ridiculous, than even I expected. I fled from the last part of it in the Hall, and went a good way towards Salisbury that evening, regretting nothing but that I could not first have a little of your conversation.

I believe, Madam, when you with so much warmth pressed me to write an account of Dr. Clarke, you little thought that would be made the occasion of so much reproach and bitterness, as Mr. Whiston has vented against me; and much less that Mr. Jackson, so much obliged as he was to that great man, could, so soon after his death, make use of his name to hurt me; by sending to Mr. Whiston, in order to be published, an idle, imperfect, partial, and false account of what, he was told, passed between Dr. Clarke and me, upon the subject of a Prebend of Salisbury, which, it seems, he expected from me. I never saw such an instance of pious tittle-tattle from one end to the other; nor so much of the spirit of censure, and religious pride, and immoral zeal. What I see in them both confirms me in what I have used to observe, that pious, devout, and (as they are called) godly, and (I will own) well-meaning men, often do the

very same things which wicked men do, and which are in them allowed to be wicked and inexcusable. How they should be excusable or praise-worthy in others; or why Mr. Whiston should think it pardonable in himself to vent (nay, in truth, to *invent*) what it would be unpardonable in a less pious man to say of me; I am at a loss to know. I leave him to one who knows better than we do what allowance to make for such fury of religion; and desire to be guarded myself from it for ever. As I began, so I end. I entreat you, let me hear from you, if it be but in two lines, where you are, and how your health is; and believe me, wherever I am, to be, with the truest honour and highest esteem, Madam, your most faithful friend and servant.

Letter 9. *The same to the same.*

Madam, Salisbury, Aug. 14, 1731.

IT was a very sensible satisfaction to me to have it under your own hand, that your health was the better for the ease and quiet of Sundon; and that it would not be disagreeable to you to be interrupted now and then with a line from hence. I ought indeed to have made this acknowledgment much sooner; and have little to say for myself, but that for some time I have every day expected to see or hear from Dr. Clarke (according to his promise when he set out for Sundon), and to have an answer from him to twenty questions I had to ask about you, and your health, and the place, and I know not what. A poor excuse, I own: But such as it is, joining itself with the very hot weather, (which made my head unfit for a letter to you, and my hand itself unable to do as it used to do), it prevailed until I saw him. He is but just gone, after a stay of only a day and a half; and he

has

has left me full of pleasing thoughts about Sundon, and the Lady of Sundon; and full of wishes to see her in her country-retirement, which, I know, she adorns. And if wish and imagination can bring it about, I am now there with you. Let me indulge the imagination. It will please me, and not hurt you. Methinks I very plainly see you receiving your friends, with a countenance as free from a cloud, as your heart is from a spot; (much the more to be valued by those whom you think worthy of it, because in you it is so very different from what I call the countenance of common civility, due to the undistinguished rabble of acquaintance;) I mean, a countenance that shews the friendship of the heart; not indeed to be described, nor so much as perceived by any, but the few that feel within themselves something, which tells them what it means in another. From this image, which I can hardly part with, I go on to others. The neatness of the house; the cleanness of the little circle of ground about it; the elegance of your entertainments—I see them with pleasure, because they are not alone, but are the garniture of much greater things; and in you shew a mind capable of descending, with the utmost propriety, to the lower parts of life, without ever losing sight of the highest. The imagery now goes on, and represents to me the manner of conversation with your friends, made agreeable by a quickness (not to say, eagerness) of spirit, guarded by the goodness of the understanding. The remembrance of what I myself have been witness to, makes the idea of this very strong. Sundon can add even to this the circumstance of more quiet, and less interruption from those rappings at the gate which I have often been angry at, at London; a circumstance, I own, to me, of a most disagreeable sort.

Letter 10. *Bishop Hoadly to Lady Sundon.*

Madam,

I CANNOT forbear bidding you farewell, before I leave the town. You will pardon me. You can hardly imagine how foolish, or how sick, or how weak, I have been to-day, even with the thoughts of to-morrow. You used to ask, how much of my head I would part with for a stronger heart. If you had been to feel what my *head* has been to-day, you would have wished for my heart, weak as it is, instead of it. And yet, if you had known how it has been with my *heart* alone, you would have taken my painful head instead of it. My hand (with a pen in it) is as weak as either of them, as you may see. Why am I so different from what others are, and from what perhaps I ought to be myself? I know that I am going, but for a very little while, and upon no uncommon occasion. And yet, because I am parting from every thing that is particularly dear to me within my own family, and without it, though but for a while, I feel it to that excess of sinking, that I care not to attempt to express it, for fear you should think more meanly of me, than even my foolish conversation on Monday made you. Believe me sincere, and hearty in that sense; open; free, where freedom is safe, and where virtue makes it so—Believe me this—and think of me in other respects as of a weak man, if you please. If I can think myself qualified for the best friendship, I shall have great ease even in a dejected condition. Dejected as it is, I cannot forbear telling you, that I had a thorough, spirituous, satirical, and resenting conversation with Mr. W. yesterday—all ending with great thanks for my freedom, and great professions.—I am interrupted in my poor scrawl. May the dearest

est friend I have in the world, be preserved in health; and every thing that she is capable of wishing; and may I (selfish you see at last) see her once more in such a state! Forgive my hasty and uneasy scribbling, and do not forget, Madam, your most faithful friend and servant.

Letter 11. (The first part.) *The same to the same.*

Madam, Salisbury, Sept. 28, 1731.

I CAN hardly tell you how much I am obliged to you for your last favour from Sundon. This I can say for myself, that what I write to you proceeds from the heart of a friend, and from an heart desirous and ambitious that a conversation so agreeable to itself should not be disagreeable to you. I take a real pleasure in conversing with you, at this distance, since this distance must sometimes be; and the pleasure is now as high as it can be, since you give me leave to think that I do not take it at your expence; but that you bear the part of a friend in it. If you had searched the world of words, you could not have found out an expression so perfectly adapted to my wishes as that, in which you bid me *judge from my own heart*, &c. I do so; and I desire no more, but the continuance of the happiness of such a friend; the greatest addition to the other blessings of this poor life; and the greatest support under the evils of it. Indeed I feel the truth of all that you say upon this subject; and feel it, as you plainly do, without envying the insensibility and indifference of some you speak of, and much less their falsehood and insincerity: though the former, I grant, guard them against the many pains of a sensible heart; and the latter (as they think) are the great instruments of political wisdom; that is, of their art of living in the world. I am sorry

I must call it *living*. Nothing but happiness ought to be called *life*; and nothing but the generous virtues can create and secure a true happiness; even in that low and mixed condition in which we must accept of it in this world, it is highly worth our while to seek it in their paths. And they certainly will lead us to its heights, in the state of unmixed and unpolluted good, which we hope for. Go on therefore; and I will follow, if I can, &c.

Letter 12. *The same to the same.*

I HOPE, Madam, you have before this received my last letter, and forgiven the length of it, as well as every expression in it. When I write to you, I always think I am writing to a person of excellent understanding, who can temper the meaning of an expression, or word; and not think me so weak as to intend flattery, in what, I own, would sound a little extravagant were it said to most others. When I use the highest expressions of you, I know, you cannot think I mean to place you out of the rank of mankind, or to exempt you from the frailties and passions inseparable, in some instances or other, from our nature. I compare you in my thoughts with others of the same kind; and I see, with pleasure, so great a superiority to the many, that, I think, I can hardly express my sense of it strong enough. Compared with them, therefore, I may justly speak of you as one of a superior species; and you will supply the comparison, if I do not always express it; and not think me capable of offering incense, which I know you are not capable of receiving. In a word, I would be understood, in all such cases, as expressing the pleasure of a friend, and the sense he has of his happiness in the friendship of one, whose understanding and whose heart are both so free from those un-

comfortable imperfections, which very many labour under, even of those who pass through the world with some character and reputation.

I left myself no time, when I last wrote, to say any thing but upon one subject; and I think I am now running on, as if it would be so again. But I stop my pen, for once, in that course. I was not a little concerned to see the war from the press at last break out into an excess.—But then, on the other side, what can be proposed by the administration from the prosecution of printers and publishers, now again, after so many disappointments, set on foot? I defy them to name any one instance (except in the case of high treason) in which a prosecution of this sort did not end to the prejudice of the administration, even where they succeeded in the sentence for punishment; much less, where they perhaps can never succeed, but must go on still to be disappointed as they have been already. I wish they would consider this experience, instead of consulting their present anger. I am sure, I could presently name them twenty instances of the truth of what I now say, and what I have often said to them and their's heretofore. One advantage plainly comes to the clergy from these late political controversies, that the laity will never again be able to reproach them as the only masters of scandal and ill language in controversy. For certainly the lay-gentlemen have at last outdone them by many degrees; I hope, indeed, enough to make the clergy themselves forsake their bitter style, and their bad manners, upon such occasions; now they see how shocking and indecent these are even in those who do not profess so much regard for religion as they do. There may be a sort of pleasure in reading the keenness and wit of a writer, and yet it

cannot make amends either for the littlenesses to which he descends, or the enormities he rises to in his wrath.—

Letter 13. *Bishop Hoadly to Lady Sundon.*

July 18, 1732, Grosvenor-street.

—DO not wonder that I interrupt you so soon, to beg you to let me know how you do. I cannot yet arrive at the perfection of weighing things which demand no such exactness, by grains and scruples; nor of being happy in an easy, philosophical indifference—or in the temper at all like it. But when I am convinced that it is more agreeable to my friend, that I should be so, I know, and I am sure, I can by degrees thoroughly effect it. In the mean while, let me act, and speak, agreeably to my present notions of friendship. I never had a thought but that you were the truest and heartiest friend in the world. I no more doubt of your zeal to do substantial good offices to your friends, and to those who may outlive them; than I doubt of my own being alive. I think and know it to be great and uncommon. And I should be a most absurd creature, if I did not think *these* the very essence of true friendship. But, I think, there are circumstances, which, though of no importance without the other substantial part, yet make that itself, and the thought of it, more agreeable, vastly more agreeable than it would otherwise be. And where virtue and honour in the highest degree, and *these*, all unite: here, I think, the agreeableness of friendship is in perfection; and above all other agreeablenesses in this world.

Letter 15. *The same to the same.*

Sept. 11, 1731.

—YOU see the temper of your friend. If you do not like it, tell him so quickly; and teach him (if you can) to be a friend, in the peculiar

peculiar sense of that word, without it. Shew him how it is possible to have the pleasure of such a friendship, without the pain. For in this case, let all the world say what they will, the pain of care, and fear, and (what is worst of all) loss, must be proportionable to the pleasure of the present good. The indifferent, who value all persons equally, know nothing, I acknowledge, of this uneasiness: But then, they know nothing of the happiness neither. I will not determine the question, between the two tempers, for any but myself. I am content with what I feel, and could never prevail on myself to exchange joy and sorrow for a state of constant tasteless indifference. I now come back to your letter. The lady of Sundon may perhaps know, or fancy she knows, her own imperfections; but is not so well acquainted with her own perfections, I believe, as some others may be. I said nothing to her, or of her, from any partiality of friendship. Nor was I afraid of any judgment but her own, to condemn any thing I said. My desire was only, that she would not think I intended flattery; which is unworthy of me to give, or of her to receive. My language upon this subject is the same in conversation with others, as it is with yourself; which I think a very good argument to appeal to: And if I should be so unhappy as to outlive one of my greatest happinesses, my sentiments would break forth, and be known to many more than they can be now. The Bishop, who lives at Salisbury, thinks it as great an honour that you express your kind opinion of him, and his manner of living, in one short sentence, as if you had done it with a much greater length of words.

Letter 15. *The same to the same.*

Madam, Jan. 1, 1731-2.

IN the language of the season, I wish you and Mr. Clayton many happy years; and I

do it with the sincerest warmth of a friendly heart. To wish years of life without happiness, is a cruel wish. If this (which we now enter) goes on with me as it has begun, I am afraid I shall think one more too many. That head which felt to its owner so heavy on Thursday evening, was much worse than heavy all that night and yesterday. My cold increased, and settled in one side of my head. I have felt more pain and misery since, than through many years before. I am easier this morning; but still in pain: And were it not for that, should feel to myself like one, whom Steele used to describe with half his head cut off. One meaning of all this is, that my not attending the duty of this day at court, may not be imputed to want of heart, but to want of head; or rather to having too much head. The very conversing with you by letter has made me feel it less than I did; and, if I should follow my inclination, I could, as bad as I am, go on to write more than it is fit to trouble you with, such a busy day as this. Take all possible care to go home well; and I will take all I can to be well enough to wait upon you the first minute you will permit me to finish the tale I was interrupted in on Thursday night; and to enjoy a conversation every day more and more highly valued by, Madam, your most faithful and obliged servant.

Letter 16. *The same to the same.*

My dearest Friend,

IF this finds you once more escaped well from the fatigue and disorder of a court waiting, it will be a great joy to me, and I have some hope it will, because I had the pleasure to know from your servant (as I came from the chapel yesterday evening), that at least you were not ill.—The *chain of life* (of which

we have sometimes spoke) has been very heavy ever since I saw you. And my heart is now a good deal wounded with the news of Sir William Willys' death. He had very good sense, great modesty, uncommon humanity, and a beneficence which shewed itself in a way, that but a few know any thing of. (Let me go on, and pour out a little of my sorrow, though my paper almost forbids me, and I did not design it when I sat down to write.) He had learning enough to make him acceptable to those who had opportunities of gaining more. But it was covered by the ease and unaffected behaviour of the gentleman. Indeed, he had more excellences than most of his rank take pains to shew, or to pretend to. But that which touched me most, his heart was good; and he loved me. He loved me, I have reason to say it, in so particular a manner, that he either could not, nor would not, hide it. And he had that sort of tenderness in shewing it, which, when I know it to be real, always captivates my heart. The last time I saw him (which I little thought would have been the last), after some of the most engaging discourse in his easy way, he promised himself, he said, to come much oftener to me than he used to do, since I had assured him how agreeable an interruption it would always be to me. He was ever contriving how to get his friends about him in the most agreeable manner; and when they were so, they were sure of being easy and happy. I say what I think literally true, when I say that no one could be uneasy with him. Nor do I believe that ever any one was. And though his numerous relations (some not in affluence) will get a great deal by his death, I believe there is hardly one of them who would not gladly purchase his presence again with all that they can get by losing him. As to myself, I do not say that he was to me in that

rank of friendship in which one other person is. No one ever was; no one, I think, ever can be. But if I had been asked, whom of all my friends, next to that one, I would have chosen to have stayed longest with me in this miserable planet, I believe, from the knowledge I had of him from his childhood, I should have said, Sir William Willys. But he is suddenly gone, and in a most painful manner. Forgive this, from your faithful,

Letter 17. *Bishop Hoadly to Lady Sundon.*

— NOISE, crowds, ringing of bells, great dinners, strange lodgings, company without conversation, and the like, have not made me either more in love with myself, or my situation in the world, than I was before. But they have still more recommended to me the private part of my life; the sweets of quietness, and the enjoyment of true friendship.— I think often, and most agreeably, of the happiness, the great happiness, of having a friend in whose good heart one may confide with the utmost security; and in whose good understanding one may be sure of the best advice, as well as entertainment. That there is such a person in the world, I am certain from my own knowledge. And I would now ask no greater favour of Providence, than to make me as certain of the friendship of this person. I should esteem it a peculiar happiness in the decline of life; a support under the evils that generally attend it; and all the compensation for living on, which a reasonable mind could well wish for, after the concerns of our nearest relations are tolerably taken care of. You know best whether Providence has been so indulgent to me as to grant me this good: And you know what my notion of friendship is. Without the strictest virtue and honour, there is no foundation for it; nor can it, without

out them, be friendship; or any thing higher than company-keeping, for low or ignominious purposes. If a beneficent temper and a readiness for good offices be added, these also are qualifications without which it cannot subsist. But what I understand by it is still something more; a sort of peculiar sympathy, which it is hard to define so as to be understood, if it be not felt: And if it be, it needs no definition. This latter added to the former is what completes the notion of what I mean by the word friendship, and what I wish for in the thing, &c.

Letter 18. *The same to the same.*

Madam,

Sept. 24, 1734.

I SHOULD not have omitted one post to acknowledge my obligation to you for the cordial of your last letter, if the hurry in which I have some days lived had not made it literally impossible to have writ my sense of it, as I ought. I dare say, you felt some uneasiness for me; and partook a little of the pain which the weakness of my head, or my heart, had brought upon me. Your goodness induced you to write what has had all the good effect, which that itself could wish. I must own to you, I must ever think myself obliged to explain to you what I should have little concern to do to another; because I value your friendship and your judgment too much to be at all easy without doing it. There is no doubt, as you say, that my own conscience must be my guide, and a guide not to be forsaken in deference to any person. But I am confident you could not be displeased at my earnest wish, that you should think as I did, in a point of moral obligation; or, if not, at my trying to find an honourable expedient for the doing what you seemed so desirous of. And, believe me, I have such a delicacy in the

matter of promises, that I can sooner make free with my own son, than with a friend to whom I had bound myself. I will trouble you no more upon this subject, except, &c.

Letter 19. *The same to the same.*

Monday, May 26, 1735.

PERMIT me, Madam, by this paper, to congratulate your Ladyship upon the honour his Majesty has been pleased to do my Lord Sundon and yourself. I think, the merits of you both towards the Royal Family are as great, as well can be.---I wish your Ladyship every thing that you deserve. I can wish you no more. If I could, I am prevented now from saying it; and have only time to beg that you will not go out of town without suffering me to wait upon you at any hour of any day most convenient to yourself. I am, with the same high and singular esteem, Madam, your Ladyship's most faithful humble servant.

Letter 20. *Lord Chesterfield to Solomon Dayrolles, Esq. at the Hague.*

Dear Dayrolles, London, Jan. 26, O. S. 1748.

THIS letter goes to you, in that confidence, which I always shall, and know that I safely may, place in you, and you will therefore not let one word of it transpire.

What *** wrote to *** I believe will, nay I am sure must, prove true. * * *

I tell you very truly, I long for rest and quiet, equally necessary to my present state, both of body and mind. Could I do any good, I would sacrifice some more quiet to it; but, convinced as I am that I can do none, I will indulge my ease, and preserve my character. I have gone through pleasures, while my constitution and my spirits would allow me. Business succeeded them; and I have

now gone through every part of it, without liking it at all the better for being acquainted with it. Like many other things, it is most admired by those who know it the least. And this one consideration would alone disgust one of it, even if one had the sole power; which is, that in this country one must, for political reasons, frequently prefer the most unworthy to the most worthy, and prostitute to importunity and undeserving greediness the rewards of merit. Thus weary of business, you will easily imagine, that, in retiring from my present business, I shall not engage in any other; but far from embarking upon any account in cabals and opposition, whenever I do take any part in the House of Lords, it shall be in support of the government. Do not think neither that I mean a fullen retirement from the world; on the contrary, my retreat from business will give me both more time and better spirits for the enjoyment of social life, from which I will never withdraw myself. What day I shall resign the seals is not yet fixed; therefore, I desire that you will not, upon any account, mention one word of this letter, or give the least intimation to any one living, that you know any thing of this resolution. As I know the warmth of your friendship for me, and at the same time the warmth of your temper, I most earnestly recommend to you, nay, I insist upon your being discreet, when this event shall become public. There are those at the Hague, who will be glad to lay hold of any little slip of yours, in order to do you an injury: Disappoint them by your discretion, and say nothing more upon it than you knew that my health required exercise, and my temper quiet; and that you know too, that whenever I can, as a private man, be of any use to the king or to the public, I shall act the same out of place as I should have done

in. This conduct I shall look upon as a proof of your friendship, and not of your coolness for me. As I shall always have a satisfaction in hearing from you, write to me, from time to time, as usual. * * * * *

Adieu for this time, my dear Dayrolles; and be convinced that, knowing as I do your merit, your good heart, your truth, and your affection, I shall, though hereafter a very useless one, be ever your very faithful friend.

Letter 21. *Lord Chesterfield to Solomon Dayrolles, Esq.*

Dear Dayrolles, London, Feb. 9, O. S. 1748.

LE sort est jetté (the die is cast): You receive this letter from a sincere friend, but not from a secretary of state; and I know you to be so true a friend too, that I am sure you value it more in the former character than in the latter. Last Saturday I resigned the seals into the King's hands, who parted with me in the most gracious manner possible. My health, my spirits, and my character, all concurred in this measure, and made it absolutely necessary for me. I retire without any personal quarrel with any man whatsoever; and if I disapproved of measures, it was by no means upon account of their authors. Far from engaging in opposition, as resigning Ministers too commonly do, I shall, to the utmost of my power, support the King and his government; which I can do with more advantage to them, and more honour to myself, when I do not receive five thousand pounds a-year for doing it. I shall now, for the first time in my life, enjoy that philosophical quiet, which, upon my word, I have long wished for. While I was able, that is, while I was young, I lived in a constant dissipation and tumult of pleasures; the hurry and plague of business, either in or out of court, succeeded, and continued till now.

now. And it is now time to think of the only real comforts in the latter end of life, quiet, liberty, and health. Do not think, by the way, that by quiet and retirement I mean solitude and misanthropy; far from it, my philosophy, as you know, is of a cheerful and social nature. My horse, my books, and my friends, will divide my time pretty equally; I shall not keep less company, but only better, for I shall chuse it. Therefore do not fear finding me, whenever you take a little turn here, morose and cynical: On the contrary, you will find me as gentle as a dove; but, alas! not so amorous. At least, whatever else you find me, you will always find me with the truest affection, your, &c.

P. S. Pray make my compliments to my Baron, and thank him both for his books and his letters: I will do it myself very soon.

Letter 22. *The same to the same.*

Dear Dayrolles, Bath, Feb. 22, O. S. 1748.

ME voici, mon cher enfant (here I am, my dear boy), enjoying liberty and idleness, but attended with a great cold, which I got upon the road, in the coldest weather, and the deepest snow, that I ever remember. This has hindered me from drinking the waters hitherto; but that is no great matter, as I came here more for the sake of quiet and absence from London, while I was the only subject of conversation there, than for any great occasion that I had for the waters.

Without affectation, I feel most sensibly the comforts of my present free and quiet situation; and if I had much vanity in my composition, of which I really think that I have less than most people, even that vanity would be fully gratified, by the voice of the people upon this occasion. But, upon my word, all the busy tumultuous passions have

subsided in me; and that not so much from philosophy, as from a little reflection upon a great deal of experience. I have been behind the scenes, both of pleasure and business. I have seen all the coarse pullies and dirty ropes which exhibit and move all the gaudy machines; and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant audience.

Since my resignation, my brother, as you will have seen in the news-papers, is appointed Commissioner of the Admiralty, which he never would have been as long as I had continued in, the resolution being taken to exclude all those who might otherwise have been supposed to have come in upon my interest. As I retire without quarrelling, and without the least intention to oppose, I saw no reason why my brother should decline this post; and I advised him to accept of it, and the rather as it was the King's own doing.

George Stanhope too, I am told, is now to have the rank of colonel given him, which I could never procure him; so that, it seems, I have a much better interest out of place than I had in.

All goes well at Leipzig; the boy applies and improves more than I expected. Count and Countess Flemming, who saw him there, and who carried him to the Dutchess of Courlande's, gave me a very good account of him; and assured me, that he was by no means that awkward English oaf, but *passablement décrotté* (tolerably polished). He shall stay there a year longer, and then go to Turin. If you should accidentally hear, or can procure any memoirs of his private character, pray let me know them.

Remember the cautions I gave you in one of my former letters. When Lord Sandwich

goes to the congress, you will have a great deal to do, and play a considerable part, at the Hague; which I know you are able to acquit yourself of very well. This, I think, will put you *en train d'être Monsieur l'Envoyé*, upon Lord Sandwich's return to his post here, which will be before it is very long; for, however little peace is at present intended, necessity will soon make it by the means of the *Maréchaux de Saxe et Lowendahl*; and then, being upon the place, I think you may reasonably ask, and probably obtain, the character and appointments of Envoy. * * *

May you have all you wish! Adieu, yours.

Letter 23. *Lord Chesterfield to Solomon Dayrolles, Esq.*

Dear Dayrolles, Greenwich, June 30, O. S. 1752.

SINCE public events were neither the cause, nor the cement, of our long correspondence, that private friendship, that began, may e'en continue, without the assistance of foreign matter. We will reciprocally ask, and tell one another, how we do: If we do little worth telling, which is and will be my case, our letters will be the shorter, but not the less welcome, for being only the messengers of friendship.

I am here in my hermitage, very deaf, and consequently alone. I read as much as my eyes will let me; and I walk and ride as often as the worst weather I ever knew will allow me. *D'ailleurs*, good health, natural good spirits, some philosophy, and long experience of the world, make me much less dejected and melancholy, than most people in my situation would be, or than I should have been myself some years ago. I comfort myself with the reflection, that I did not lose the power, till after I had very near lost the desire, of hearing. I have been long and voluntarily deaf to the voice of ambition, and to the noise of busi-

ness, so that I lose nothing upon that head; and when I consider how much of my life is past, and how little of it according to the course of nature remains, I can almost persuade myself that I am no loser at all. By all this, you see that I am neither a dejected nor a four deaf man.

In spite of this cold and rainy weather, I have already eaten two or three of your canteloup melons, which have proved excellent, and some very ripe muscat grapes raised in my anana-house, which is now stocked with African ananas, much superior to the American ones. The growth, the education, and the perfection, of these vegetable children engage my care and attention, next to my corporal one, who is now going to Hanover, and who I hope will reward all my care, as well as my ananas have done.

Adieu, my dear Dayrolles. I am most affectionately and truly yours.

Letter 24. *The same to the same.*

Dear Dayrolles, London, Sept. 15, 1752.

IN the first place I make my compliments to my god-son, who, I hope, sucks and sleeps heartily, and evacuates properly, which is all that can yet be desired or expected from him. Though you, like a prudent father, I find, carry your thoughts a great deal farther, and are already forming the plan of his education, you have still time to consider of it, but yet not so much as people commonly think; for I am very sure, that children are capable of a certain degree of education long before they are commonly thought to be so. At a year and a half old, I am persuaded that a child might be made to comprehend the injustice of torturing flies and strangling birds; whereas they are commonly encouraged in both, and their hearts hardened by habit. There is another

another thing, which, as your family is, I suppose, constituted, may be taught him very early, and save him trouble and you expence; I mean languages. You have certainly some French servants, men or maids, in your house. Let them be chiefly about him, when he is six or seven months older, and speak nothing but French to him, while you and Madame Dayrolles speak nothing to him but English; by which means those two languages will be equally familiar to him. By the time that he is three years old, he will be too heavy and too active for a maid to carry, or to follow him; and one of your footmen must necessarily be appointed to attend him. Let that footman be a Saxon, who speaks nothing but German, and who will, of course, teach him German without any trouble. A Saxon footman costs no more than one of any other country, and you have two or three years to provide yourself with one upon a vacancy. German will, I fear, be always a useful language for an Englishman to know, and it is a very difficult one to learn any other way than by habit. Some silly people will, I am sure, tell you, that you will confound the poor child so with these different languages, that he will jumble them all together and speak no one well; and this will be true for five or six years; but then he will separate them of himself, and speak them all perfectly. This plan, I am sure, is a right one for the first seven years; and before the expiration of that time we will think farther.

My boy has been a good while at Hanover: He kissed the King's hand, which was all I expected or desired. *Visage de bois*, you take for granted, *et c'étoit dans les formes*. But the Duke of Newcastle has been most excessively kind and friendly to him; had him always to dine with him, even *en famille*.

* * * * * I am really most extremely obliged to the Duke of Newcastle, and will shew him that I am so, if ever I have an opportunity. He is now gone to Brunswick, and from thence goes to pass the carnival at Berlin: He will kiss your hands at Brussels in March or April, unless an election of a king of the Romans should call him to Frankfort; for I cannot help thinking, notwithstanding what I read in the news-paper, and what you hint in your last, but that there will be a king of the Romans elected before it is long. That affair has been too eagerly and publicly pursued, to be now dropped without ridicule and disgrace. At bottom, the court of Vienna must earnestly wish it, and its pretended indifference was merely to throw the whole expence upon us. We have been haggling all this time about it with the court of Vienna; which, I suppose, will at last be prevailed with to do something; and we shall, according to custom, do all the rest. The electors, who are to be paid for it, as those of Palatine and Cologne, will be paid in a few ducats, and a great many guineas.

I leave my hermitage at Blackheath next week for Bath, where I am to bathe and pump my head; but I doubt it is with deaf people as with poets, when the head must be pumped, little good comes of it. However, I will try every thing, just as I take a chance in every lottery, not expecting the great prize, but only to be within the possibility of having it. My compliments to Madame Dayrolles. *Adieu, mon cher enfant*.

Letter 25. *From the same to the same.*

Dear Dayrolles, Bath, Oct. 7, 1752.

BEFORE this packet will reach you, another little round packet of mine, probably will: I mean Mr. Stanhope, who, by a letter

letter of the 26th of September, which I have just received from him from Hanover, acquaints me that he is setting out to make his court to you at Brussels. I know your friendship for me too well to want any new proofs of it; and therefore I do very seriously insist, whatever either your friendship to me, or your attention to him, might otherwise make you intend, that you do not make him lodge in your house. Let him be your guest at dinner or supper, as often as you please, but very positively no longer. A dissipated young fellow of twenty is a very improper piece of furniture in a regular family. In short, *en un mot comme en mille*, all ceremony apart, I will not have him lodge in your house. *Au reste*, I put him entirely into your hands, do whatever else you will with him. Thrust him into company. Pray inform him a little of the affairs of the *barrière* and *tarif*, which are not of a secret nature; and inform me truly, and *de bonne foi*, how you find him now. Has he better air, address, and manners, than when you saw him last? I beg of you to reprimand him seriously if he has not. As being mine, look upon him as your own; as I should look upon my god-son as mine, being yours, were he with me, and of an age to be rebuked and reprimanded for his good.

I have been here now just a week, blistering, pumping, and drinking; by all which, I think, I have gained a little, though very little, as to my hearing. Yours most affectionately.

Letter 26. Lord Chesterfield to Solomon Dayrolles, Esq.

Dear Dayrolles, Bath, Oct. 18, 1752.

YOUR last letter of the 6th, and my last of the 10th, crossed one another somewhere

upon the road, for I received yours four days after I had sent mine. I think I rather gain ground by the waters and other medicines; but, if I do, it is but slowly, and by inches. I hear the person who sits or stands near me, and who directs his voice in a strait line to me: But I hear no part of a mixed conversation, and consequently am no part of society. However, I bear my misfortune better than I believe most other people would; whether from reason, philosophy, or constitution, I will not pretend to decide. If I have no very cheerful, at least I have no melancholy, moments. Books employ most of my hours agreeably; and some few objects, within my own narrow circle, excite my attention enough to preserve me from *ennui*.

The chief of those objects is now with you; and I am very glad that he is, because I expect from your friendship, a true and confidential account of him. You will have time to analyse him; and I do beg of you to tell me the worst, as well as the best, of your discoveries. When evils are incurable, it may be the part of one friend to conceal them from another; but at his age, when no defect can have taken so deep a root as to be immovable, if proper care be taken, the friendly part is rather to tell me his defects than his perfections. I promise you, upon my honour, the most inviolable secrecy. Among the defects, that possibly he may have, I know one that I am sure he has; it is, indeed, a negative fault, a fault of omission; but still it is a very great fault, with regard to the world. He wants that engaging address, those pleasing manners, those little attentions, that air, that *abond*, and those graces, which all conspire to make that first advantageous impression upon people's minds which is of such infinite use through the

the whole course of life. It is a sort of magic power, which prepossesses one at first sight in favour of that person, makes one wish to be acquainted with him, and partial to all he says and does. I will maintain it to be more useful in business than in love. This most necessary varnish we want too much: Pray recommend it strongly. * * * * *

He has, I dare say, told you, how exceedingly kind the Duke of Newcastle was to him at Hanover, for he wrote me word with transports of it. *Faites un peu valoir cela*, when you happen either to see or to write to his Grace, but only as from yourself and historically. Add too, that you observe that I was extremely affected with it. In truth, I do intend to give him to the two brothers for their own; and have nothing else to ask of either, but their acceptance of him. In time, he may possibly not be quite useless to them. I have given him such an education, that he may be of use to any court; and I will give him such a provision, that he shall be a burden to none.

As for my god-son, who I assure you, without compliment, enjoys my next warmest wishes, you go a little too fast, and think too far before-hand. No plan can possibly be now laid down for the second seven years. His own natural turn and temper must be first discovered, and your then situation will and ought to decide his destination. But I will add one consideration with regard to these first seven years. It is this:---Pray let my god-son never know what a blow or a whipping is, unless for those things for which, were he a man, he would deserve them; such as lying, cheating, making mischief, and meditated malice. In any of those cases, however young, let him be most severely whipped. But either to threaten or whip him for falling

down, bepissing himself, or not standing still to have his head combed and his face washed, is a most unjust and absurd severity; and yet all these are the common causes of whipping. This hardens them to punishment, and confounds them as to the causes of it; for if a poor child is to be whipped equally for telling a lie, or for a snotty nose, he must of course think them equally criminal. Reason him, by fair means, out of all those things, for which he will not be the worse man; and flog him severely for those things only, for which the law would punish him as a man.

I have ordered Mr. Stanhope to pass six weeks in Flanders, making Brussels his head quarters. I think he cannot know it as he should do in less time; for I would have him see all the considerable towns there, and be acquainted and *faufile* at Brussels, where there is a great deal of good company, and, as I hear, a very polite court.---From thence he is to go to Holland for three months. Pray put him *au fait* of the Hague, which nobody can do better than you. I shall put him into Kreuninge's hands there, for the reading, and the constitutional part of the republic, of which I would have him most thoroughly informed. If, by any letters, you can be of use to him there, I know you will. I would fain have him know every thing of that country, of that government, of that court, and of that people, perfectly well. Their affairs and ours always have been, and always will be, intimately blended; and I should be very sorry that, like nine in ten of his countrymen, he should take Holland to be the republic of the seven united provinces, and the States-general for the sovereign. *Mais à force d'être sourd je deviens bavard*; (deafness makes me loquacious;) so a good-night to you with Madame Dayrolles;

and I think that is wishing you both very well. Yours most sincerely.

Letter 27. *Lord Chesterfield to Solomon Dayrolles, Esq.*

Dear Dayrolles, London, Feb. 16, 1753.

IT is true that I have been long silent; and am, contrary to custom, two letters in your debt. I would have paid better, had my specie been better; but it is really so bad, that it would be both impudent and fraudulent in me to pretend to give it currency. But since you will take it for the sake of him whose image and inscription it wears, you shall have it, and with my wishes that it were better.

I grow deafer, and consequently more *isolé* from society every day. I can now say of the world, as the man in Hamlet, *What is Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?* My best wishes, however, will attend my friends, though all my hopes have left me. I have in vain tried a thousand things, that have done others good in the like case, and will go on trying, having so little to lose, and so much to get. The chapter of knowledge is a very short, but the chapter of accidents is a very long one: I will keep dipping in it, for sometimes a concurrence of unknown and unforeseen circumstances, in the medicine and the disease, may produce an unexpected and lucky hit. But no more of myself; that self, as now circumstanced, being but a disagreeable subject to us both.

I am very glad to hear that my god-son flourishes. I hope he is very noisy and very active, which, at his age, are the only symptoms of health and parts. * * * *

I believe you are not at all sorry, for in your case I know you should not, that your great men have taken your negotiations out of your hands. It secures you ministers of a

subordinate rank from any blame, in whatsoever manner the negotiations may be concluded, if ever they are concluded at all. The credit or the blame will be theirs, the appointments *en attendant* are yours. Adieu, my dear Dayrolles. I am most warmly and affectionately yours.

Letter 28. *The same to the same.*

Dear Dayrolles, London, Jan. 1, 1754.

YOU fine gentlemen, who have never committed the sin or the folly of scribbling, think that all those who have, can do it again whenever they please; but you are much mistaken: The pen has not only its moments, but its hours, its days of impotence, and is no more obedient to the will than other things have been since the fall. Unsuccessful and ineffectual attempts are alike disagreeable and disgraceful. It is true, I have nothing else to do but to write, and for that very reason perhaps I should do it worse than ever; what was formerly an act of choice, is now become the refuge of necessity. Though I keep up a certain equality of spirits, better, I believe, than most people would do in my unfortunate situation, yet you must not suppose that I have ever that flow of active spirits which is so necessary to enable one to do any thing well. Besides, as the pride of the human heart extends itself beyond the short span of our lives, all people are anxious and jealous, authors perhaps more so than any others, of what will be thought and said of them at a time when they cannot know, and therefore ought not reasonably to care for either. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, I will confess to you that I often scribble, but at the same time protest to you that I almost as often burn. I judge myself as impartially, and I hope more severely, than I do others; and upon an appeal

peal from myself to myself, I frequently condemn the next day, what I had approved and applauded the former. What will finally come of all this I do not know; nothing, I am sure, that shall appear while I am alive, except by chance some short trifling essays, like the Spectators, upon some new folly or absurdity that may happen to strike me, as I have now and then helped Mr. Fitz-Adam in his weekly paper called the World.

The Irish part of the world, I take it for granted you have heard, is in the utmost confusion, and I now fear, and the more because I cannot foresee, the consequences of it. The beginning of the whole affair was only the old question, who should govern the government; this produced violent personal piques and acrimony, and consequently formed and animated parties. While these parties avowed and confined themselves to personal views, it signified little to the public which prevailed; but now the affair is become national, and consequently very serious. The speaker's party, which is now, by the ill management of others, become the majority of the house, deny the king's right to the surpluses of the Irish revenue, and in consequence of that principle have rejected a bill for the application of them, because the council here had inserted, and rightly, in the preamble of the bill, these words, *by and with the consent of his Majesty*. It is believed that the House of Commons will proceed to some personal votes.

* * * * This only is certain, that the Duke of Dorset is making what haste he can to come over here, and will not, nor cannot, go back again. Various successors are talked of, but I believe no one fixed. Some talk of Lord Holderness, who, in that case, they say, is to be succeeded in the secretary's office by the solicitor-general Murray. Others

talk of Lord Winchelsea, as recommended by Lord Granville; and this I think not improbable: But some, who go deeper, name the Duke of Bedford; and this, I think, by no means impossible.

This is the season of well-bred lies indiscriminately told by all to all; professions and wishes unfelt and unmeant, degraded by use, and profaned by falsehood, are lavished with profusion. Mine for you, Mrs. Dayrolles, and my god-son, are too honest and sincere to keep such company, or to wear their dress. Judge of them then yourselves; without my saying any thing more, than that I am most heartily and faithfully yours.

Letter 29. The same to the same.

Dear Dayrolles, Blackheath, July 10, 1755.

IT was my *ennui*, and not my amusements, could I now have any! that occasioned my long silence; depend upon it, nothing else could or should. I break daily, my friend, both in body and mind, their union being very intimate. Spirits consequently fail, for they are the result of health, and I cannot say that, since I am here, I have had three days together uninterrupted health. Sometimes strong returns of my inveterate giddiness, sometimes convulsive disorders in my stomach, always languor, weakness, and listlessness. I find that I am got half-way down hill, and then you know the velocity increases very considerably. But what is to be done? Nothing but patience. Whatever the purest air, constant moderate exercise, and strict regimen can do, I have here; but they serve only to prolong, for a little time, an irksome situation, which my reason tells me, the sooner it is ended the better. My deafness is extremely increased, and daily increasing; this cuts me wholly off from the society of others; and my

other complaints deny me the society with myself, which I proposed when I came here. I have brought down with me a provision of pens, ink, and paper, in hopes of amusing myself, and perhaps entertaining or informing posterity, by some historical tracts of my own times, which I intended to write with the strictest regard to truth, and none to persons; myself not excepted. But I have not yet employed my pen, because my mind refused to do its part; and in writing, as well as in other performances, whatever is not done with spirit and desire, will be very ill done. All my amusements are therefore reduced to the idle business of my little garden, and to the reading of idle books, where the mind is seldom called upon. Notwithstanding this unfortunate situation, my old philosophy comes to my assistance, and enables me to repulse the attacks of melancholy, for I never have one melancholic moment. I have seen and appraised every thing in its true light, and at its intrinsic value. While others are outbidding one another at the auction, exulting in their acquisitions, or grieving at their disappointments, I am easy, both from reflection, and experience of the futility of all that is to be got or lost.

But *tropé de réflexions morales* (too much of moral reflections). A man may be too sober as well as too drunk to go into company, and his philosophical reflections may be as troublesome in one case, as his extravagancy in the other.

Well then; we will hope, you warmly and I coolly, that great things are reserved for us in the fifth and last class of this lottery; but if Fortune will take my advice, though ladies are seldom apt to take the advice of old fellows, she will transfer whatever she intended to you or me to my god-son. * * * *

The present situation of neither peace nor war is, to be sure, very unaccountable, and I cannot help fearing, that we shall be the dupes of it at last. Surely we, I mean our ministers, ought to have known, before this time, which of the two the French really intended; and if they meant peace, to have had it concluded; or, if they meant war, to have given them the first blow at sea; for if, instead of that, you give them time to augment their marine, while you keep yours at an immense and useless expence, I believe they will be more explicit with you next year. The clamour at our inaction is universal and prodigious, people desiring something for their money. From that, and many other concurring causes, the next session will be a very boisterous one. * * * *

Adieu, my dear Dayrolles: Lady Chesterfield's and my compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles.

Letter 30. *Lord Chesterfield to Sir Thomas Robinson, Bart.*

Sir Blackheath, Oct. 13, 1756.

WHAT can a hermit send you from hence, in return for your entertaining letter, but his thanks? I see nobody here by choice, and I hear nobody by necessity. As for the contemplations of a deaf, solitary, sick man, I am sure they cannot be entertaining to a man in health; the returns of my vertigos and subsequent weaknesses, and languors, grow both stronger and more frequent, and, in short, I exist to no one good purpose of life; and therefore do not care how soon so useless and tiresome an existence ceases entirely. This wretched situation makes me read with the utmost coolness and indifference the accounts in the news-papers, for they are my only informers now you are gone, of wars abroad,
and

and changes at home. I wish well to my species in general, and to my country in particular; and therefore lament the havoc that is already made, and likely to be made, of the former, and the inevitable ruin which I see approaching by great strides to the latter: But, I confess, those sensations are not so quick in me now as formerly; long illness blunts them, as well as others; and perhaps too, self-love being now out of the case, I do not feel so sensibly for others, as I should do, if that were more concerned. This I know is wrong, but I fear it is nature.

Since you are your own steward, do not cheat yourself, for I have known many a man lose more by being his own steward, than he would have been robbed of by any other: Tenants are always too hard for landlords, especially such landlords as think they understand those matters and do not, which, with submission, may possibly be your case.

I go next week to the Bath by order of the skilful, which I obey, because all places are alike to me; otherwise, I expect no advantage from it. But in all places I shall be most faithfully yours.

Letter 31. Lord Chesterfield to Dr. Cheyne of Bath.

Dear Doctor, London, April 20, 1742.

YOUR inquiries and advice concerning my health are very pleasing marks of your remembrance and friendship; which, I assure you, I value as I ought. It is very true, I have, during these last three months, had frequent returns of my giddinesses, languors, and other nervous symptoms, for which I have taken vomits; the first did me good; the others rather disagreed with me. It is the same with my diet; sometimes the lowest agrees, at other times disagrees with me.

In short, after all the attention and observation I am capable of, I can hardly say what does me good, and what not. My constitution conforms itself so much to the fashion of the times, that it changes almost daily its friends for its enemies, and its enemies for its friends. Your alkalised mercury, and your Burgundy, have proved its two most constant friends. I take them both now, and with more advantage than any other medicine. I propose going to Spa as soon as the season will permit, having really received great benefit by those waters last year, and I find my shattered tenement admits of but half repairs, and requires them annually.

The *corpus sanum*, which you wish me, will never be my lot; but the *mens sana* I hope will be continued to me, and then I shall better bear the infirmities of the body. Hitherto, far from impairing my reason, they have only made me more reasonable, by subduing the tumultuous and troublesome passions. I enjoy my friends and my books as much as ever, and I seek for no other enjoyments; so that I am become a perfect philosopher; but whether *malgre moi* or no, I will not take upon me to determine, not being sure that we do not owe more of our merit to accidents, than our pride and self-love are willing to ascribe to them.

I read with great pleasure your book, which your bookseller sent me according to your directions. The physical part is extremely good, and the metaphysical part may be so too, for what I know: And I believe it is; for, as I look upon all metaphysics to be guess-work of imagination, I know no imagination likelier to hit upon the right than yours; and I will take your guess against any other metaphysician's whatsoever. That part, which is founded upon knowledge and experience,

rience, I look upon as a work of public utility; and for which, the present age and their posterity may be obliged to you, if they will be pleased to follow it.

Letter 32. *The late Bishop Horne to a young Clergyman.*

Dear ———,

I AM much pleased to hear you have been for some time stationary at Oxford; a place where a man may best prepare himself to go forth as a burning and shining light into a world, where charity is waxed cold, and where truth is well-nigh obscured. Whenever it pleases God to appoint you to the government of a parish, you will find work enough to employ you; and therefore, before that time comes, you should be careful to provide yourself with all necessary knowledge, lest, by-and-by, when you should be building, you should have your materials to look for, and bring together: Besides, that the habit of studying and thinking, if it be not got in the first part of life, rarely comes afterwards. A man is miserably drawn into the eddy of worldly dissipation, and knows not how to get out of it again, till, in the end, for want of spiritual exercises, the faculties of the soul are benumbed, and he sinks into indolence, till *the night cometh, when no man can work*. Happy, therefore, is the man who betimes acquires a relish for holy solitude, and accustoms himself to bear the yoke of Christ's discipline in his youth; who can sit alone, and keep silence, and seek Wisdom diligently where she may be found, in the Scriptures of faith, and in the writings of the Saints. From these flowers of Paradise he extracts the honey of knowledge and divine love, and therewith fills every cell

of his understanding and affections. The winter of affliction, disease, and old age, will not surprise such an one in an unprepared state. *He will not* be confounded in the perilous time; and in the days of dearth he will have enough to strengthen, comfort, and support him and his brethren. Precious beyond rubies are the hours of youth and health! let none of them pass unprofitably away, for surely they make to themselves wings, and are as a bird cutting swiftly the air, and the trace of her can no more be found. If well-spent, they fly to heaven with news that rejoice angels, and meet us again as witnesses for us at the tribunal of our Lord. When the graces of time run into the glories of eternity, how trifling will the labour then seem that has procured us (through grace) everlasting rest, for which the apostles toiled night and day, and the martyrs loved not their lives unto death!

These, my dear ———, are my sentiments; would to God my practice were more conformable to them than it is, that I might be less unworthy to advise and exhort others! but I trust the persuasion I have of the truth of what is said above (which every day's experience more and more confirms) will influence my conduct in this particular, and make me more watchful in time to come. In the mean season, I cannot forbear pressing the same upon you, as I should do with my dying breath; since upon the due proportioning and employing our time all our progress in grace and knowledge depends.

If there be any thing with regard to the choice or matter of your studies in which I can assist you, let me know, as you can have no doubt of my being, in all things, most affectionately yours.

APPENDIX.

SECT. I.

*From Lady LUXBOROUGH'S Letters to
WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq.*

Letter 1. *Lady Luxborough to William Shenstone, Esq.*

Sir, Barrells, Oct. 16, 1748.

THE impatience with which I waited for the pleasure of hearing from you, in answer to my last, I looked upon as a proof that nothing I could read was so agreeable to me as what you wrote: And had I been doubtful in my opinion, your letter and autumn verses would have confirmed it. This is no compliment, nor am I guilty of flattery. I speak my mind; so that if I am guilty of an error, it must be in judgment; and I do not believe it possible, even for all your modesty, to pack a jury that would find me so in *this case*: Yet just as I am to your writings, I am partial to the autumn season:---Perhaps, you will become so when grown somewhat older; and not exclaim against that *pensive* season (as you call it) which, if it does not afford all the gaieties of spring and summer, is however attended with fewer disappointments. Would you in spring enjoy the beauty of your parterre, a sudden shower drives you home; in summer you are obliged to shut out the delicious prospect of the ripened grain, and the various labours of the peasant, lest, like him, you should be scorched by the sun-

beams, which your spreading waters reflect the more strongly, or be caught, though under the shelter of an oak, by the merciless lightning: Whereas in autumn, though more languid, the sun has still power to cheer, and its gentle heat causes no pain; it still serves to ripen fruits, which are to be your consolation in winter; and though the days are short, every hour of them may be enjoyed in meads and groves, where indeed the trees lose their verdure; but it is no more than changing their dress (as some lowly nymphs have done of late) from a plain green gown to a rich brocade mixed with ten thousand shades: And as it is wove by the hand of Nature, should still please in its variety, though not equally as in its bloom; nor should its more solemn and decent appearance anticipate by reflection the rigours of Winter. Too soon she will make her shivering naked appearance, and make us wish ourselves buried with the ant, till spring returns, unless some social friends assemble (as at Barrells in 1747) to supply with their conversation the absence of the sun.---I cannot persuade Mr. Outing to allow of my indulgence to autumn; though, to favour my argument, Nature has been so remarkably kind this last October to adorn my shrubbery with the flowers that usually blow at Whitsuntide, and deck my apple-trees with blossoms, which we saw upon two of the trees three days ago, and have now primroses and polyanthus growing. Perhaps it is not so at the Leafowes; for
though

though the same sun light us, it may be clouded over there, and your flowers *withered all when Thomson died*.---Nature indeed should mourn for one who sung so well her praises; but *that* debt paid, and his urn placed in your grove (so worthy of its reception), she will no longer weep her poet, but adopt you her favourite to succeed him.---His *Castle of Indolence* I have read at last, and admire several parts of it. He make the Wizard's Song most engaging: But, as Lady Hertford observes, it is no wonder; for

"He needs no Muse, who dictates from the heart,"

and Thomson's heart was ever devoted to that Archimage. Do not copy him too nearly in that; it would be cruel to your friends, if, like him,

"—— your ditty sweet

"You loathed much to write, nor cared to repeat."

I shall be glad to see the model of your urn; but more glad to see the urn itself in your grove, and its shadow trembling in your transparent stream. I hope it will be well executed, as it will give you a pensive pleasure, and to all who see and read how you have celebrated the memory of one who so well deserved it. Future urns no doubt will be raised to you, but long may they remain unnecessary; though, according to your proposing to *end your labours* (which is ending your pleasures) as soon as two more things are erected, I should look upon your death as very near, and that you imagine he is to snatch you to his arms just as you are laying the last white brick of the second garden seat; for no less a monarch than he could stop the course of your elegant improvements. If I guess right, the most rapid current, or (what is yet stronger) the most aspiring ambition,

might as well be stopped as your inclination cease which forces you to adorn your villa, or ever your taste descend to the vulgar rule of leaving things as you found them. I often wish I had that same useful vulgar prudence; and yet how ashamed should I have been of it, when friends of taste had seen me enjoy the thistles and nettles that adorned this savage place, as contentedly as the ass that feeds on them!

If your *expostulations* with Mr. Lyttelton were *brusques*, his visit was as much so; and upon such occasions I never love to be behind-hand with *great* people.

The eldest son of Archimage, and the little round fat oily Man of God, talk of making you a visit the week that is now coming in; and for that I waited to write: But unless weather, roads, and all conveniences conspire, I tell the former, I am sure he will not set out. But he says I do not form a right notion of him; so I leave it to him to prove. In the mean time, they desire their compliments to you; I suppose I need not say I mean Mr. Outing and Mr. Hall.---I will send Doddsley's three volumes by them.---As to your thought about improving the Show-box, I do not despise it for believing you took it from the thing called London Cries, which children play with; for the great Handel has told me that the hints of his very best songs have several of them been owing to the sounds in his ears of cries in the street; and why may your eyes not take a hint from the manner in which they are exhibited in the fore-mentioned little machine? but I question if it can be so well performed in so large a thing as these machines we have. The paper would rumple if not fastened to pasteboard, and if fastened, would be too stiff to roll round the rollers; yet I do not know whether, as you observe,

observe, some sort of canvas might not do. It would be a good amusement in the Wizard's Castle; for by this means it would give no trouble to bring all the beautiful gardens and palaces of the world to your view, as his crystal globe by turning shewed him the various turns of man. For my part, I propose to have at my Castle of Barrells Æolus's harp; a music which will never cease here as long as the winds maintain their power.

I do not complain of your punctuality as to paying interest for the green-book; but I am still as impatient for the principal, as if you had allowed me nothing to live on. I am also jealous of the red-book, who robs me, I fear, of your time. Mr. Outing's anxiety is for the red one; so I expect no compassion from him: All I desire is, that, whether green or red, you will let me have *some* of your *works* to subsist upon this winter: And if I did not fear to make too many demands at once, I would also beg for *some* of your company. I am, Sir, &c.

Letter 2. *Lady Luxborough to William Shenstone, Esq.*

Barrells, Sunday Evening,
Nov. 13th, 1748.

Sir,

THE uncertainty of my receiving an answer from you in due time, according to the date, and also my present uncertainty as to which day of this month I am the most likely to have the pleasure of your company at Barrells, and, above all, the fear of being by some accident deprived of it, or by my absence seem undeserving of it, are all reasons which oblige me without the least delay to acquaint you, that, before I received your last welcome letter, I had yielded to Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds's strong invitation to Somerviles-Aston; where, had I refused to go, yet Mr. Outing must have gone,

having part of his wardrobe there (as his first visit from London was to them); as also, some business which he says he must go to finish, even if I should again be prevented from going where I have been so long expected: And I dare say you would be sorry to find him gone from Barrells; and more so, to have a second time reason to think his friendship remiss in its duty. Therefore, Sir, these considerations weighed, I determine to send a messenger to the Leasowes to-morrow with this, and my compliments to you and Mr. Joseph Shenstone; and to acquaint you, that our day of march from Barrells to Aston is fixed for Friday next, the 18th instant; and that of our return for the Friday following, the 25th: And we shall depend upon seeing you the first moment your business or inclination permits. How readily would my pen and wishes fix the 26th, that being the earliest moment; but you observe in your letter to Mr. Outing, that fixing days is an encroachment upon liberty; therefore I am silent, and submit to the time which suits your conveniency. And as I do not intend to make any more excursions till spring returns, and do not expect any company here, I fear no interruptions from this side the *Lickee*, (how do you spell it?) and flatter myself there will be none on the other: Then shall I see you arrive, perhaps, through snow or rain, which will heighten my gratitude, but moderate my joy. The green-book will add greatly to my pleasure, and your conversation will make me prefer winter to my favourite autumn, though I have refused that preference to spring: But to say the truth, no season can be disagreeable in company one likes; nor none agreeable with the insipid or unsociable, the unfriendly or the unmeaning, the designing, the tale-bearing, the pedantic, or the ignorant, &c. &c. from all which may
the

Divine Powers deliver us; and may I soon enjoy the reverse company in my chimney corner! then shall I be agreeably entertained; Mr. Outing be eased from his fears of not seeing you before he leaves the country; and Mr. Hall be enabled to make his own excuses to you, and in particular to Mr. Joseph Shenstone, for not performing his promise. He seems penitent, and I galled him a little, though with your gentle and kind reproaches, which he felt, notwithstanding at that instant he was wrapt in ecstasies of joy and admiration; for he had purchased an incomparable horse the day before. The beauty of novelty is great with him; but it will be decayed before this month is out, and he will then have the more time to give you marks of his friendship; which I dare say is always sincere, and not transient, as his passion for his horse may be.---Now I have answered for him, permit me to say for myself, that I am most steadily, Sir, your sincere and obliged humble servant.

If it suited you to go with us to Somerviles-Aston, I can answer for your welcome there, as well as for the additional pleasure it will be to me and to Mr. Outing; who would tell you so himself, but the messenger who is to carry the letter cannot wait; and he expects to see you so soon, that my pen only speaks for him now.

Lord Dudley gave me hopes of coming to Barrells, which would do me honour and pleasure.

Letter 3. *Lady Luxborough to William Shenstone, Esq.*

Barrells, Wednesday, Nov. 29, 1749.

Sir, Begun Tuesday Night, 28th.

I DO not know whether I am making reparation for my past offence, *silence*, or com-

mitting a worse, by *babbling*: For I not only answered your letter by your servant, but wrote again the very next day; and still upon the same subject, *urns*. I hoped for an answer last Thursday; but not having one, I now torment you with a third epistle, which will probably draw another from you; and was your politeness out of the question, I should expect it to be an order for me to stop my pen; I think it would be just; and as the French style (and French every thing) is fashionable, it might be allowable for you to say in that language to me, *Cela suffit*: Which phrase I have often heard used by those who would be shocked to hear in rough English "*Hold your tongue*;" though I think *sound* makes the difference, not *sense*. Talking of that, who would have thought a pack of French strollers could ever in any shape have influenced the choosing or rejecting a member of the British parliament? And yet the advertisements about the Westminster election shew them to be *personages* of consequence.---It is it seems fact, that a pretty good set of English actors, who made an attempt to set up a stage in a province on the out-skirts of France (where our language was a little understood), were driven off with the utmost scurrility, and yet our *noblesse* support their strollers here; for they are, I hear, established in spite of the *fracas* made by the gallery, being well supported by our lords, ladies, and still more by some of our officers, who, though they ran away from the French in Flanders, are eager to follow them here, and to pay their obsequious devoirs to the outcast of them.---What will not Englishmen now bear!

Were it permitted to find fault with M--sty, I should be angry Penlez did not receive the royal mercy. But on the other hand, I am pleased

pleased with the K--g's answer to the D-ke of New-----, who went to his closet exulting with joy to inform him of the fortunate event of Sir Watkin's death: "I am sorry for it" (answered his M---sty); "he was a worthy man, and an open enemy." This fine answer makes one regret that his Min---rs govern instead of him.---But how happens it pray, that I talk something tending towards politics to you? I do not conceive what could make it enter into my head, but when it did do so, I can easily conceive it would fly away with my pen; for so negligently as I write, the first ideas that present themselves go off to my friends, unpolished and unconnected; but to others I give only a very little *flummery*, and so conclude. This word *flummery*, you must know, Sir, means at London, *flattery* and *compliment*, and is the present reigning word among the beaux and belles. Pardon my telling you what your dictionary would *not* have told you; and pardon me also for boasting of knowing something about the fashions my neighbours do not know, and which, thanks to chance, I do know!---I hope this self-exaltation will not draw upon me the guilt of the arrogant pharisee. My knowledge does not extend very far, as learned as I am; and yet I know that it is the fashion for every body to write a couplet to the same tune (viz. an old country-dance) upon whatever subject occurs to them; I should say upon whatever person, with their names to it. Lords, gentlemen, ladies, flirts, scholars, soldiers, divines, masters, and misses, are all authors upon this occasion, and also the objects of each other's satire: It makes an offensive *medley*, and might be called a *pot-pourri*; which is a potful of all kinds of flowers which are severally perfumes, and commonly, when mixt and rotten, smell very ill. This coarse simile

is yet too good for about twenty or thirty couplets I have seen, and they are all personal and foolish satire, even severally; so I will not send them. But to make amends for my grave politics, I will send you a good pretty innocent ballad, wrote by a Miss Jenny Hamilton, a pretty girl about town, who is going to marry *More*, the author of the *Foundling*, and writes word of it herself in this manner to an intimate friend in the country. It consists, as you will find, of puns (or, as the French properly call it, *Jeu de mots*) upon his name; and though I never was a lover of puns, I do not dislike the natural sprightly turn of these; and I hope they will amuse you a few moments, for the reason you quote from Cibber (himself), "That small matters amuse in the country." The truth of which most people have felt, or are unfeeling and unhappy.

As to myself, I have strayed three days of the last week in the woods; or to be less poetical, I have stood from eleven to five each day in the lower part of my long walk, planting and displanting, opening views, &c. I wish it may be for the better. There were sad scrub-trees, if you remember, planted as if it was to represent a shooting-bow; for they formed a curve on one side, and a straight line on the other: This led to the lower gates that part the lane from the walk. Twenty-seven good straight elms, instead of them, make the lines parallel; and I have hopes of knocking down ten *ecclesiastical* trees, which obstructed the prospect (as you and Mr. Hall assured me) from the old summer-house.---If the whole college of King's in Cambridge should be more favourable to me than one single joint of a toe (I will not say limb) of a college which you had to deal with, I shall triumph: But I must not brag too soon; perhaps my scheme may prove as abortive as yours.

I want

I want to know your answer about the urns being under the double oak. Pray tell my friend Tom I make my servants collect all the roots and lay them at the door of the cop-pice, against he exerts his skill in rearing them up into the form he proposes.

The asking you to come here at this season is downright Irish assurance: But it is allowable, I hope, to wish it.---Whenever *wishing* is mentioned, the green-book presents itself to my view: But it is as in a dream that vanishes.---I have sent a special messenger to Somerviles-Aston, to Outing; not without reminding him of your just reproof, at least it is *just* as far as concerns *writing*; for as to *riding*, you cannot expect it. I am sure he would not reach the mines of Peru at this season, if they were but thirty miles off, in a fortnight, though he were to bring away as much as he could desire of their riches. He thinks it impracticable to come to Barrells, which is fourteen miles, though he promised, though his clothes are here, and though the Birmingham coach could carry him any Monday from Henley to London, by Oxford; which conveniency is newly established, to our great emolument. Would it not be a good scheme (this dirty weather, when riding is no more a pleasure) for you to come some Monday in the said stage-coach from Birmingham to breakfast at Barrells (for they always breakfast at Henley); and on the Saturday following it would convey you back to Birmingham, unless you would stay longer, which would be better still, and equally easy? for the stage goes every week the same road; it breakfasts at Henley, and lies at Chipping Norton; goes early next day to Oxford, stays there all day and night, and gets on the third day to London; which from Birmingham at this season is pretty well, considering

how long they are at Oxford; and it is much more agreeable to the country than the Warwick way was.---But why has this coach induced me to begin upon another sheet of paper? It is a shame to torment you so, and with such nonsense. You once, I remember, Sir, commended my hand-writing and correctness; but this will shew it was all *flummery*.

I asked you what your new *books* were, or *pamphlets*? You did not answer me: Perhaps you had not gone through them. I wish the people in town would give themselves time to write, and amuse us a little; but I believe they neither write nor read. How can they, as their time is taken up with new-fashioned amusements, which, like eternity, have neither beginning nor end? I imagine *sleep* will be left off, for I do not hear of an hour allotted for it. As to *thought*, it has employment enough in weighing these different amusements, and sorting them so as not to lose any in the twenty-four hours: And booksellers I believe might shut up shop, if it was not for us country-puts. Perhaps when the *jubilee* is over, there may be a cessation to the present whirl of diversions.

My paper and the clock remind me that it is late; so I employ the rest of the space left in assuring you that I am, with great esteem, and without one particle of flummery, Sir, your faithful and obliged servant.

From my Bed-room, Wednesday, 29th.

My writing a postscript after so long a letter is not according to the *fitness of things*, I confess it; but I cannot well avoid it, for here enters the messenger whom I sent yesterday to Outing.

Past five in the afternoon.

This proved a mistake, and the messenger is

is not yet returned; and I am obliged to send this letter away now, or it will be too late to give it in charge to those who are to carry it to-morrow.

My compliments to your brother, and at Broom.

Letter 4. *Lady Luxborough to William Shenstone, Esq.*

Sir, Barrells, December 6th, 1749.

YOUR letter of the 26th ult. and mine of the 29th, crossed each other at Birmingham. The next day yours arrived safe at Barrells, and gave me more than wonted pleasure, as my spirits much wanted such a cordial, being depressed by various things, particularly by the death of Mr. Davis, who leaves his widow, (my friend,) whom I love and esteem, in deep affliction, though without tears, or pomp of sorrow. He was a gentleman-like man, generous, and capable of being a friend, which many in higher life are not; and to her he was brother, father, friend, as well as tender husband. She had not recovered the concern the loss of her only child had caused her, when this greater misfortune befel her. We all are born to suffer afflictions; and I have had a large share: But I sincerely protest none has ever been felt by me so severely as those which have befallen my friends. And as if *that* was well known to my evil star, it sheds its influence over most of those persons I have an affection for.---Pray God it may not reach you!

Here I break off to tell you Outing's answer to my message in his own words, which are these: "My motions are at so great an uncertainty, that it makes me uneasy to myself and rude to my friends. The hopes of seeing Mr. Shenstone prevented me from writing to him; and now that I am

"able to do it, *Will's* impatience prevents me from telling him so."---This said *Will*, you must know, is the messenger I sent early one morning, and he did not return till late next evening, because Mr. Outing kept him to have time to answer my letter; which he did answer about the tenth part of: The distance is fourteen miles, and the messenger a speedy one.---Jacky Reynalds has been here since, and tells me he is at present at Sir Robert Cocks's, consulting every person and every map to find out (not the longitude, but) the nearest way to Portsmouth, whether through London, or across the country. His person is still, as I suppose, in Gloucestershire; his best clothes are at Barrells; and his thoughts on board the Hazard sloop, (where the lad he has the care of is to be placed,) or rather on the road thither, where I do not doubt but he fancies there are dragons innumerable waiting for him; for an indolent person may form as many difficulties when he is to undertake a journey, as a child frightened by its nurse, or a person who has the *night-mair* sees bugbears.

He hopes you give me of the green-book feed my imagination, and I flatter myself the first swallow will bring it; for I do not imagine you will honour the robin red-breast with your errand; and he is the only feathered visitant I am likely to have for some time.

If I was not tender of encroaching upon Mrs. Emme Scudamore's rights, I would propose to you to exchange a pair or two of pigeons of the carrier kind (of which I have some) next spring; and by winter they may convey letters to and from the Leasowes and Barrells with great diligence, without her assistance, or her friend William's. Why should it not be done here as well as abroad, as it is especially by our merchants in the eastern

eastern countries, who often gain riches by early advice that expeditious way? and why should the fund of fortune be still supplied with care, and that of friendship neglected? It is to the latter I would raise an altar, and wish to have it blaze as bright as that seems to do in the ingenious device you sent me, which is (*sans compliment*) the prettiest of the kind I ever saw for a seal; and hope you will permit me to make use of it by having one cut according to it.

Sunday, December 10, 1749.

Here I broke off, with an intention of copying my letter, and sending a neater edition of it, this being full of blots, but had not an opportunity of sending it safely to Birmingham; when on Friday I received yours of the 5th, and this moment your last of the 7th, by Pedley's son. As he is to return in the morning early, and I am to have Lord Archer and other company at dinner to-morrow, I shall not have time to copy it over; so beg you will excuse it, and receive this incorrect epistle for the sake of its candour, not for its wit or its beauty; for it has no more pretence to either, than a hurdygurdy has to harmony.

I think Mr. Meredith's account of your grove is a very true one; and as to what relates to the buildings (since he chooses to make a parallel between them and those at Hagley), I dare say you will not dispute giving the preference to the latter, nor set your Gothic bench in opposition to their Gothic castle; and yet give me leave to say the former is in the better taste and proportion. Mr. Meredith never saw Hagley, therefore I wonder how he came to speak of it as a judge. That he admires the Leasowes is certain, and is just. I hate puns as much as you can do; but they serve now and then, as such dishes which the

French call *Hors d'œuvres*, to intersperse amongst those of more substance, and are counted as nothing.

I like your fancy of making your parson Bishop of Nova Scotia, which would be making him of some use. I have not experienced the good luck you wish me with ecclesiastics, so cannot say any thing in their favour; though I wish I could, because of their function, which puts it in their power to do good or hurt; and they generally chuse the latter.

It is time to speak to you about the urn; which I cannot do without returning you a million of thanks for your interesting yourself so much in what gives me pleasure, and for the trouble you have given yourself in drawing out the several sketches of urns; all which are in exceeding good taste, if mine may be permitted to judge. I sent one (the smallest in the drawings) to Warwick, to ask what it would cost if executed quite plain with the pedestal, and the size of the lesser ones at Hagley, according to what you wrote me about them; and am to have an answer next Tuesday, though I do not propose having it made yet; for the weather will not allow it to be set up with safety, as I imagine, till about April. I would employ Pedley preferably to any other workman, if I had it worked at home, both from your recommendation and his own skill; as also from compassion for his misfortunes: But I have several reasons which prevent my having it done at home; and amongst others, I have no place to have it worked in, nor any to keep it when finished, till it is a proper season to set it up. Had Pedley had any dwelling where he could have made it, and from whence I could have sent for it, I would order it immediately, though it were to cost me more; but as it is, I cannot employ him, because I cannot have it done at home; which

which I am sorry for, especially as you, Sir, recommend him, which weighs not a little with me; nor shall any one else do that or any thing in his way for me but him, if ever I have any stone worked here.

Letter 5. *Lady Luxborough to William Shenstone, Esq.*

Sir, Barrells, April 25, 1750.

THAT the interruption to our correspondence should happen on my side, I blush at, though I well know it was not my fault. I wish you could know it as well; for you could not then blame me. But if you are inclined to blame me, pray consider that I have been sufficiently punished already, by being deprived of your letters, which I greatly esteem. I must have been my own enemy, had I deprived myself of them willingly. The truth is, that when your last letter came, I had company, who staid a week (Sir Peter Soame, the Consul of Ostend, and Mr. Allen); and you know I have nobody to assist me in doing the honours of my house. At that juncture of time I received the news of Lady Bolingbroke's death; of my brother's vast affliction for her, and of his own indisposition: All which obliged me to send a servant express to London, and to offer to go myself, which if my brother had accepted, I would have set out immediately; so that I had the journey in some measure to prepare for, and a great many letters to write by the messenger I sent; since whose return an accident happened among my domestics, which shocked me, and caused me a great deal of trouble and thought. Diabolical weather, added to all this, lowered my spirits yet more, and solitude contributed to my dulness. Judge then, Sir, whether I was fit to write to you; I, who, in my brightest moments, am unequal to the task,

I see with pleasure the advancement of spring; but though its progress has been quick, there are few flowers, except the lilac; the woodbine begins to shew itself, and the sweet-briar is fragrant; but I fear there is not quite stability enough in the weather, nor variety enough in the shrubbery, to invite you as yet; but there will be ere long. The coppice has the advantage at present; for Nature has embroidered it thick with all kinds of wild flowers. The hermitage looks ruinous, the roof being pulled to pieces, in order to have it thatched, without which I shall never keep the wet out; but it shall be covered speedily. I have not yet had time to fill up the walk, which you know I had ungravelled; nor to ungravel the middle one, as you advised; but it shall be done. As to the urn, I told you it was erected: If dry weather continues, I will have it painted next week. As the motto Mr. Allen chose, and that you had chose, cannot, in your opinion, be on each side the same plinth; and as neither of them singly take in both the moral and the poetical character of Mr. Somerville, nor my friendship, I searched Francis's Horace, with a view to find *one* only, that should express in some measure the whole; and Mr. John Reynolds happening to come in, looked over it with me, and we both hit upon a short one, which to my thinking answers the intent, and will not oblige me to write any other on the sides. As the forepart of the pedestal only is adorned with carving, I think it is best to have no writing but on the front. The motto is

“Debitâ sparges lacrymâ favillam
Vatis amici.”

This upon the plinth; and under it, on the pedestal, over the wreath, Mr. Somerville's name

name in Latin, and ^{H. L.}_{P.} and at bottom, the date (*not* of this year, but) of the year he died, because of the word *Favillam*---I do not imagine *Author of the Chace* can be put agreeably into Latin; and I confess it appears to me that the emblematical *horn wreathed with laurel* will suffice to put all who knew him in mind of that poetical performance, which is so well known, without any explanation by words.---I shall be glad if you happen to think as I do.

I am sensible of the merit of the *fallow-tree*; but must not aim at having any in the places where I wish them, for want of water. My stiff soil can never do.---I am sorry your grove will not be well pictured by Smith: Had I known it, I should have been so angry, that I should have abated of my generosity to him.---There is no keeping the people out of the service walk: They come through the neighbouring coppice into the lane, and from thence over my hedge that is on the bank, which they have broke down in forty places, and so into the service walk, and away for Henley, &c.

Seeing the green leaves do not revive me more than the hopes you give me of seeing the green-book; but as I am insatiable in my desires of seeing your performances in all the sister arts, I shall not without regret give up the illuminated decorations you shewed me a specimen of.---I do not think the poetical prose (which is the style of Fenelon's *Telemachus*) is at all the common style of French novels, which is for the most part very good, especially *Marivaux's*, *Crébillon's*, and others.

A new comedy is acted at Paris which I send you to read, as it is not in verse, and as it ridicules justly an ignorant pedant,

which, I dare say, you think (as I do) deserves the highest ridicule; as indeed every thing does that affects to be what it is not, and hypocritically endeavours to impose upon the world, as *Tartuffe* in Moliere's plays, and many other characters that are falsely assumed and well satirized by the French comedy writers.---I return your *Life of Socrates*, which I am told 'Squire C-----' has taken out of the *Lives of the Philosophers*, though he detests a plagiarist.

Pray return good for evil, and write soon. I will let you know when I know it myself, when Mr. Meredith will be here. Now, Sir (as the Irish gentleman wrote word to his son), pray take care you do not break this seal in opening my letter. Your most faithful servant.

Letter 6. *Lady Luxborough to William Shenstone, Esq.*

Dear Sir, Orange Grove, Feb. 29th, 1752.

LEST my fingers should refuse me their assistance for more than two minutes, I begin my letter by telling you that your recommendation leaves me no room to hesitate; and I readily accept the housemaid from your hands (who knows, I presume, that she is also to do the dairy, as her predecessors in my service did), and I would have her go to Barrells immediately, if possible; for I have been obliged to send for my laundry-maid hither, to assist for the present (my own servant, who is also my housekeeper, being married); so that there is not one female now at Barrells. Joe and she will settle the day of her going.

For once bid business avaunt, and ask us how we do at Bath, and at your friend Graves's. We can offer you friendly conversation, friendly springs, friendly rides and walks, friendly

friendly pastimes to dissipate gloomy thoughts; friendly booksellers, who, for five shillings for the season, will furnish you with all the new books; friendly chairmen, who will carry you through storms and tempests for sixpence, and seldom else, for dutchesses trudge the streets here unattended: We have also friendly Othellos, Falstuffs, Richards the Third, and Harlequins, who entertain one daily for half the price of your Garricks, Barrys, and Rich's---and (what you will scarcely believe) we can also offer you friendly solitude; for one may be an anchorer here without being disturbed by the question *Why?* Would you see the fortunate and benevolent Mr. Allen, his fine house, and his stone-quarries? Would you see our lawgiver Mr. Nash, whose white hat commands more respect and non-resistance than the crowns of some kings, though now worn on a head that is in the 80th year of its age? To promote society, good manners, and a coalition of parties and ranks; to suppress scandal and late hours, are his views; and he succeeds rather better than his brother-monarchs generally do: Hasten then your steps, for he may soon be carried off the stage of life, as the greatest must fall to the worms repast: Yet he is new-hanging his collection of beauties, so as to have space to hang up as many more future belles. His Apelles is Howard (in crayons); his Praxiteles in Howard's brother, who, though a statuary, deigns also to exercise his art in sculpture on humble paper ceilings, which are very handsome.

You ridicule the trifles I sent you, by calling them *elegant presents*: In revenge, I send you nothing this time in Joe's pocket but a bit of dirty rock, and a snail petrified by the waters hereabouts. If you please I can buy you, for four shillings, a quart of durable cement, to

make urns, &c. in rock-work with these sort of materials, and Bristol stones, or even of shells.

How infinitely I scrawl! I who can scarcely hold a pen, and could not write to my nephew Bolingbroke till last week, since his uncle's death.

Adieu, Monsieur: Je n'en puis plus; *ma main se revolte, mais jamais mon cœur.*

I am told your friend Mr. Greaves does not leave his wife an inch.

P. S. I will make your compliments to any body you please, let them live in what latitude soever, when you name them to me.---Mrs. Maynard sends her respects to you.---My letter is so scribbled, interlined, and blotted, that I hope you will copy the part relating to the housekeeper, instead of shewing her friends my whole preposterous letter.

Pray, how does Eolus's harp perform?

Mr. Bradley's family are well recovered from inoculation, and not marked. There were seven or eight at once inoculated at home by Mr. Holyoak.

Letter 7. *The same to the same.*

Dear Sir, Barrells, Feb. 2d, 1753.

IT is true the time has appeared long since I heard from you; but most of it has been a series of such very bad weather, that I would not have bought even the pleasure of a letter from you at the expence of the hazards my friend Thomas must have run in bringing it. Were I to tell him so, he would not conceive how great a compliment I paid him; nor can you, Sir, unless you guess at the degree of joy you afford me each time you write. Yours, at hearing from me, would perhaps be reciprocal, if I could entertain you as well: But, alas! how far short am I of being able to entertain you at all! particularly at this time,

that my spirits are not only depressed with what affects yours, as solitude, winter storms, and more heavy winter evenings, but also by the storm my daughter's imprudence (to call it by no worse a name) has raised not only in her family, but in the world. This melancholy scene to her friends is I suppose an amusement to the public, and will shortly be a still greater one, who will divert themselves at her and her favourite's expence, whilst her husband and friends lament her folly.—I had a letter of condolence to-day upon this subject, which is no secret one, from the Dutchess of Somerset; but, as it is a kind of sermon, I will spare you so serious an epistle, which will be more useful when your spirits are too much enlivened (if they ever are so) than at this languid season.---I desire you will not fail to write to Mr. Greaves for the Ode, that I may keep my word with her Grace; and when you write, assure him of my esteem, and make my compliments to his agreeable wife.--I return the enamelled label for a bottle, which I suppose is meant for him. The design of it is exceedingly pretty; and I should not so long have deprived him of the pleasure of seeing it, had I not waited for your servant to carry it safe, who, by the way, was so kind to bring me a pretty large book from Aris, who bound it for me; it is called "Memoirs of several learned Ladies of Great-Britain." I have not read it; and should not have subscribed to it, but to oblige a lady who desired me, having no idea of its merit; therefore I do not send it to you: Besides, how should trusty Tom be able to carry that, and with it thirteen more things I load him with, to leave at Birmingham? viz. 1st, a jack for boots; 2dly, a reading desk; 3dly, a cribbage-board; 4thly, a pair of snuffers; 5thly, a ruler; 6thly, an eighteen-inch rule; three pair of nut-crackers

make nine things; a lemon-squeezer, ten; two candlesticks make twelve; a piquet-board, thirteen:---But lest you should think the burden too great for your man or your horse, be it known that these thirteen useful things go all into one coat-pocket, and are made out of one piece of mahogany, eighteen inches long when open, nine when shut, and barely five broad. Mr. John Reynalds brought this Proteus yesterday to shew me, and I send it to have one made by it; first, for the curiosity of this magotty invention; secondly, for the use of it, when it is in the shape of a reading-desk. I saw him take his boots off with it with ease; and I believe it is equally good as a lemon-squeezer. I think a place might be contrived to let in a small ink-bottle and a pen; but as it was invented by a *General*, that utensil gave place to others more immediately necessary to his profession.

But now for egotism (for you ask after me, and must be obeyed): I have never been below stairs since I wrote to you last, and never but once since I saw you, and that was so long ago as New-year's day, when I went down, for a very few dull hours, and have been ill since, but am now pretty well; and my lower rooms have had fires made in them some days, by way of preparing them for the reception of my person, which moves but slowly towards them; though I believe I shall go down the ladder, if any charitable person comes to receive me at the bottom. I expected it would have been Mrs. Davies with her mother-in-law Mrs. Bartlet, for whom I offered to send my chaise to-morrow; but they choose to defer their visit one or two days. As to Mrs. Holyoak, who *was* a very cheerful neighbour, she has never been here since the death of her second son (whose death, by the way, is rather good than ill fortune to his

his family); and Mr. Holyoak has been here but once, though it is above six weeks ago; and Miss Molly lives at Worcester.---Mr. Allen is dead.---Mr. Bradley has been at London, but called on me yesterday, as did Dr. Wall on Sunday, who tells me a turnpike-road is to be made (by an act of parliament promoted by Sir George Lyttelton) from Stourbridge to Bromsgrove; and, by Lord Plymouth's desire, on to *Herwell*, and to Crabb's Cross, which last place is but six miles off; and from it one enters upon the ridgeway. You see how I study the topography of the country, and all in order to facilitate the agreeable visits I propose annually to make to the Leasowes. You, who do not travel with four-wheeled vehicles, want not such helps. Why then come you not? Pray answer, *I come*, and be as good as your word. It is true the invitation is mercenary, and nothing as yet makes Barrells a desirable residence: The aviary is unpeopled, the garden produces only snow-drops, crocuses, &c. and all the melody of the grove is the voice of rooks; but seeing them build (which they have begun to do) introduces spring, or at least the hopes of its quick appearance, as it is approaching so near. Next week Mrs. Davies will be here, who, when she is in spirits herself, enlivens others: Come then and partake of her gaiety, as I shall have nothing else so good to offer you; for at present I am acquainted only with smoky chimnies, and various kinds of bad weather, which, for want of company, makes me lead directly the life of a dormouse. I shall certainly grow to my chair, or become lethargic, if my friends do not take compassion on me. As to my only near neighbours, I give up the thoughts of expecting it; for I neither see nor hear any thing from them but by their servant-boy, who comes

regularly three times a week to desire the newspaper.

Au reste (according to the French phrase), I send you to read Mademoiselle de Maintenon's Letters in the original; you shall see the English translation, if you please; but the style in French is as good as the sense, which is a double profit to the reader. I also send (but with some reluctance, because I have scrawled family things in the margin, which I do not intend any should see but such a friend as you) the Life of Lord Bolingbroke, which interests me, as he was my brother: Perhaps it may not interest you; in which case you need not read it. Neither poetry nor plays have approached me of a long season, and news I learn only from the worst hands, viz. the newspaper writers. My correspondents are few; the Dutches of Somerset is too much retired to hear of what passes, and is too much wrapt up in religious and moral reflections to admit of other subjects in her letters.---Sir William Meredith and his sisters are not yet arrived at London. Sir Peter Soame lives almost always in the country, and Outing is too lazy to write a line more than he is obliged to. Happy would you be if I were so too, who have wrote so much that there is room for no more, but that I am, with unfashionable sincerity, your obliged humble servant.

Letter 8. *Lady Luxborough to William Shenstone, Esq.*

From my Smoky Room, on this
First Day of April 1753.

BE it known that I am angry: I would even say *very* angry, but *that* you would not believe, since I *write* and *send* to the person who has offended me; meaning, dear Sir, your identical self, who have neither answered my

last letter, nor come to visit my hermitage, though pressing invited. I offered you Mrs. Davies's company, as being more cheerful than my own; but she is gone (after a month's stay): So now it is incumbent upon you to do penance here on this spot, to atone for your past fault; and penance it will be, as I am quite alone in this dull habitation. But remember it is Lent, and the visit will be a meritorious action. As to my own merit (if any there be in retirement), it will all be lost; for such agreeable company and conversation will turn Lent into a festival; but let it do so, I will run the risk of the punishment, if you, Sir, will make the pilgrimage. At this season, methinks, my shrubbery ought to invite you; but to *myself* it is unknown; and all the intelligence I have from it is by a few snowdrops and polyanthus, which are daily sent as ambassadors into my chamber, tied up in a nosegay, but in no ways inviting, though joined with the *kind* laurestinus, who is indeed a *friend in distress* (as you called him) and is most welcome in winter; but I could almost wish to have him out of sight, and even the *robin's* sweet note out of hearing, as they remind me of the melancholy winter that is scarcely past; and nothing agreeable as yet denotes approaching spring. I set Mrs. Davies to transcribe the green book, and began it myself: It was not quite finished, so she carried it to Stratford; but it is safe, and almost done, and you shall have the copy. But where are the pretty paintings I was to have? You see how covetous I am, and how a little received makes me grasp at more: But as covetousness is insatiable, so is your fund of supplying it inexhaustible.

I expect Sir William Meredith soon, who will I hope tell me news, or bring me new things to read; all which is uncertain: In the

mean time, I have read the *Gamester* and the *Brothers*, and a book called *Manners*. As to the *Gamester*, you have undoubtedly read it: It is true it draws tears, and seems adapted to do good, which I heartily wish it may; but it is much upon a footing with *George Barnwell*; and in my mind, the heroine's generosity and good nature is rather overstrained: But those who paint for the stage must draw larger than life. The *Brothers* I have also read, and believe it to be a well-wrote piece; but as it is poetry, you are the best judge. I find it is liked, and, I think, with reason. The bricklayer's performance is a surprising one in him, and has, to be sure, infinitely more spirit than the other tragedy called also *The Earl of Essex*; but I never was fond of the subject. As these plays will fill but a corner of my servant's pockets, I send them, though well persuaded you must have read them; but he can easily bring them back. With them goes Voltaire's Defence of my brother Bolingbroke's Letters, &c.

Did your man shew you the little jack for boots, and all the apparatus? If it is at Birmingham to be copied for me, Joseph may ask after it; for I order him to return that way with a compliment to my relation Captain Somervile, who is quartered there, and who lay here with Mr. John Reynolds a week ago: It is Lord Somervile's *eldest* son I mean; he whom you may perchance have seen at Edstone: He longs to see the Leasowes, and has almost as many good qualities as that place has beauties. I find *your* beauty Lady Diana Egerton is married, but not to the lover I saw her with the last season that I was at Bath.---Mr. Outing is, I believe, at London, in Charles Court; but not an echo speaks his name to me, nor does a postboy bring a line from him. I would leave him to his

his contemplations or his non-occupations, had not some particular business, urged by Lord Luxborough, obliged me to write, to convey a letter from the latter to him; so there are hopes that we shall hear once more of him, and even from him; but I will not answer for it. Jack Reynolds says, "to be sure he is going to be married to his friend Captain Swete's rich widow."

How does Mr. Greaves and his agreeable wife? My query is not interested; though I confess I wish for the pretty polyanthus root I saw there, which Mrs. Greaves politely offered me.

Alas! will no Christian be so charitable as to bestow one single pen capable of writing upon a destitute scribe? No! then farewell in the most laconic style, for I can write no more than yours, &c. &c.

S E C T. II.

From the choice Letters of Monsieur DE BALZAC.

Letter 1. *M. de Balzac to Madam de Villesevin.*

Madam,

IF you esteem things by their rarity, you ought to set a high rate upon my letters. They come not oftener than anniversary festivals; and though you oblige me every day in the place where you are, yet there needs a whole twelvemonth's time to send you one bare thanks from hence. It is not that I begin to be a frugal husband of my words, after a squandering away of whole volumes, and that I am grown covetous of that only estate I am thought to be rich in; but, Madam, this estate being no more but the figure of sound, pro-

ceeding from the mouth, and the issue of a small emotion of the brain, I am ashamed that I am not able to present you with that which may properly be called something; and it vexes me always to employ my zeal, only to let you know it is unprofitable. To what purpose do we truck with our protestations, and drive a trade with our wishes? And to what end is it to expose to sale that which we want, and to enhance what we desire to gain? to put ourselves in the high strain, only to get a reputation to our poverty, and to gild the front of a cottage made of earth and stubble? It is certainly far better to say nothing with silence, than to say nothing in long harangues and discourses. I am confident, Madam, you have a better opinion of an insolent man in reality, that confesses himself so without pretences of sufficiency, than one that rakes up all the slight false artifices and points of rhetoric only to dress up an image of gratitude. I am not minded to undertake so unacceptable a service, and which I should manage with so ill success. This would be the way to increase my debt, by endeavouring to get a discharge; and after I had kept a great bustle, I should still find myself in the same place. I will take a clean contrary course if you please, and present myself to you once a year, only to declare to you that I will never pretend to acquit myself from my engagements, but eternally remain, Madam, yours, &c.

Letter 2. *M. de Balzac to Monsieur de —.*

Sir,

Aug. 19, 1638.

YOUR letter of June was delivered me in the middle of August, and I answer it in a condition more capable to move pity than confer comfort. My old diseases have of late assailed me, increased by a meagrim, which does so torment me, that it would be a wonder, if

a grief so neighbouring to the brain should leave the faculties of it at liberty. I am confident your goodness will pardon my weakness, and I hope you will not take it ill that in this general dissipation of my most reasonable thoughts, I cannot make you equal returns, but am forced to send you dross for gold, and things of no esteem for things most excellent. It is sufficient, Sir, that I am able highly to value (as I do) the most eloquent and handsome dress you are pleased to put on your sadness: Yet I must needs tell you, if it should still continue, though accompanied with all sorts of arguments, and colours of rhetoric, I would take upon me not to allow your perseverance therein. I would know willingly what you mean by that magnificent aggravation of your misfortune, by that art, and those ornaments you make use of in the setting forth your loss? Instead of letting it wax old and die with time, it seems you seek to renew it, and feast yourself with it every day; and whereas it is expected you should by little and little blot it out of your mind, you would preserve it fresh and ever new, that (if possible) by the most lively and lasting colours it might be kept to eternity. But how can an eternity be looked for from the frailty of a picture, since we cannot meet with it in the strength of marble? Years spoil and consume it, it glitters finely, and then moulders into dust, and returns to its first nothing. It is from hence, Sir, I find my greatest advantage to assail you, and summon you to yield up to reason. We have in our friend lost a most worthy senator, I confess it; but the senate itself shall be destroyed, and one day there shall be no more counsellors of Paris, than Conscript Fathers of Rome, or Areopagites of Athens. We have in the same friend been deprived of a mathematician, an orator, and

a poet: I confess this too; but do not you sufficiently know, man lives only among casualties, and walks only upon ruins? How long is it, I beseech you, since mathematicians, orators, poets died? We should accustom ourselves to such-like accidents as these; they are as ancient as the world, and yet we look on them as strange things, and novelties of to-day. These are no prodigies, they are very vulgar and ordinary; and he who said *there was none but the first death, and none but the first night that deserved astonishment and sadness*, spake a truth whereon we ought to reflect more than we do. Every thing without exception is condemned to the same punishment; and not only parliaments and judges are things not immortal, but learning shall perish as well as the learned, and the height of astrology shall be no more privileged than the lowness of grammar. God, who will dissolve the heavens to build more beautiful ones, will not protect globes and astrolabes in the destruction of their object. He will not leave us any notion of our small acquaintance here, in the happy future he prepares for us, because we shall have no leisure there to enjoy them: Our felicity shall be altogether serious. He will abolish both prose and verse; he will put down prayers and hymns, and all other imperfect forms of speaking to him, and make way for a more noble and excellent manner of praising him. I cannot then think it strange, whatsoever your exclamations say, that artists and their works have an end, since the arts themselves, as well as their instruments, must find a period. But grant it were not so, yet methinks, Sir, this end is no such horrible thing. I am so little at amity with the world, that I do not much deplore any whomsoever for being no more in it. These five-and-thirty years I have

have been tired with it, and every thing in it displeases me so, that I murmur and exclaim against it. My friends are the only objects in it that are not distasteful to me; and I hope you take it not ill that I put you in that roll, since with passion I am your, &c.

Letter 3. *M. de Balzac to Madam des Loges.*

Madam,

May 12, 1640.

I received your letter upon taking the anniversary journey of ——. Since you are so good as to give him audience, whensoever he appears before you, I will only deliver you the matter in gross, of which he shall give you a more particular account at Oradour. He will make you, Madam, a most lamentable relation; you will understand from him that my miseries are everlasting, and the comforts I had begin to slack. My mind grows obstinate in melancholy, and abandons itself to a faintness, that makes it incapable of all the noble functions you speak of. The only sustenance that was not unpleasant to it, it now disrelishes like the rest, and my books are no more my comforters. How can cheerful thoughts be conversant with such fatal objects as environ us on the right and left hand? Or how can we quietly enjoy the present which is not good, on the eve of a future, which must be worse, and which threatens all men with famine and poverty? I protest I never attained to so high a pitch of philosophy. Monsieur de — himself says, it would be such a grand equivocation as would make all philosophers counted ridiculous. He says nothing must be read but the lamentations of Jeremy, nor any thing written but wills. I am reduced almost to such a condition, and am not valiant enough to resume the employment I have discontinued, did not, Madam, your commands interpose, and you imagine you

had occasion of my language. I have sent you what you enjoined me, and it is drawn from the bottom of my heart. Possibly it may want the graces and ornaments of a rhetorician, but I conceive that, for that reason, it will not be of less valid evidence, that he who wrote it is perfectly, Madam, your, &c.

Letter 4. *Mons. de Balzac to Mons. de Rampalle.*

Sir,

May 21, 1640.

I PRIZED you before I knew you loved me; and though such good tidings should have been concealed from me for ever, yet should I have spoke of your verses with passion, because indeed they put me into one: There is fire in them that creeps into my veins, for I confess, to my shame, my age was a little warmed again with them. I cannot dissemble it, they tickled my heart, and I appeared less severe that day I received them than I was the day before: You touch the soul so to the quick, that he must have none who feels not those smart strokes; your art is a second nature, and your pictures rather the perfection of things than the representation. It is true, the stories you set down are such as lead to error, and forfeited bishoprics in the rigour of the primitive church, for who can tell but your metamorphoses may beget others, nay, may make more than one — in Diana's retinue, may change chaste ladies into amorous ones, and the pleasure of reading into a temptation of sinning? But I have neither virtue nor authority sufficient to prescribe you spiritual counsel: It is enough for me to commit destiny holy matters to you; and to tell you concerning the subject of those that are not so, and that are such dangerous weapons in your hands, what an old woman in Rome said when she was reading the Tales of Boccace,

cace, "Would to God this were saying one's prayers!" You see, by the carelessness of this letter, that I have put off my trade of declaimer; I have absolutely renounced the *genus demonstrativum*, and deal no more in eloquence; but I have great doings with truth, and you may believe me when I protest I am, Sir, your, &c.

Letter 5. *M. de Balzac to Madam de Nesmond, Superior of the Ursulines, in Angoulesme.*

Madam, my dear Cousin, May 7, 1634.

IT is now Wednesday morning, and you may keep Monsieur Godeau's book till Friday evening; but I declare to you I cannot resolve to endure a longer absence. Do you know how much I do in this for your sake? I separate myself from a friend at all hours of the day; I deprive myself of a companion that makes my solitude happy; I let go a guest that pays me rubies and diamonds. It is true he will return speedily; but, in the mean time, what a patience must I practise to be without him, to-day, to-morrow, and the next day? When you have surveyed the wonders I speak of, you will accuse my words of undervaluing and poorness: You will deride the meanness of my metaphors, though I draw them from the most precious things magnificence can be employed in, and make them of rubies and diamonds. You will tell me, that in this inferior world, and amongst all the glories of nature that are visible, no comparison is to be found worthy of my friend; that he is an angel in a poet's disguise; that he is descended to earth to teach men the language and music of heaven; at least let us say, and that with a perfect consent and wonder, that before him our muses were courtezans and debauched wenches, and he hath

reclaimed them from that scandalous life, to make them saints and religious like you: Let us say, he hath reduced verse to its primitive and legitimate use; that he hath cleansed Parnassus, when it was filled with all the defilements of human wit, with the mud and the corruption of all ages. But what should not I say in a preface of my making, before the book I send you, since I have made a ticket speak so much already? One word more in answer to your letter. Pardon me, Madam, my dearest cousin, if I cannot do what you intreat me. I do not think I shall quit St. John Chrysostome, nor St. Leo the pope, who are the chaplains of my desert, for your preacher, to whose sermons you invite me. And unless yourself were to preach in your own chapel, it would be a very difficult task to entice me out of my hermitage as long as this fair season lasts. Do not think I am in jest when I speak of your preaching: You want nothing to do it but a privilege, which by misfortune hath not been granted to your sex; and you would have eloquence to spare, if the church would suffer you to make use of it. I wish you a good day, and am, with all my soul, Madam, my dear cousin, your, &c.

Letter 6. *Monsieur de Balzac to Monsieur the President Mainard.*

Sir,

Oct. 5, 1641.

WE are now in the beginning of October, and your last letter promised me your company here in August, if you were alive. I pray Heaven you be rather false than dead, and that you break your word, yet for many years to come. I know that, in poetry, Jupiter laughs at the perjuries of lovers; but remember your promise was made in prose, and that it is allowed you to be always fabulous. Yet if there be no means to drive you from your fictions,

fictions, nor reduce your style to the simplicity of truth, it shall not hinder me from enjoying my desires by another way. I have decreed to see you, though I enforce my way through all the mountains that separate us, and vanquish all the Barbary betwixt you and me. For this effect, I have in my fancy designed myself a litter, becoming the equipage of a Spanish ambassador; and I am now sending to the most noted fairs of Poitou to provide a couple of mules, as black and sleek as those your predecessors assigned to draw the coach of the moon. When this is done, I set forth for the Upper Auvergne, and bring you with the ices and infirmities of my age, the most lively and ardent passion that a heart of five-and-twenty can be sensible of.

Nec segnis mihi flamma placet. Malè novit amare,

Qui patiens, qui lentus amat.

Sir, your, &c.

Letter 7. *M. de Balzac to M. Girard, Secretary to the Duke of Espernon.*

Sir,

May 12, 1643.

YOU are a notorious deluder, or a deluder notorious. I speak both ways to satisfy two grammarians of my acquaintance, who are at variance about the precedence of the adjective. But, to treat you more fairly, I say you have not performed all you promised me, and I have expected, to no purpose, almost four months. Yet I do not deny to admit your justifications, and believe it is only the necessity of your business that hath made you forfeit your word. I beseech you therefore dispatch that business speedily, and come triumph at Balzac for the victories you go to obtain at Paris. The throats of all these law-suits must be cut, and of all that looks like them. The brood must be stifled in the

cradle. For my part, I have such a natural enmity against them, that I am so far from becoming a solicitor, either of the council, the parliament, or the exchequer, &c. that I cannot so much as request any thing from the sovereign of all these sovereign courts, *Nec tanti sunt res humanae, ut Balzaciis* (why not he as well as Scaliger?) *vel ulli monarchæ suplex sit.* I am confident you will not return unedified, from the conferences you will have with that sage person to whose acquaintance I recommend you; and you will confess to me that his virtue, though high and sovereign, hath nothing in it strange or stoical: *Quod pace Zenonis, Chryssippi, Cleanthis, & nostri — dictum sit. Is enim, si nescis, purum putum stoicismum, etiam cum ad Sylviam aut ad Phyllidem scribit, multâ cum gravitate profitetur, &c.* I am, Sir, your, &c.

Letter 8. *M. de Balzac to M. Favereau, Counsellor to the King in the Court of Aides.*

Sir,

July 20, 1638.

BE pleased to admit from me the same excuses which you make to me, and do not judge of my affection by my compliments. I am sometimes so backward in writing, that a journey of fifty leagues would not put me to so much trouble as a letter of five-and-twenty lines, and as weak and feeble as I am, I had rather take post to go visit my friends than take pen in hand to send them news of me. It is no small matter to talk and have nothing to say; to want matter, and fill up a sheet of paper with words. In truth, I am ashamed to fall so often into repetitions of the same thing, and to be always reduced to ———. You may please therefore only to understand, that you have made Mademoiselle Campaignole the proudest of virgins, but this pride of her's is but reasonable: The tokens of

your remembrance which she hath received are so agreeable, that there is no confessor so severe but will indulge her the vanity she takes in them; for my part I have a concernment in them; for, methinks, after so glorious an approbation, it is more honour to be her uncle than before ———. I am ever with passion, Sir, your, &c.

Letter 9. *M. de Balzac to Madam de Masses.*

Madam,

August 17, 1644.

I PERCEIVE you will not be in debt: The present I sent you was paid for above its value by the thanks I received for it, and it is not you that are obliged, it is I that am become insolvent. In earnest, what can I repay you for all the goodnesses in your letter; for such a deal of rarity, excellency, and perfection as you bestow upon me? If I had spoken pearls (as we may say among us,) you had over-bought them by praising my words with such excess. It will not be your fault, if the rusticity and plainness of my works be not preferred before the polite and courtly style of others: The compositions of a provincial shall be set upon the shelves of kings, and kept up among their treasures, if your opinion be asked. If you may be credited, I shall be annexed to Plutarch's Lives. I am illustrious enough, Madam, by your estimation of me; my works are too happy in being lodged in your closet, and be sometimes taken into your hands. Would to God it could divert you to your content! But what wishes would I not make to serve you in some occasions of importance; and evidence to you, by my respects and obedience, that I am, Madam, your, &c.

Letter 10. *M. de Balzac to Madam the Duchesse of ———.*

Madam,

March 14, 1643.

TEN years are fled since you heard tidings of me, and yet I have received a letter from you this day exceeding civil, obliging, and very worthy of your perfect generosity. I consider this honour as a favour from Heaven, arrived to a man that never says his prayers. He offers up neither vows nor sacrifices, and yet his indevotion fails not to be happy, and receives the rewards of piety. You are stored with these goodnesses of Heaven, amidst the wickednesses of the earth; and you seek after those favours, Madam, that endeavour to avoid you.---Yet it is not requisite for me to take this pains to bring myself into a bad reputation, or decry myself with so much diligence and care. Questionless, Madam, you more regard the inside of things than the surface and outward appearance. You have the gift to behold the actings of immaterial souls, and so consequently you perceive there, that the private motions of my heart clear me of all the ill conjectures that might condemn me. That is a place I always reserve for you, though I never give you an account of it: All there is full of zeal and reverence to your virtue; and if external acts were not of the essence of true worship, I would challenge the most diligent of your courtiers, for the glory of being more yours than he conceives himself to be. This being granted, Madam, I beseech you not to conceive it possible for me to deliberate on any proposition that regards your service or contentment; or that I need quickening and excitation to endeavour the advancing my interests into your affections. I could wish they were less just than they are, that my obedience

obedience might be purer than it will be, and that you might see I can perform your will without examining your commands. The gentleman that delivered me your letter will confirm what I say, and make his report of the things he hath seen already. I had begun them before I understood your desire. The end shall soon follow the beginning; and if you do me the honour to cast your eye upon my pains, I assure myself you will accept my devotion, which hath not ceased to be, though it did not appear; and I have constantly been, as I shall continue my whole life, with all my soul, Madam, your, &c.

Letter 11. *M. de Balzac to Madam de Ville-*
savin.

Madam,

Jan. 4, 1641.

WHEN I tender you my duty, I have no other design than to tender it in intelligible language, and not to pass for a man of the other world before a person of this. Yet you are so good, you would persuade me that I write you letters, and that I am eloquent without any intention of mine to be so. You profess to admire, Madam, what I believe you could not endure, but out of grace and indulgence. If so favourable words were not accompanied with more obliging effects, I should conceive some suspicion they proceeded from the spirit of the court, and that in that part of the kingdom it was their manner of mockery. But the craftiest way of derision not being the style of ruth, and consequently not yours, I beseech you do not confound me any more by commendations that amaze me. I might be vain enough not to reject them in things I did ever pretend to; but what colour can there be to admit them in this, where they are no less beyond my ambition than out of their proper

place. No, Madam, my soul discovers herself to you in the simplicity of her first thoughts, and you may easily perceive she is not naturally a rhetorician. They are my very thoughts that speak to you, and the art of fine language has nothing to do with the passages of my heart. We do not study our passions. I have not learned to love either by Greek or Latin, from Aristotle or Cicero; and though I could not write with any kind of ornament, yet I should not cease to protest, with a great deal of truth, that I am, Madam, your, &c.

Letter 12. *M. de Balzac to Mademoiselle de*
Scudery.

Madam,

July 25, 1639.

COULD I have obtained one moment's dispensation from my indisposition, I had told you long since that I have neither humility enough to reject the praises you bestow on me, nor presumption to assent to them. To believe them with an historical faith requires a very strong imagination; and yet to be offended at so obliging a fable would speak an ill nature. The mean herein which I intend to chuse shall not be to your disadvantage. I will consider your excellent language as purely yours, and not with any reference to myself. Thus they shall still have their true effect, and I shall ever be convinced by them; that is, Madam, of the beauties and perfections of your soul; of the eloquence that gives those praises, not that to which they are directed. Pardon my distrustful humour, I cannot believe you are of the same opinion with your letter, nor that my relation to Menander is of that strength you speak of. Possibly it may move you, because you are compassionate of other men's misfortunes, and your goodness interests you in all the adventures of innocence. In this

respect indeed I may deserve your favour, and your worthy brother too might justly take me for one of those objects that need his assistance. He can defend with as much valour as assault, and his bucklers are no less impenetrable than his other arms are piercing. The piece of his which you sent me, methinks, retains that fatal solidity. The greatest enemies of shews and wit-feasts will not hereafter be able to violate them under such a protection. Pleasure shall by his means acquire a good repute, and by his favour we shall be merry without scruple, in spite of the sad and the severe. I could say more to you if you were desirous to examine me concerning your book, or take an account of my studies. But this is no place for comment, or preamble; and the noble assemblies, which are not ungrateful, will on all sides proclaim so loud the glory of their defender, that it is probable a voice, so weak and remote as mine, would not be observed in the great shout of so many acclamations. It shall suffice me therefore to tell you, without any dress of words, that I am not void of gratitude for so complete an obligation; and that it being impossible the present I received should be richer, Monsieur de Scudery has found out an expedient to make it more acceptable, by entrusting you to send it. With his permission I thank you with all my heart, and will ever be, if you please to suffer me, Madam, your, &c.

Letter 13. *M. de Balzac to Madam de Ville-*
savin.

Madam,

Dec. 12, 1639.

AS I am not importunate, so I will not be ungrateful. The study of wisdom, which teaches to beg nothing, teaches how we ought to owe; and though it has taken away my desire of getting, it has not extinguished my

acknowledgment for benefits when I receive them. You are one of those generous persons who take pleasure in obliging; but how grateful soever I am in my heart, I might appear somewhat too reserved did I any longer conceal how I am engaged to you: I must at length, Madam, fall to an open publishing of your goodness, and that of your memory. The first expected not my entreaties to recommend my interests to Monsieur the sur-intendant, and the other minded you, amongst the great crowd of the world, that there was a certain *somebody* in the desert, not unworthy your protection. This, I know not who, hath yet some motions of a rational life left, enough to distinguish his repose from laziness. He is, by some chance or other, illuminated still with a bright ray of light, and his retirement is not altogether his burial.---Vouchsafe me the honour to believe it, and that I am ever passionately, Madam, your, &c.

Letter 14. *M. de Balzac to the Reverend Father d'Estrades, a Divine of the Society of Jesus, and Superior of the Confessors Cloister in Bourdeaux.*

Reverend Father,

October 8, 1639.

WERE I happy enough to be near you, our friendship would be one of the goodliest things in the world. You would render me worthy of it by making me better than I am, I should reap all the advantages, and you would bear all the charge; for a little docileness and good disposition which I possibly could contribute to it, you would lay in common a perfect virtue, which is now your own propriety; for this is it I mean when I call you my perfect friend. And speaking of friend, pardon the repetition of what I have formerly expressed; I do not mean a companion for commerce or good fellowship, nor a perpetual ad-
mirer

mirer, nor one that punctually pays visits the next morning after he has received them, nor yet one that can write three answers to a single letter. I mean a witness to the conscience, a physician of secret griefs, a governor in prosperity, a comforter in declining fortunes. You are all these, and something more; but the misery is, Reverend Father, you being at so great a distance from me deprives me both of the more and the less; it debars me the practice of all the good you have done me. I may perhaps think, when I set forth from hence, to meet you perhaps at Rochelle, when some holy necessity has removed you a hundred leagues from thence. If I travel those hundred leagues to see you, you, it may be, will give me the slip the same day I arrive there; and Monsieur the archbishop of Bourdeaux may come to take you from thence with his navy: And yet more, you will go to sanctify the war in Africa or Asia, if either the church's good or the king's service require it of you. So that this courageous piety and magnanimous zeal, which you profess, oppose all my good designs, and are the cause that I have no probability to hope for you but by the treaty of —, that is, the restitution of all that war has usurped from us. My impatience is to no purpose, we cannot enjoy you sooner; for you and peace are two gifts of God, which he will send us together. But when you are sent, I beseech you, let us be they that shall receive you, and not the Gascons nor the Rochellers. After so many journies and expeditions, it is fit the crown be the centre of your rest, and that its extent circumscribe the *plus ultra* of your ambition. You cannot chuse out a retire of a more lucky omen, that will afford you greater serenity and glorious days, or less interrupted silence to your devout meditations. When this

comes to pass, you may easily believe so glorious a neighbourhood will give me much occasion of pride, and that I will endeavour my utmost to improve a friendship so beneficial as yours. The fresh assurances you are pleased to give me of it by words that speak the zeal of ancient christianity, are new chains that bind me yet closer to you, and force me, Reverend Father, but with the delight of those that receive liberty, to be, if possible, yet more than I was, your, &c.

Letter 15. *M. de Balzac to Monsieur de Lyonne, Counsellor to the King, and Secretary to my Lord the Cardinal Mazarin.*

Sir,

Jan. 7, 1644.

I AM affected by you, without having the honour of being known to be so. I had no designs of requesting any favour from you, and you have taken pleasure to oblige me. I but now understand how much I am bound to you, and you forbid me to testify my acknowledgments. This is not, Sir, the manner of common goodness, and I confess the rarity of it has surpris'd me. I questioned at first whether this action was done at Paris or in the fortunate islands; the corruption of the year one thousand six hundred and forty-four, or the purity of the golden age. However it be, I must not permit you so much advantage over me. The prohibition you make me is noble and honest, but my obedience to it will not be so. It seems you would be so highly generous as to make me appear ungrateful, or as if you had a design to purchase glory with the loss of my reputation. This is indeed too much, and your generosity must be measured by charity and moderation. Accustom yourself to magnanimous actions as much as you please; profess a sublime and difficult virtue; but leave me at least the easiest

est and ordinary duties; the last and meanest member of that society wherein you have thought me fit to be enrolled: I mean, Sir, that of receiving and owing thankfully that which binds the poor as well as the rich, and whereof I conceive myself able to discharge myself, since the heart is sufficient to do it. I have one yet good enough to be capable of such a rational resentment; and if I cannot by my merits warrant the testimony you have given of me to his eminence, yet I hope, by my passion and respects, to maintain the happiness I enjoy in your favour, resolving to be perfectly as long as I live your, &c.

Letter 16. *M. de Balzac to Monsieur Conrart, Counsellor and Secretary to the King.*

Sir,

Sept. 18, 1637.

THE loveliest solitudes are those about Paris, and you have the happiness to be a courtier in the morning and a hermit after dinner. This is the way not to be tired with either kind of life, and prevent nauseating by change: For my part, I am here confined to one of the furthest corners of the earth, eight long days journey distant from your polite world, and so consequently reduced to gather a simple satisfaction with myself, which I can almost never do; or, if at any time, it is only by conversation with the dead, who yet do but repeat me over the same things. The condition of Madam Desloges is little better than mine; and unless it be in her own closet, or her family, she sees nothing that can please her. But she is more to be commiserated now than any of the years past. Besides the melancholiness of Limosin, she apprehends all the dangers of Breda. I lately left her in a fit of these fits of discontent, that made her tremble at the opening of every letter she re-

ceived, for fear she should find a son or a nephew dead in it. Yet in this deplorable estate she remembered you with comfort, and you were the subject of one of our longest conferences. You were read over and over a dozen times. I shewed her the description of your retreat, and she requited me with the sight of other fine things of your making; and this was our result for you, that there is good sense in Paris as well as at Athens and Rome; and that it is possible to invent happily, and express those fancies with success, without the help of Greek or Latin. If I use both of them more than ordinary, I do not think this foreign abundance any great credit to me, but rather a reproach of my own sterility. It is, in effect, because I am forced to borrow from others, having exhausted what was my own; and wanting strength, I have need to lean on something to support me. However it be, it is no small matter to please you, whether as an original or a copy; and since you assure me that my writings are your most pleasing divertisements, I fully resolve to be a scribe still, though there were no other reader in the world but yourself. So that I intend to fall to work again this winter, and keep and maintain the authentic privilege you have obtained for me, who am always most perfectly, Sir, your, &c.

Letter 17. *M. de Balzac to Monsieur de Souchote.*

Sir,

Nov. 15, 1644.

THOUGH I had lost the use of my hands, and had not wherewithal to maintain a scribe; and though I had made a second oath, with intention to observe it better than the first; yet I should not cease to love those persons to whom I did not write. Your goodness has made you one of that number, and to

to justify this, you may please to consult your own memory. Do you remember the day when I made over my affection to you by a solemn act? It was in the presence of the God of the Seine, and the sun of the meadows *aux Cleres* was witness to it: You assured me you were contented with that form of gift, and that you would not desire I should send you any new titles to it by the carrier or the post. This is the reason of my long and obstinate silence: You may term it laziness as long as you please, but you will injure me if you give it any worse name; you would derogate from my friendship, if you imagine that it is inclosed in my letters, and you mistake one thing for another, if you lay inconstancy to the charge of a man that is steadfast even to obstinacy. I love and esteem you, do not question it; and had I as much good fortune as good wishes, you should see I am as zealous in essentials as I am cold in ceremonies. For the two lists you speak of, your absent friend is author of both one and the other, and consequently, the complaint you make to him upon occasion of them is more gallant than reasonable. I had no hand in the distribution of the copies; and I believe Monsieur de Campaignole, who was the chief manager of that little affair, did not think of all my friends. But, I beseech you, what matters it that an almanack out of date, and some scribbled sheets of paper, were not presented to you? The author himself, in body and soul, his whole library, all his learning, eloquence, and hyperboles, are yours; that is, I am absolutely, Sir, your, &c.

Letter 18. *M. de Balzac to Madam de la Chetardue.*

Madam, my dear Cousin, Sept. 14, 1639.

I WILL not eat your favours without a testimony of my gratitude. You have feasted

me these four days, and either there are no pleasures in taste, or I find them in your cheeses. They are not only cream, well housewifed, but a quintessence hitherto unknown: They are some, I know not what miraculous things, that, with a tartness which bites the tongue, afford a sweetness that fills the mouth. It must needs be that God loves you, who has bestowed such a land on you as flows with milk and honey. He did not heretofore treat the Jews, his favourites, better; and these were the riches of the golden age. But in places where such riches are to be had, good cheer should be confined to them, without seeking after any other kind of abundance. You ought long since to have put down hunting, and purified your kitchen; for what a shame is it to live with murder and cruelty amidst such innocent sustenance? I cannot set too high a rate on them, nor too much thank you for your present; and whatever you please to say, I cannot think they were the labour of any of your country mopses. Such counterfeit hands know not how to labour in things of that delicacy. Questionless, the nymphs of Vienna had a hand in them, and it is an invention of theirs, which you have sent me for a rarity. If this conceit seem poetical to you, so is the subject of it too: It might make a piece of a very good eclogue, or be drawn into a corner of a pastoral. But I have never learnt to rhyme. It is fitter for me to quit this language of fables, to assure you, in true and serious prose, I honour your virtue so highly, that though you had given me nothing, I should have thought myself nevertheless indebted to you much; and were you not my benefactress, I should not be less than I am, dear cousin, your, &c.

Letter 19. *M. de Balzac to Monsieur Corneille.*

Sir,

Jan. 17, 1643.

I FOUND a strange alteration of ease and recovery upon the receipt of your packet, and I cannot contain from proclaiming the miracle in the beginning of my letter. Your Cinna restores health to the sick; he causes the paralytic to clap his hands, gives speech to the dumb, much more to a rheumatic. I had indeed lost my speech with my voice, and being repossessed of both, by the virtue of what you sent me, it is just that I employ them to your glory, and publishing the sovereignty of the remedy. Yet you fear you are one of those that are overcharged with the majesty of the subjects whereof they treat, and you are not satisfied that you have brought strength enough for the support of the Roman grandeur. This modesty does more please than persuade me, and I am bound to oppose it on the behalf of truth. You are too nice an examiner of a composition that has been called excellent by the public voice; and though it were true, that you had discovered a little disparity of weakness in some part of it, yet this ought to be a secret between your Muses and yourself, since I am confident it would be forever imperceptible by any other. The weakness should be rather charged on our expression and the incapacity of our language, than your conceit, and the defect imputed to the inconcinnity of the instruments, not to want of skill in the artist. You have shewn us as much of Rome as is possible to be seen at Paris without any prejudice by the removal. It is not a Rome of Cassiodorus, forlorn and ———, as it was in the age of the Theodorus. It is a Rome of Titus Livius, and as magnificent and pompous as it was in the time of the first Cæsars. You have even found that which she had lost in the

ruins of the commonwealth, her noble and magnanimous fierceness. We meet with some tolerable translators of her language and expressions, but you are the true and faithful interpreter of her spirit and courage. I proceed yet higher, Sir, and tell you, that I know you are many times her tutor, and admonish her of decorum when she has forgotten it. You are the reformer of antiquity, where it wants either ornament or support. In those places where Rome was but of brick, you rebuild her with marble; wherever you find a void interstice, you fill it up with a masterpiece; and I have observed that what you supply to the history of your own, is ever transcendant to that which you borrow from it. The wife of Horatius and the mistress of Cinna, which are two daughters of yours and purely creatures of your brain, what are they less than the principal ornaments of your two poems? Is there any thing of the production of good antiquity in the weaker sex, that is comparably vigorous and strong to these late heroesses, which you have brought into the world; to these Roman dames of your begetting? After a fortnight's time, I am not satisfied with surveying the perfections of her that came hither last. I have astonished all the wits of our province with the sight of her. Our orators and our poets speak wonders of her. But a doctor of my neighbourhood, who is ordinarily upon the high strain, speaks of her indeed after a strange manner. The first day he was contented to say that your Æmilia was the rival of Cato and Brutus in their zeal of liberty. But now he goes far higher. Sometimes he swears she is possessed with the genius of the commonwealth, and at other times calls her the fair, reasonable, holy, and adorable fury. These are strange words indeed, concerning your Roman virago; but yet they are not

not destitute of reason and foundation. She does in effect inspire the whole conspiracy, and diffuses heat to the party by the fire which she raises in the breast of their general. She endeavours to interest all the world in her revenge; and would make a sacrifice to her father, which were too great for Jupiter himself. She is in my opinion a person so excellent, that I think I speak not too much to her advantage, when I say that you are more happy in your issue than Pompey was in his, and that your daughter *Æmilia* is without comparison of greater worth than his grandchild *Cinna*. If he had more virtue than *Seneca* could imagine, it is because he fell into your hands, and had the benefit of your care. He is obliged to you for his merit, as to *Augustus* for his dignity. The emperor made him consul, and you have rendered him an honest man. This you have effected by the rules of an art that adorns and refines truth; that allows favour in imitation, and that sometimes proposes to itself the apparent and sometimes the true good. I shall say too much if I add any more. I will not begin a dissertation but end a letter, and conclude with the usual protestations, but most sincere and true, that I am, Sir, your, &c.

Letter 20. *M. de Balzac to Monsieur d'Argenson, Counsellor to the King, and Intendant of Justice in Saintonge.*

Sir,

Jan. 5, 1646.

I AM determined to forbear my importunate caresses, and will no more offend you with friendly professions. Since your virtue is so delicate as not to endure the perfumes and flowers which it merits, it is necessary to comply with the strangeness of your humour, and you must be obeyed, though it be with injustice. So that you shall neither receive incense or chaplets from my hand; notwithstanding I

cannot pass it, without protesting against the violence which you do me, I will complain of the loss of my liberty, and inform the world, that it is no fault of mine that I am not just. I am perfectly so, Sir, as far as the will and endeavours. Your jurisdiction does not extend to the secrets of my heart, and you cannot hinder the devotion of my soul, although you do with so much severity prohibit me the ceremonies and outward worship. I question not but you will find my expressions very high, when you are the subject, which yet do not seem such to me. My words, I conceive, may be drawn from holy things without offending religion; and your verses being related to it, I look on it as a piece of divine service to read them. Since the muses which supply you with such excellent inventions are not false deities, the honour which is given them goes directly to heaven; and we adore the inspirer of prophets and sibyls, when we admire a poet so chaste and pure as you. Be pleased to admit this truth, which is compatible with their modesty, and represents you some shadow of my intention. If you would allow me to display it, what should I not say of the early achievements which I have seen, and of that prudent and grave youth, which reproaches my grey hairs? But the orders which I have received from you are of too strict a tenour, and you will be so punctually obeyed, that I cannot so much as publish your eulogium in epitome. All I can do in a person so commendable, and that is offended with the effects of his virtue, is, to esteem him perfectly in my heart, and to be, as I am with all my soul, Sir, your, &c.

Letter 21. *M. de Balzac to M. Chapelain.*

Sir,

Balzac, 21 Oct. 1637.

I AM resolved to free myself from the dominion of all troublesome passions, as well for the safety of my soul, as for the quiet of my life,

life, and interest of my health. I have been long since of opinion, that it is better to suffer injustice than to commit it; and of late have made particular reflection upon that passage, *qui dixerit patri suo, Raca, &c.* Upon which consideration, I will for the future repay evil for good, and begin to practise with Monsieur Bourbon, to whom I make the first overture, without holding me to the point of honour, or remembering forepast actions. I had entreated a lady of our friend's, to relate him this message, before I knew of the academy's interceding in the matter, or had learnt by your letter what forward progression he had made, both of his own inclination, and by order of the company. As to myself, I yet once more assure you, that what I do, is with no other aim than the satisfaction of my conscience, and submission to the commands of God. I seek neither orator nor poet: It is my neighbour, with whom I would renew my charity, and *Petrus Valens* might have found the same readiness to reconciliation, if there had been the like allowableness in the cause of our discord. I am, Sir, your, &c.

Letter 22. *M. de Balzac to M. Chapelain.*

Sir, Balzac, 12 May, 1638.

IN requital of the news of the great world you sent me, I impart to you those of our village. Never did nature clothe our fields with more beauty, and delightful verdure; nor were the trees and corn more florid and promising. The sun does not employ all those beams, he did in April the year past, when he burnt up the herbs in the tenderness of their birth; his heat is mild, innocent, and supportable to the weakest heads. The coolness and dews of the nights succeed in their course, and yield refreshment, to what would languish upon the earth without their succour. But having ra-

ther laid the dust than made it dirty, it must be granted, they contribute no small share to the pleasure of those rare mornings we enjoy. I am very solicitous of losing the least moment of them, and precisely begin them at half an hour after four, and so continue them without intermission till noon; during that space, I walk abroad without weariness, and in such places where I may conveniently sit at my pleasure. I read books, that do not oblige me to meditate, and my study is with indifferent attention; for at the same time I do not cease to listen to an infinite number of nightingales, wherewith our thickets are inspired. I pass my judgment of their merit, as you do of that of poets, in the place where you are; and indeed, if you are ignorant of it, I assure you, there is as much difference between nightingale and nightingale, and between poet and poet. There are some of the first, and some of the inferior classes. We have enough of *Maillets*, and ———, and also some *Chapelains* and *Malherbes*. The rest another time. I am, Sir, your, &c.

S E C T. III.

From the Letters of Madame de RABUTIN CHANTAL, Marchioness de SEVIGNY.

Letter 1. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Monsieur de Coulanges.*

Paris, Monday, Dec. 15, 1670.

I AM going to tell you a thing the most astonishing, to most surprising, the most wonderful, the most miraculous, the most triumphant, the most amazing, the most unheard-of, the most singular, the most extraordinary, the most incredible, the most unforeseen, the most grand, the most inconsiderable, the most rare, the most common, the most famed, the most

most secret till this day, the most illustrious, the most worthy of envy; in a word, a thing, but one single example of which is to be found in former ages, and even that example is not just: A thing which we cannot believe at Paris; how will it be believed at Lyons? A thing which fills the whole world with exclamations: A thing which overwhelms with joy Madame de Rohan and Madame de Hauteville: A thing which will be done on Sunday, when they who see it will believe they see an illusion: A thing which will be done on Sunday, and which perhaps will not be done on Monday. I have not resolution to speak it out: You must divine it: I give you three days; but you find it impossible: Well then, I must tell it you. Monsieur de Lauzun is to be married on Sunday at the Louvre; can you guess to whom? I give you four days, I give you ten, I give you a hundred. Madame de Coulanges says this must sure be something very difficult to divine; it is Mademoiselle de la Valliere: No, Madame. It is then Mademoiselle de Rets: No indeed; you guess with the air of one at a great distance from the court. We own ourselves mere ignorants, say you; it must certainly be Mademoiselle de Crequi: You are not right yet: I see I must be obliged to tell you. He is to marry, with the permission of the King, Mademoiselle,--- Mademoiselle de--- Mademoiselle---(divine her name); he is to marry Mademoiselle,---upon my word, upon my solemn word, Mademoiselle,---la grande Mademoiselle,--- Mademoiselle, the daughter of the late Monsieur; Mademoiselle, the grand-daughter of Henry IV. Mademoiselle d'Eu, Mademoiselle de Dombes, Mademoiselle de Montpensier, Mademoiselle d'Orleans, Mademoiselle, cousin-german of the king, Mademoiselle, destined to a throne; Mademoiselle, the only match

in France worthy of Monsieur. Here is a fine subject for reflections! If you exclaim, if you are beside yourself; if you swear that we tell you lies, that this is false, that it is ridiculous; if you call it an idle raillery, a chimerical imagination; if you fly out into downright railing at us; we shall allow that you have reason; we have done the same ourselves. Adieu; the letters that will come to you by this post, will sufficiently confirm our intelligence.

Letter 2. *The same to the same.*

Paris, Friday, December 19, 1670.

WHAT we call falling from the clouds, is what happened yesterday evening at the Thuilleries: But I must resume the thread of the history farther backwards. You are at present at the joy, the transports, the ecstasies of the princess and her happy lover. On Monday this affair was declared, as you have been informed. The Tuesday passed in discoursing, in wondering, and in paying compliments. On Wednesday Mademoiselle made a donation to Monsieur de Lauzun, with a design to give him the titles, names, and distinctions necessary to be recited in a contract of marriage, which was made the same day. She gave him for the present, till something better could be thought of for him, four dutchies: The Comté d'Eu, which is the first peerage of France, and gives the first rank of precedence; the dutchy of Montpensier, the title of which he took that day; the dutchy of Saint Fargeau, and the dutchy of Châtelleraut. All this is computed at the value of twenty-two millions. The contract was made next, in which he took the name of Montpensier. On Thursday morning, which was yesterday, Mademoiselle hoped the king would sign it, as he had declared; but about seven in the evening, his majesty having been persuaded by the queen, by Monsieur, and many grave coun-

counsellors, that this affair was an injury to his reputation, he resolved to break it off; and sending for Mademoiselle and Monsieur de Lausun, he declared to them, in the presence of Monsieur the prince, that he forbid them to think any farther of this marriage. Monsieur de Lausun received this order with all the respect, all the submission, all the firmness, and all the despair due to so great a disappointment. As for Mademoiselle, following her humour, she burst out into tears and exclamations, into violent grief and immoderate complaints: The next day she kept her bed, and lived on gruels. How fine a dream is here! how fine a subject for a tragedy or a romance! but above all, a subject of everlasting conversation, which employs us day and night, morning and evening, without end, without ceasing. We hope you will be as much engaged by it; and thereupon I humbly kiss your hands.

Letter 3. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Monsieur de Coulanges.*

Paris, Wednesday, Dec. 24, 1670.

YOU are now acquainted with the romantic history of Mademoiselle and Monsieur de Lausun. It is a just subject for a tragedy, according to all the rules of the theatre: We amused ourselves the other day with planning out the acts and scenes; and, allowing four days instead of twenty-four hours, it made a perfect piece. Never were so great changes seen in so small a time, never so general an emotion; you have not ever heard so extraordinary a piece of news. Monsieur de Lausun played his part in perfection. He supported this misfortune with firmness, with a manly bravery, and yet with an excess of grief mingled with a profound respect, which have made him generally admired. What he has

lost is of an unvaluable price; but the favour of the king, which he has preserved, is likewise unvaluable; and his fortune seems not to be deplored. Mademoiselle has likewise behaved very well; she has wept heartily: She has begun this day to pay her devoirs at the Louvre, from whence she had received all the proper visits. So there is now a conclusion of this affair. Adieu.

Letter 4. *The same to the same.*

Paris, Wednesday, Dec. 31, 1670.

I HAVE received your answers to my letters. I comprehend the astonishment you have been in at all that has passed from the 15th to the 20th of this month; the subject well deserved it. I admire your good sense, and the right judgment you made, in believing this grand machine would not go on regularly till the end of the week. Modesty restrains me from giving myself an entire liberty in commending you upon it, because I have said and thought the same things you have done. I told my daughter on the Monday, that this design would never be conducted successfully till the Sunday following; and I offered to wage, that notwithstanding there was the fairest appearance of this marriage, it would never be completed. In effect, on Thursday the weather was overcast, and the cloud broke in the evening, in the manner I have related it. The same Thursday I went at nine in the morning to the apartment of Mademoiselle, having heard that she was to be married in the country, and that the coadjutor of Reims was to perform the ceremony; for the design of having the nuptials celebrated at the Louvre was changed on Tuesday. Mademoiselle was writing; she ordered me to be admitted, finished her letter, and made me kneel by her bedside. She told me to whom she

she had been writing, and on what occasion; the fine presents she had made the day before; and the name she had given her lover; that there was no match for her in Europe, and that she was determined to be married. She related to me, word for word, a conversation she had had with the king: She seemed transported with joy at the thoughts of making a man happy: She spoke with the tenderest affection of the merit and the gratitude of Monsieur de Lauzun. Upon this, I said to her, Mademoiselle, you are extremely happy! but why did you not immediately dispatch this affair on Monday? Do you consider, that so long a delay gives time to all the kingdom to talk of it; and that it is tempting God and the king, to think of conducting so slowly a thing of this extraordinary nature? She told me I had reason; but she was so flushed with confidence, that the discourse made little impression on her. She turned the conversation to the illustrious family and the excellent qualities of Monsieur de Lauzun. I repeated to her these lines of Severus in Polieucte:

*Du moins ne la peut on blamer d'un mauvais choix:
Polieucte a du nom, & sort du sang des rois*.*

She embraced me in the most passionate manner. This conversation lasted an hour: It is impossible to repeat it all; but I was certainly very agreeable all this time; and I may say it without vanity, for she was pleased with speaking to any one, her heart was too full. At ten she gave herself up to the rest of France who came to pay her their compliments upon this occasion. She waited all the morning to hear news from the king, but had none.

* At least she cannot be blamed for having made an ill choice; Polieucte has a great name, and is descended from a race of kings.

After dinner she amused herself in dressing up with her own hands the apartment of Monsieur de Montpensier; in the evening you know what happened. The next day, which was Friday, I went to her apartment; I found her in her bed; she redoubled her cries at seeing me; she called me to her; she embraced me, and bathed me with her tears. Alas! said she, do you remember what you said to me yesterday? Ah, prudence! cruel prudence! She made me weep purely by the force of weeping over me. I returned twice to visit her; she is extremely afflicted, and has all along treated me as one who felt her griefs. She was not deceived. My heart, on this occasion, supplied me with sentiments rarely experienced for persons of her rank. Let this be between us and Madame de Coulanges: For you will easily judge that such a manner of talking before any others, would be entirely ridiculous. Adieu.

Letter 5. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Paris, Wednesday, Feb. 18, 1671.

I CANNOT thank you enough, my dear, for all the letters you have written to me upon the road. These little officious cares are very obliging, and have their effect; nothing of this kind is lost upon me. You have written to me from every place; I have admired your goodness in it. None could go through this trouble without a great fund of friendship; were it not for this, every one would be better pleased with indolence or repose. This has been a great consolation to me. Every thing which has been so happy as to be acquainted with you, seems, like me, to regret you; yet I must say, with Voiture, none, besides me, has yet died of your absence. It is true, the carnival without you has been excessively dull;
you

you may take the honour of it to yourself; for my part, I impute it wholly to you: But, in my opinion, mere dulness is not a sufficient symptom of the pain we ought to feel from an absence like yours.

I have received a letter from M. de Grignan, which was not accompanied with one from you. He tells me, that he shall return this winter. Will he leave you behind, or will you follow him? Let me have an answer.

Monsieur the Dauphin has been ill, but is better. Madame de Valliere is re-established at court; the king received her with tears of joy; and Madame de Montespan with tears--- of what kind I leave you to conjecture. Tender conversations have mutually passed; this is difficult to comprehend; it is best to be silent. The news of this year do not hold true from one post to another.

I see your daughter every day; I would fain have her straight; this is my care: It would be pleasant indeed, that she should be daughter to you and M. de Grignan, and not be finely shaped. I am skilful in this; I have even needless precautions. I saw yesterday Madame Dupuy-Dufou, who salutes you: I saw likewise Madame de Janson, and Madame le Blanc. Every thing which has any relation to you, though at a hundred leagues distance, is more agreeable to me than any other thing. Good God! the Rhone! you are now near it: What a frightful idea to me! what inquietude! till I hear you are past the danger.

Letter 6. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Paris, Wednesday, March 18, 1671.

AT last, my dear, I learn from yourself your entry into Aix; but I do not comprehend

why you do not tell me, whether your husband was with you, and in what manner Vardes honoured your triumph. In other points, your representation of it is very pleasant, as well as the embarrassment you was in, and your misplaced civilities. Bandol was doubtless a great help to you; and, indeed, my dear, my assistance might have been useful; not that I should have done better than you, for I have not the gift of ranging people's names in exact order over their faces. On the contrary, I am every day guilty of the most impertinent mistakes of this nature; but I might have assisted you in making gracious bows, and that would have been all I could have done for your service. This excess of ceremonies and civilities is a tedious exercise; but it is necessary to go through it with a good courage. You must endeavour, my dear child, to conform yourself to the manners and customs of the people you are to live amongst; accommodate yourself to every thing that is not bad; be not disgusted at what is but indifferent; and make to yourself a pleasure of whatever is not ridiculous.

There is a piece of news which furnishes discourse for all Paris: The king has commanded M. de S*** to quit his post, and immediately to leave Paris. Do you know for what reason? For having cheated at play, and got 50,000 crowns with packed cards. The card-maker was interrogated by the king himself: He denied it at first; at last, upon a promise of a pardon, he confessed that he had followed this trade a great while. This is likely to affect a great many persons; for there are several families whom he has furnished with these false cards. It was not without much reluctance, that the king came to a resolution to disgrace a man of the quality of S***; but seeing that, for two months past,

all

all that he played with were ruined, he thought himself obliged in conscience to expose so great a villany. He had observed well the play of others; and he always set upon the queen of spades, because the spades were in the other packs; the king always lost upon clubs, and used to say, The club cannot dispute the field with the spade in this country. S*** had given thirty pistoles to the valets of Madame de la Valliere to throw away the cards they had, which he said were not good; and had introduced his own card-maker. He who put him in this good way is called Pradier; he disappeared as soon as the king forbid S*** to come into his presence: If he had been innocent, he would have went voluntarily to prison, and desired to be proceeded against; but, instead of taking that way, he thought the road to Languedoc much safer. Several of his friends advised him rather to retire to la Trappe* after such a misfortune. This is all the subject of discourse at present,

The Marshal de Bellefont, out of a pure sentiment of piety, has agreed with his creditors; he has yielded up to them his whole estate, and more than half the revenue of his charge, to pay off his arrears. This is very honourable, and shews that his frequent visits to la Trappe have not been in vain.

I went the other day to see the Dutches de Vantadour: She was beautiful as an angel. The Dutches of N*** came thither with her head dressed in a manner perfectly ridiculous: You may take my word for it; for you know how well I love the excess of the fashion. La Martin † had employed on her the utmost of her fancy, as if she had been designed for a pattern of the mode. Her hair was cut and

curled on the top of her head, very naturally, by a hundred papers, which made her suffer death and tortures the whole night: All this makes exactly a little roundish head of a cabbage. It is, my dear, the most ridiculous thing you can imagine. She had no *coiffure* at all; but that is excusable, she is young and handsome. All the women at St. Germain, and even la Mothe, have their heads dressed in this manner by la Martin. This is carried to such a degree, that the king and all the ladies of the court die with laughing. They are all in that pretty kind of dress which your woman Montgobert understands so well; I mean, with curls reversed. This is all I can say of it: We are extremely diverted with the extravagance of this new mode.

Your brother is at St. Germain: He divides himself between Ninon and a certain actress*; his favourite companion is Despreaux: We lead him a very uneasy life about it.

Letter 7. *The same to the same.*

Livry, Tuesday in the Holy Week,
March 24, 1671.

IT is three hours, my dear, since I came hither. I left Paris with a design to retire from the world till Thursday evening; I pretend to be here in solitude, and to make a little Trappe of this retirement. I intend to pray, and to make a thousand reflections. I design to fast much, for the improvement of my health as well as of my devotion; to make amends, by walking, for the time I have been confined to my chamber; and more especially, to be excessively dull, out of a regard to religion. But, my dear, what I shall acquit myself of much better than all this, will be to think on you; I have not yet ceased to

* A convent famed for the rigour of its discipline. † A famous tire-woman.

* Mademoiselle de Chammelaye.

do it, since I arrived here; and no longer able to contain all my sentiments. I am writing to you at the end of the little dark alley, which is so much your favourite; and sitting upon the mossy seat, where I have so often seen you reposing yourself. But where is it, alas! that I have not seen you in these shades! and how do these thoughts invade my heart! there is no nook nor corner in the house, or in the oratory, in the gardens, or in the neighbouring fields, where I have not seen you; no place that does not bring something relating to you to my remembrance; and in whatsoever manner it be, it pierces my soul. I see you; you are present with me; I think, and repeat over every thing in my thoughts. My imagination grows wild and raving; in vain I turn round and round; in vain I look for the dear child I love with so much passion; she is removed two hundred leagues from me; I have her no more; I weep, without the power to restrain my tears. My dear, this I know is extremely weak; but I have no command of a tenderness so just and so natural. I know not in what disposition this letter may find you; chance may direct it to your hand unseasonably, when it may not perhaps be read in the same manner it is written. For this I know no remedy; it serves, however, to soothe my present grief, and that is all I expect from it. The situation of mind this place has put me in, is a thing incredible. I beg of you not to speak of my weaknesses; but you ought to love them, and to respect the tears that flow from a heart entirely yours.

Letter 8. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Livry, Thursday in the Holy Week,
March 26, 1671.

IF I had wept so much for my sins, as I

have wept for you since I have been here, I should have been very well disposed for the celebration of the approaching festival. I have passed the time I had resolved to spend here, in the manner I proposed, except that part of it that was devoted to you, which affected me more than I could have believed. How strange a thing is a lively imagination, which represents things past as if they were still in being! and when one reflects on what is present, and has a heart like mine, one dies with grief. I am at a loss whither to fly for refuge from you: Our house at Paris brings you constantly into my mind, but the solitude of Livry restores you to my arms. As for you, it is by an effort of memory, whenever you think on me. Provence is not obliged to restore me to you in the manner every place here represents you to my fancy. I have, however, found a melancholy pleasure in the grief I have suffered here: A profound solitude, an uninterrupted silence, a mournful office of religion, a solemn service devoutly sung, a canonical fast, a beauty in the gardens with which you would have been charmed; all this has given me delight. I had nothing more to wish but you. However nice you are in the choice of solitude, you would have been contented here. But I am obliged to return to Paris: I intend to-morrow to hear the celebration of the passion by Father Bourdaloue, or by Father Mascaron. Adieu, my dear; this is all you shall have from Livry; I will finish this letter at Paris. If I had the power to forbear writing to you, and to make a sacrifice of all my sentiments for you, it would exceed all the penances in the world; but instead of making a good use of this opportunity of devotion, I have sought the consolation of conversing with you. Alas! how weak, how miserable is this!

Letter

Letter 9. *The same to the same.*

Paris, April 9, 1671.

HERE is with me Monsieur de Magalothy, who is going to Provence; I could heartily wish to go with him. I do not know whether he will feel the pleasure of seeing you; for my part, I should be very sensible of it. He is playing with your little daughter, and says, he reads your virtue in her looks. As for me, who think the Grignans handsome, she is very agreeable in my opinion. I believe you will be very well pleased to see a man of merit; a man, who knows the world; a man with whom you will speak good French, and Italian if you please; a man whose accomplishments are known to the whole court; in a word, a man who brings you two pair of slippers made by Georget. What can I say more in his favour? He is going to see Madame de Monaco, and I dare engage you will write to her by him. He says, that without a letter from me he should not be received by you in the manner he desires. In short, he abuses me, and I envy him. I embrace you with all my heart, but with great sincerity, and not in the least for the sake of making a conclusion to my letter.

Letter 10. *The same to the same.*

Paris, Friday Evening, April 24, 1671.

I MAKE up my packet here. I had a design to tell you that the king arrived yesterday in the evening at Chantilli: He hunted a stag by moon-light; the lanterns played their part wonderfully; the fireworks indeed were a little effaced by the bright eyes of our friend; but, in a word, the evening, the supper, the play, every thing succeeded to a miracle. The fine weather we had to-day made us hope that every thing would answer so agreeable a beginning:

But this is what I have learnt since I came hither, the surprise of which I have not yet recovered, and which makes me scarce know what I write; it is, that Vatel, the great Vatel, maitre d'hotel to M. Fouquet, and now the same to Monsieur the Prince; this man, of a distinguished capacity, whose head was capable of sustaining the care of a state; this man, whom I knew, seeing that the tide was not come in at eight in the morning, could not bear the dishonour he imagined he should be oppressed with, and in one word he stabbed himself. You may imagine the horrible disorder that must have been caused by so dreadful an accident. Consider, that the tide perhaps came in as soon as he expired. I know nothing more of it at present, and I believe you think I have said enough. I do not doubt but the confusion was great; and it was a terrible thing to happen at an entertainment that cost fifty thousand crowns.

Monsieur de Menars is to be married to Mademoiselle de la Grange-Neuville. I do not know how I have the heart to speak to you of any thing else but of Vatel.

Letter 11. *The same to the same.*

Paris, Sunday, April 26, 1671.

I WRITE on Sunday, but the letter will not be sent till Wednesday; it is not a letter, but a relation that Moreuil has made me, with a design to inform you of what has passed at Chantilli concerning Vatel. I wrote you on Friday that he had stabbed himself; you shall now have an account of it at large:—The king came thither on Thursday in the evening; the walk, the collation in a place interwove with jonquils; all this was perfectly agreeable: They supped; there were some tables ill supplied, on account of several entertainments that

that were not expected. This struck Vatel; he said several times, I have forfeited my reputation; this is a dishonour which I cannot support. He said to Gourville, My head is disordered; I have not slept these twelve nights; assist me in giving orders. Gourville comforted him as well as he could. The dishes that were wanting were not at the king's table, but at the *vingt-cinquiemes*: This misfortune ran always in his head. Gourville told the prince of it; the prince came himself to his chamber, and said to him, Vatel, every thing goes well, nothing was ever so fine as the supper at the king's table. He replied, Monseigneur, your goodness quite oppresses me: I know there were dishes wanting at two tables. The prince said, Not at all; never trouble yourself about it; every thing goes well. Night came; the fireworks did not appear to advantage, because the weather was cloudy: This part of the entertainment cost sixteen thousand francs. At four in the morning Vatel went his rounds, and found every body asleep: He met a purveyor that had only brought in two loads of provisions; he demanded of him whether that was all? The fellow answered Yes, not knowing that Vatel had sent to all the sea-port towns. He waited some time, the other purveyors did not come; his head grew warm, he believed he should have no more provisions; He went to Gourville, and told him he should not survive the shame of this disappointment. Gourville endeavoured to show him how ridiculous his apprehensions were. Vatel runs to his chamber, sets his sword against the door, and runs it through his heart; it was at the third pass, for he gave himself two wounds which were not mortal; he falls dead. In the mean time, provisions come in from all parts; they inquire for Vatel to distribute them; they go to his

chamber, they knock, they break open the door, they find him weltering in his blood; they run to Monsieur the Prince, who was in the utmost concern about it: Monsieur the Duke wept; he had depended on Vatel for his voyage to Bourgogne. Monsieur the Prince told it to the king with great concern. It was imputed to his having been too much a man of honour in his way; his resolution was blamed and commended. The king said, he had put off his coming to Chantilli five years, because he had foreseen what an excessive embarrassment he should occasion. He told the prince, that he ought to have but two tables, and that he should not charge himself with the whole; he swore he would not suffer it any longer, that the prince should take on himself so much trouble: But this was too late for poor Vatel. In the mean time, Gourville endeavoured to repair the loss of Vatel, and he succeeded very well in it. They dined very well; they had a collation; they supped, they walked, they played, they hunted; every thing was perfumed with jonquils, every thing seemed enchanted. The next day, which was Saturday, was spent in the same manner; In the evening the king went to Liencourt, where he had ordered *media nocte* *; he is to stay there to-day.

This is the account I had from Moreüil; I have dispatched the commission I had from him; and I know nothing farther. M. d'Agueville, who was present at all this, will doubtless give you a relation of it; but because his hand is not so legible as mine, I write notwithstanding. This is a tedious story; however, I send it you, because I should be willing to hear it upon a like occasion.

* A midnight entertainment.

Letter 12. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Livry, April 29, 1671.

I HAD yesterday a very pleasant journey: I set out early from Paris, and dined at Pom-pone. I found there our good friend*, who expected me. I was not willing to lose the opportunity of bidding him adieu. I found him in so extremely devout a temper as very much affected me; the nearer he approaches to his end, the more angelical he grows. He reproved me very seriously; and, transported with zeal and friendship for me, he said I was unwise in not thinking of being converted; that I was a perfect pagan; that I made an idol of you in my heart; and that this kind of idolatry, though it might seem to me less criminal, was as dangerous as any other; in short, he desired me to consider of the state of my soul. He said all this to me so earnestly, that I could not find any reply to make to it. In a word, after six hours spent in conversations, very agreeable, though very serious, I parted from him, and came hither, where I find all the triumph of the month of May; the nightingale, the cuckoo, and the linnet, have begun the spring. I walked out here all the evening all alone; I have had all my melancholy thoughts about me, but I will not trouble you with them.

You wish, my dear, that time would move on more swiftly, to oblige us with an opportunity of seeing each other. You do not know what you do; perhaps he may take you at your word, perhaps he will obey you too faithfully; and when you would stop his flight, you will not have it in your power. I have been heretofore guilty of the same error with you, but I have repented it; and

* Monsieur Arnauld d'Andilly.

though he has not done me all the mischief he does to others, yet he has not abstained from doing some little injuries to my features, and he has left but too evident marks of his passage.

You have written an admirable billet to Brancas. He had written to you the other day a whole ream of paper; it was a pleasant rhapsody enough. He read it to Madame de Coulanges and me: I desired him to finish it, and to send it me on Wednesday; he refused it, and said he would not have you see it upon any account; it was too miserably silly and impertinent. Pray, Sir, what do you take us to be? you have read it to us: It was no matter for that, he still insisted that you should not have a sight of it. He never was so ridiculously absurd. The other day he solicited a process at the first court *des enquetes*; it was to be judged at the second: This blunder made the court very merry; I believe it was the occasion of his gaining his cause.

Letter 13. *The same to the same.*

Paris, Wednesday, May 6, 1671.

I THANK you, my dear, for the civil reception you gave la Brosse, upon his bringing you a letter of mine, written four months since. Old letters are pleasant things indeed; I have long thought them even more disagreeable than old people; all that is in the inside of them is mere dotage.

Your gentleman, who described my wit nimble and regular, grave and studied, has judged excellently well of it in the opinion of a certain lady: I laughed heartily at the account you gave me of it, and pitied you for having nobody whom you might have the pleasure of winking on while he was making my panegyric so judiciously; I wish at least I had been behind the tapestry.

Q²

Madame

Madame de Verneuil has been ill of the gravel at Verneuil; She is brought to-bed of a son, whom they named Pierre, for they could not properly call him Pierrot*, he was so big.

My reign, as a fine lady, I find begins to decline. We found the other day at the Thuilleries, Mesdames de****. The first seemed to us to discover the most accomplished incivility, in answering like a queen from her couch of state, while we were making our compliments to her, and telling her we had been to pay her a visit. As for the other, we thought her so perfectly silly, that I lamented her husband, as disagreeable as he is, and reckoned it was he that was ill married. How vain and silly all these young women are, my dear, more or less!

But let me ask, why you went to Marseille? Monsieur de Marseille writes me word the small-pox is there. Besides, the firing off the cannon might have frightened you; it is a very dangerous thing. They say de Biez miscarried the other day at the report of a pistol that was fired in the street. You were perhaps to see the galleys, and passed from one to another upon their narrow bridges; your foot might have slipped, and you might have fallen. These are the horrors that attend a separation from you; one is at the mercy of all these thoughts; one may believe without indiscretion, that every thing that is possible may have happened; all the melancholy thoughts that arise from our temperament are presentiments, our very dreams are presages, every precaution is a warning of some future evil; in a word, it is an endless inquietude.

You are too obliging to enter, as you do, into the disagreeableness of my journey; it

will not be small in the temper I am in. You may imagine how many remembrances of you will pass between la Mouffe* and me; how many millions of things will put us in mind of you, without counting upon that habitual thoughtfulness of you, which never leaves me. Do not write to me, my dear, any more than will consist with your health; and let it be always concerning the condition you are in: Be less solicitous about answering my letters, and speak of yourself. The longer I stay in Bretagne, the more need I shall have of the consolation of your letters; do not write the less to me upon that account. And, if you cannot yourself, make de Ville write for you; tell her she need not study any affected phrases, as---begging me to do her the justice to believe---the respectful attachment—but let her speak of you, and more of you, and always of you.

I beg you not to treat with such contempt the last books of la Fontaine; there are fables you will like, and tales you will be charmed with. The conclusion of *les yeux de frere Philippe, le Remois, les petites chiens*; all this is very pleasant; there is nothing, but what is not written in this style, that is flat. I have a fancy to make a fable, to let him understand how miserable it is in a writer to force his genius to go out of its proper sphere; and what ill music is made by straining one's voice beyond its natural compass: He should never quit his agreeable manner of writing tales.

Monsieur de Marseille has informed the Abbé de Pontcarré that you are breeding, I have done my duty in concealing it long enough, and I am laughed at for pretending to do it any longer. I embrace that Grignan,

* The diminutive of Pierre.

* One of their near relations.

notwith-

notwithstanding the little railleries I have suffered on his account I beg of him at least, that since he has occasioned the distemper, he will be himself the physician; I mean that he will take an extreme care of your health. I hope he will be the master in what concerns that, as you ought to be the mistress in other things. Adieu, my dear: I kiss you, and embrace you.

Letter 14. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, Sunday, June 21, 1671.

AT length, my dear, I breathe at liberty; I sigh at ease, like Monsieur de la Souche; my heart is relieved from an oppression which gave it no repose. I have been three posts without receiving letters from you; I have been so much in pain about your health, that I was reduced to wish you had written to all the world except to me. I could have been contented to have had the last place in your memory, rather than to bear the terrible inquietude of my apprehensions for your health. But, my dear, I repent of having acquainted you with my griefs; they will give you pain when I no longer feel them. This is the unhappiness of being at a distance from you! alas! it is not the only one.

You give me an admirable account of your religious ceremonies; they are profane to such a degree, that I cannot comprehend how your pious archbishop can suffer them: It is true, he is an Italian, and this ridiculous mode comes from his country.

You will find some difficulty in lengthening the short petticoats which are so much in fashion. Our damsels at Vitré, one of whom is called de Bonnefoi, another de Croqueoisson, and de Kerborgne, wear them above their ankles. I call la Pieffis Ma-

demoiselle de Kerlouche. These names divert me.

We have had here continual rains; and instead of the proverb, After rain comes fair weather; we say, After rain comes rain. All our workmen are dispersed; and instead of directing your letters to me at the foot of a tree, you may direct them to the chimney-corner.

We read much: La Mouffe has begged that he may read Tasso with me. I understand it very well, because I have been well taught. This employment is a kind of diversion to me: His Latin and his good sense make him a good scholar; and my rote, and the good masters I have had, make me a tolerable mistress. My son reads to us trifles, comedies which he recites like Moliere himself, verses, romances, histories; he is very amusing; he has wit and good sense; he leads us on, and hinders us from reading any thing serious, as we had a design to do. When he is gone, we shall again betake ourselves to the moral discourses of Nicole: But above all, one should endeavour to pass away life with a little ease and satisfaction: But how is that possible, my dear, when we are at three hundred leagues distance from you? You say very well, we do indeed see and converse with one another, but it is through a thick veil. I write to you twice a week, and our friend du Bois takes an infinite deal of care of our commerce, that is, of my life.

Your little daughter is very pleasant; she does not presume to aspire to the perfection of her mother's nose, and she is not willing to take up with that of her father. I shall only say, that she is for making a third party, and has made choice of a little squarish nose. I hope, my dear, you will not be angry with her for it. Adieu.

Letter 15. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, July 3, 1671.

I DO not find, my dear, that you have received my letters of the 17th and 21st of June. I always write to you twice a week, it is a joy and consolation to me; and I receive on Friday two of your letters, which keep up my spirits all the week. You must doubtless have thought it pleasant that I should write to you so much about the Coadjutor at the time you had him with you; but I did not think of his gout, when I wrote. Ah! Signor Corvo, if you had been contented with mere necessaries, *un poco di pane, un poco di vino* *, you would not have been in the condition you are: One must suffer the gout when one has deserved it; indeed, good Sir, I am sorry for it, but it is very well bestowed on you.

I find, my dear, you are far from being in solitude; I am pleased with all those who can divert you. You will soon have Madame de Rochebonne with you; let me know always what company you have. The Coadjutor is good to keep by you a great while. He will doubtless accept the offer you make him, to let him have the honour to finish the building of your chateau: What else can he do with his money? His good husbandry is such, that it will make no great article in his expences.

You have written a letter to la Mouffe, for which I ought to thank you as much as he; it is full of amity for me. D'Agueville is very pleasant in having sent you mine. Brancas has at last written me a letter so excessively tender, that it makes amends for his

* A little bread, and a little wine.

past forgetfulness. He speaks of his heart in every line; if I should answer him in the same tone, we should write very good Portuguese.

We should not praise any one before his death: It is very justly said, and we have examples of it every day. But after all, the public always does justice: It praises people when they do well; but as it has great sagacity, it is not long imposed on, and blames them when they do ill. When they go from doing ill to doing well, the public does not answer for the future, but speaks as it sees. The Comtess de Gramont, and others, have felt the effects of its inconstancy; but it does not begin to change first. You have no reason to complain of it; it is not likely to begin by you to be guilty of any of its great injuries.

You speak too well of my letters: My dear, I always count upon your tenderness, and I have long used to say to you, that you are true. This commendation pleases me; it is new, and preferable to all others; but in some cases even this may be prejudicial. I feel at the bottom of my heart all the advantage of being in these sentiments. Alas! how few are there who are, in my sense, true! Reflect a little upon this expression; you will be pleased with it; I find in it, in the manner I understand it, a force beyond the ordinary signification.

The charming Plessis is exactly, and in every point, entirely false. I do her too much honour in condescending so far as even to speak ill of her. She plays all sorts of characters; she acts the devout, the notable, the timorous, the tender, the good-natured; but, above all, she counterfeits me in such a manner, as always to give me the same pleasure, as if I was viewing myself in a glass that
made

made me appear ridiculous, or talking to an echo that answered me with impertinences.

There has been vacant in the family of Monsieur, a post of twenty thousand crowns; he has given it to l'Ange*, to the great satisfaction of all his court.

Monsieur de la Vauguion, after two years intimacy with Fromenteau, has at last declared himself, and has placed her in his lodgings; he has an excellent taste.

I am, my dear, entirely yours; if you love me, take care of your health.

Letter 16. *The same to the same.*

Rochers, Sunday, July 12, 1671.

I HAVE received but one letter from you, my dear; and it puts me out of humour; I have been always used to receive two: It is dangerous to accustom people to such over-kind and tender treatment as yours, they cannot easily bear the want of it.

The Coadjutor has been a little out of order, but he is entirely recovered. His indolence is a thing incredible; and it is the more unpardonable in him, since nobody writes better, when he will take the pains to do it. He entirely loves you, and will make you a visit after the middle of August; till then he is not at liberty to do it. He swears he never is at leisure, but I believe he lies; I impute his not writing to his falsehood; and I look upon the pretended weakness of his eyes to be a feigned excuse. This is all I know of him; and you may wonder how I get all this odd intelligence I send you, since I am ignorant upon what foot I myself am with him; if by any accident you hear any thing, you will oblige me by letting me know it.

* Madame de Grancé.

I think a thousand times in a day on the happy time when I could see you whenever I pleased. Indeed, my dear, it is my part to sing the song you taught me,

Ah! shepherdes, when will the time return!

I regret it every day of my life, and wish it would return again at any price. It is not that I reproach myself with not having been sufficiently sensible of the pleasure of being with you: I can safely protest to you, that I have never regarded you with indifference, nor with that languid affection we are apt to feel for persons who are continually with us: My eyes, nor my heart, have never been accustomed to such views, or to such sentiments; nor have they ever conversed with you without delight and tenderness; which, if for some moments they ceased to appear, were then felt in the liveliest manner. It is not therefore on this account that I have any thing to reproach myself with; but I regret the not having taken every opportunity to be with you, and the having had cruel reasons for depriving myself of that pleasure. It would be a fine thing indeed, if I should indulge myself in the liberty of filling my letters with what fills my heart: But, alas! as you say, we are forced to slide over a great variety of thoughts, and scarce seem to observe them in ourselves; I doubt not but that you frequently experience something like this in your own heart.

We are reading over Tasso with pleasure, and find beauties in him which are not observed by such as do not thoroughly understand this agreeable writer. We have begun upon our favourite system of morality*; it is in the same strain with Pascal. Now I

* An Essay on Morality, by M. Nicole.

mention Pascal, it comes into my fancy to admire the civility of those obliging gentlemen the post-boys, who are continually upon the roads, employed in carrying and in returning our letters. There is no day or hour when they are not passing and repassing with letters of mine to you, or of yours to me. How kind is this! and what obligations do they lay us under! What an excellent invention is the post! and how useful a passion is that curiosity which gives birth to it! I often find myself inclined to write to these obliging persons, to express my gratitude to them; and I believe I should have done it, if I had not recollected that passage in Pascal, that they have perhaps as great an inclination to thank me for writing so many letters as I have to thank them for taking the trouble of carrying them. Is not this a pleasant digression?

I return to the account of the authors we are reading; they do not make me neglect Cleopatra, which I have engaged to go through with; and you know how well I keep to my engagements. I consider sometimes, from whence can proceed the inclination I have for these fooleries; I find it difficult to account for it. You may perhaps remember enough of me to know how much I am offended with an ill style: I have some taste for a just manner of writing; and none is more touched with the charms of eloquence. The style of Calprenede is execrable in a thousand passages: His swelling pompous periods, interspersed with low expressions, I am sensible, are exquisitely ridiculous. I wrote the other day a very pleasant letter to my son in this style, which I think detestable; and yet I am entangled by it, as if it were strewed with bird-lime. The beauty of the sentiments, the violence of the passions, the greatness of the surprising events, and the miraculous suc-

cesses of their all-conquering sword; all this leads me on, like a girl, and makes me enter into all their affairs: And, if I had not M. de la Rochefoucault and M. d'Agueville to comfort me, I should never forgive myself for being guilty of such a weakness. Sometimes I fancy I hear you upbraiding me with it; but I make some ill excuse, and persist in it.

I am, my dearest, entirely yours: Say a word of amity for me to M. Grignan. Does he still adore you?

Letter 17. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, July 13, 1671.

I AM very glad that M. de Coulanges has sent you the news: Perhaps you have not yet heard of the death of M. de Guise, which I am oppressed with, when I reflect on the grief of Mademoiselle de Guise. You may easily judge, my dear, that it is only by the force of imagination that I can suffer from this event; for, in other respects, nothing will less trouble the repose of my life. You know how much I fear the reproaches one makes one's self. Mademoiselle de Guise has nothing to reproach herself with, except the death of her nephew. She would never consent that he should be let blood: The too great quantity of blood caused that violent perturbation in his brain. It is a circumstance very extraordinary: I imagine, that as soon as any one falls sick at Paris, he immediately falls dead; I have never seen so great a mortality. I beg of you, my dear, to take care of yourself; and if any of the children at Grignan should fall ill of the small-pox, send them to Montelimart: Your health is the object of all my desires.

I must

I must send you some news concerning our states, which will perhaps make you reflect with some pain, that you belong to Bretagne. Monsieur the Duke de Chaulnes arrived here on Sunday in the evening; his coming made all the noise that could be made at Vitré. On the Monday morning he wrote me a letter; I answered it by going to dine with him. There were two tables in the same room, with fourteen covers at each table: Monsieur sat at one, and Madame at the other. We had a very great entertainment; whole dishes were carried off untouched; but to make way for the pyramids of fruit, the doors should have been raised. Our ancestors, not foreseeing the machines now in use, did not comprehend that there was any necessity of making their doors above their own height. A pyramid was coming in; it was one of those pyramids which oblige us to correspond by sending letters from one end of the table to the other: But this is so far from being an inconvenience here, that, on the contrary, it is a pleasure not to see the persons who are eclipsed by it. This pyramid, with twenty or thirty large pieces of china on it, was overturned at the entrance; and the noise of the overthrow was so great, that it put to silence the violins and the hautboys. After dinner, Messieurs de Lomaria and Coetlogon danced, with two ladies of Bretagne, most miraculous passpies and minuets, with such an air as is unknown at the court: They performed the step of the Bohemians and the Bretons with such a delicacy and justness as charmed the beholders. I thought of you, and had so lively a remembrance of your dancing, and of the pleasure I had felt in seeing you dance, that this pleasure became a kind of grief to me. They talked much of you. I am sure you would have been pleased to have seen

Lomaria dance. The violins and the passpies at court would be displeasing if compared to these; they were really very extraordinary: They made a thousand different steps, and all with the same just and easy cadence. I have not seen any man dance this dance like him. After this little ball, we had a crowd of those who were come to hold the states the next day. There was Monsieur the first president, and Messieurs the procurator, and the advocates-general of the parliament, eight bishops, M. de Molac, la Coste, and Coetlogon the father, M. Boucherat, who comes from Paris, and fifty from La Basse Bretagne, all over dawbed with embroidery, besides an hundred communities. In the evening were expected Madame de Rohan on the one side, and her son and M. Lavardin on the other. I did not see these last, because I designed to return hither at night, after having been at the Tour de Seigné, and seen M. d'Haroüy, and Messieurs Foucher and Chesière, who arrived here. M. d'Haroüy will write to you; he is extremely obliged by your handsome manner of treating him. He has received two letters from you at Nantes, for which I am more obliged to you than he is. His house will be the *Louvre* of the states: There is play and entertainments night and day; and a free and easy reception, which draws all the world thither. I had never seen the states before; it is really a fine sight; I do not think any province, when assembled, has a more grand air than this.

I shall soon pay a visit to Madame de Rohan. I should have a great deal of company here, if I did not retire to Vitré. The province were much pleased to see me at the states, which I had never been present at before. I did not see the assembly opened, it was too early; and they did not sit long.

There is nothing more to be done, than to demand what is the king's pleasure: There is not the least debate; it is immediately concluded on. As for the governor, he finds, I do not know how, more than forty thousand crowns coming to him, besides an infinite number of presents and perquisites, pensions, reparations of roads, and of towns, fifteen or twenty tables kept, perpetual plays and balls, comedies thrice a week, a great magnificence of dress, as well in men as women. This may give you an idea of the states. I omit four or five hundred hogheads of wine that are drank; but if I should not mention this little article, it would not be forgotten, it is a thing of the last importance. These, my dear, are such tedious relations as will make you sleep standing; but they are always at the tip of one's pen, when one is in Bretagne, and has nothing better to say. I have a thousand compliments to make you from M. and Madame du Chaulnes. I am entirely devoted to you; and I expect the Friday when I am to receive your letters with an impatience worthy of the amity I have for you. Our Abbé embraces you, and I, my dear Grignan, and all that is dear to you.

Letter 18. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, Sunday, Aug. 2, 1671.

YOU have then with you, my dear, at present, all the fair of Beaucaire. Are you not yet got into the good management of getting rid of those large equipages? Our ancestors shewed their wit to very great advantage in maintaining such an idle train; the mode was doubtless highly convenient, but at present the world begin to lay it aside. I think it even worse than their low doors, or their

large chimnies. You must come into the manner that is used in the army, and have a Jacquier* to take care of the provisions.

My letter will find you like Dulcinea in the hurry of all this company; keep it with you (the letter I mean, not the good company), and read it more at leisure. I wish, my dear, you could penetrate and look into my heart; you would see that you are beloved there a hundred times more than in your government. If this can give you any joy, you have reason to be contented: But, alas! this alone is not sufficient to make life happy; there are certain substantial parts of happiness less refined, which we cannot dispense with.

What say you to the news of this week? we usually think nothing more healthful than heats and pimples, but at this time I think we have too much of them. The death of the bishop of Mans has quite astonished me: I thought of it as little as he himself did; and in the manner I saw him live, it never entered into my imagination that he could die. Yet we see him dead of a little fever in three hours, without having the time to think either of this world or of the next. This little time was wholly taken up with the surprise he must have been under; and we may say he died suddenly of a tertian. Providence sometimes gives forth certain strokes of authority, the justice of which we cannot but admire; but we ought to profit by them. And that poor Lennet too, who is dead; I am very sorry for it. I should have been glad to have had no other news than that of Madame de L——. This was an exquisite piece of justice. Her behaviour was scandalously infamous; it is long since I have blotted her

* A famous commissary of the stores in the army.

out of the number of mothers ; all the young people at court were pleased with her disgrace ; she is not to see her daughter ; her servants are all removed from her ; and she is separated from all her lovers.

You have at present the Grand Chevalier with you ; embrace him for me. But as for the Coadjutor, I beg of him not to write to me ; let him reserve his right hand to brandish the dice-box. It is not but that I like his letters, but I had rather have his friendship ; and in the humour he is in, it is not possible he should write to any one, but at the expence of it ; and a letter is too dearly purchased at the price of a kind sentiment from him : We readily conclude, that if he should write twice in a week to any of his friends, he would hate them mortally. Adieu, my dear.

Letter 19. *The same to the same.*

Rochers, Aug. 7, 1671.

YOU are not sincere in commending me so much, and despising yourself in the manner you do. It would be unbecoming in me to write your panegyric to yourself, and you will not suffer me to say any thing to my own disadvantage ; I will not do either the one or the other : But, my dear, whatever reason you may have to complain of me, you cannot complain that you have not in yourself the seeds of every good quality, and the principles of every virtue. You ought to thank Heaven for all it has bestowed on you ; as for me, I have not a sufficient stock of merit to have been very liberal to you. However it be, your reflections are employed in the justest manner imaginable. What you say on the subject of those inquietudes we entertain so frequently and so naturally concerning

futurity, and of the insensible change of our inclinations, by which they are by degrees accommodated, and as it were reconciled to necessity, might furnish out a volume like that of Pascal. Nothing is so solid, nothing so useful, as this kind of meditations : But, alas ! where are the persons of your age who think of making them ? For my part, I know of none : But you have in you a fund of reason and a force of thought, which I esteem and admire. I cannot boast of possessing those qualities in the same degree : When my heart has the malice to give me pain, I have very good words at command ; I range them in good order, in imitation of those who can talk finely ; but the tenderness of my sentiments overcomes me. For example, I was not deceived in the settled grief I apprehended in a separation from you ; I represented it to myself in the same manner I have since felt it. I concluded, that nothing could supply your place, that your remembrance would always touch me sensibly at the heart, that I should feel an excess of melancholy from your absence, that I should always be in pain about your health, and that my thoughts would be employed on you night and day. I feel all this just in the very same manner I had foreseen it ; it gives me some reflections which I cannot dwell upon without pain, and which my thoughts seem to slide over, as you so well express it. I do not find the proverb holds true in me, that *we never fail of having a garment suitable to the cold* ; I have no garment sufficient for the cold I endure : However, I amuse myself, and in some manner or other the time passes away ; but however I may be an exception to it, the general rule is always true, and will always be so. We are often under an apprehension of future evils, which lose

that name by the change of our opinions and inclinations. I pray that heaven may keep you in your right senses: You talk of loving me for yourself and for your child. My good dear, do not undertake too much. Though you should attain to the extreme of loving me as much as I love you, which is a thing neither possible, nor according to the order of Providence, yet the love of your little daughter would still be an overplus of affection; and the tenderness I have for you, is too full to admit of any addition.

I dined on Wednesday with M. de Chaulnes, who keeps an assembly of the states twice a-day, to prevent their visiting me. I am ashamed to tell you the honours that are paid me at these assemblies; it is something too ridiculous; however, I have not yet staid a night there; I cannot leave my woods and my walks, notwithstanding all their importunities. I have been here four days; the weather is so fine, that I cannot bear the thoughts of shutting myself up in that little town.

But, my dear, what midwife will you have, if you lie-in at Grignan? What assistance can be had in so remote a place? Have you forgot the danger you was in the last time? Have you forgot what happened to you the first time of your lying-in, and the pressing occasion you had for a person of more than ordinary skill? You are sometimes in pain how you shall be able to express all the tenderness you have for me: You have now an opportunity of giving me such a proof of it as I demand; this is what will more than content me, if you will, for my sake, take a great deal of care of yourself. Alas! my dear, it will be always easy for you to acquit yourself to me. Not all the treasures in the world can give me a joy and satisfac-

tion equal to that of your anxiety: And if you turn the medal, nothing is so terrible to me as the reverse.

When the Coadjutor is free from his gout, I beg him to give an answer to M. d'Agen about that nun who causes such a disorder in his diocese: I will place this letter to my own account, and give him credit for three months.

But what is it you tell me of your pain in your hip? I hope your little boy is not turned into a daughter. However, be not concerned about it: I will lend you my assistance in exposing her upon the banks of the Rhone, in a little basket of rushes, in which she shall arrive at some kingdom where her beauty shall become the subject of a romance: I do not think Don Quixote himself could have disposed of her better.

We have read through Tasso with a pleasure too soon ended, and are at a loss what author to engage in next: But we must stay till the states are over, before we can undertake any thing. Do not you begin to feel the weight of the precious burden you bear about you? I am quite oppressed with it. Are not you still in hopes of having the same degree of esteem from your assembly? What foot are you upon with the bishop of Marseille? Methinks I am perfectly an inhabitant of Provence; it is become my own country: Alas! my dear, that my life should be destined to be passed at so great a distance from you!

To Monsieur de Grignan.

THERE was none but you that could have prevailed upon me to bestow my daughter on a gentleman of Provence; this is really true, and I take Caderousse to witness of it, and For if I had found so much facility, and

and such a disposition in the heart of my daughter for this latter as I found for you; and if I had not been the mistress of all the incidents relating to it, purely out of a fear of concluding any thing, it had certainly been a match. You have therefore no reason to doubt of my friendship, or of the particular esteem and regard I have for you: A moment's reflection will convince you of the truth of what I say. I am not at all surprised that my daughter makes you no compliments from me; she was guilty of the same omission last year in suppressing those you made to me. I beg you to believe, without her telling you so, that I never forget you. I fancy I see her chiding you for making this a pretext to excuse your neglect of writing to me. I leave this to be debated between you. And I assure you, that notwithstanding you are the happiest man in the world in being beloved, you never were or can be so with more sincerity by any one than by me. I wish for you every day in my mall; but you are very vain; I see you resolve to have the first visit. It is very happy for you that I am not an old peevish mamma; I assure you that I will employ the remainder of my health in taking this journey. Adieu, my dear Count, and continue to love me. Let me have the pleasure of your company, and you shall have that of my woods.

Letter 20. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, Aug. 23, 1671.

AT length, my dear, I find myself in a full assembly of the states, instead of the expected solitude of Rochers. On Sunday last, as soon as I had sealed my letters, I saw four coaches and six entering my court, with fifty

horse-guards, and a great number of led horses and pages well mounted: There were M. de Chaulnes, M. de Rohan, M. de Lavardin, Messieurs de Coetlogon, de Lomaria, the bishops of Rennes and St. Malo, Messieurs Dargouges, and eight or ten more whom I did not know; I omit M. d'Haroüy, as scarce worth the naming amongst so many. I receive all this good company, many compliments are exchanged on both sides; at last, after a walk, which gave great satisfaction, there came out from one end of the mall a collation, served up in the most gallant manner; the burgundy seemed supplied by the winding rivulet; every one was firmly persuaded that all this was done by the power of an enchanted wand. M. de Chaulnes made me a pressing invitation to Vitré; I went thither on Monday evening. Madame de Chaulnes entertained me with a supper and with the comedy of *Tartuffe*, not ill played. There was besides a ball, at which the pappied and the minuet almost drew tears from me: This brought your charming idea to my imagination in so lively a manner, that I could not resist it; I was obliged to recal my thoughts from so engaging an object. I wish you had seen the air M. Lomaria danced with, and his graceful manner of taking off and putting on his hat; with what ease and lightness, with how just a cadence! He may bid defiance to all the courtiers! I dare engage he would outshine them all. He has a revenue of sixty thousand livres, and is newly come out of the academy; he resembles every thing that is agreeable, and would doubtless have the ambition to make love to you. Besides all this, you are not to imagine we neglect drinking your health; this is no great obligation, but such as it is, you are indebted to us for it every day. I never saw
such

such feasting. M. de Coesquen is here, accompanied by his fever. Chesieres is better; the states have been deputed to make him a compliment. We are at least as polite as the well-bred Lavardin; he is adored here; he has a solid merit, not unlike Vin de Grave. My Abbé is employed in building, and cannot be constantly at Vitré; he comes and dines with us. As for me, I shall be here till Monday; after that, I intend to pass a week in my obscure solitude, and then to return and bid them all adieu; for the end of the month will bring all this to a conclusion. Our present is already made; three millions were demanded; we offered two millions and five hundred thousand livres without disputing it, and this was agreed to. Besides this, Monsieur the governor will have fifty thousand crowns, M. de Lavardin twenty-four thousand francs, and the rest of the officers in proportion; this is settled for two years. We may well believe there passes as much wine through the bodies of our Bretons as water under the bridges; since all this vast quantity of money is to be levied upon the duties arising from it. I think you are sufficiently instructed in the affairs of your good country.

Pomenard is excellent; there is no man whom I could more wish to have two heads, his own can never hold out.

Tell M. Grignan that I embrace him with my whole heart, together with yourself, my dear child.

Letter 21. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Vitré, Aug. 26, 1671.

I AM desired to make you a thousand compliments, full of tenderness and esteem: After so happy a beginning, you have reason to expect an agreeable letter; but I doubt whether

that be possible; for you must know, my dear, that I have not the least news to tell you. If I entertained you with my own thoughts, I should speak to you of yourself; but you are too near to the object to see it in an agreeable light.

I came hither on Sunday, pretty late in the evening. M. de Chaulnes, as a piece of pleasantry, sent his guards for me, with a peremptory message, that I was necessary for the service of the king; and that Madame de Chaulnes expected me at supper. I came thither, and was received in perfection: I found there was a fresh supply of company; so much the worse. On Monday M. d'Haroüy gave a dinner to M. and Madame Chaulnes, and to all the magistrates and commissaries: I was there, and the Abbé came thither; the pretext was, to consider of the reparations which I demanded to be made at the Tour de Seigné; they did not give themselves the trouble of looking into it. I never in my life saw a finer entertainment: But see the misfortune of it; as we were taking coach to go thither, M. de Chaulnes was seized with a weakness and a shivering; in a word, with a fever. Madame de Chaulnes shut herself up with him, in the greatest affliction imaginable; and Mademoiselle Murinet and I went in their place. M. d'Haroüy was quite mortified; every thing was melancholy; nothing was thought on but unhappiness. In the evening the fever left him, but I believe he has it at present, and that it is a tertian. Consider how distempers come, and take care to preserve your health. If you were not in the condition you are in, I should persuade you to use exercise, but at present I do not advise it; I believe most distempers proceed from too much sitting still.

Pomenard makes you a thousand compliments. He tells us of a lady at Rennes, who
having

having heard of a fashionable entertainment called *media nocte*, said the other day, at four in the afternoon, that she was just come from passing her *media nocte* with Madame la *Pre-miere Presidente*. This is excellent, my dear, and like a ridiculous creature, who affects to be in the mode.

I must tell you of a ball we had yesterday; except the great balls we have seen, nothing could be more entertaining; we had there a great many shining beauties of Basse Bretagne. Do you know Mademoiselle de Lanion? She is a beautiful damsel, who dances well: She has a lover, to whom she is to be married; he stood behind her; but Madame de Rohan, who thinks her a beauty of the last season, came up to whisper her, and behaved in such a manner, that she withdrew her lover from her: The damsel did not regard it; her mother winked on her, but could not make her attend to it; at length she fell into a furious resentment, which much diverted us. My little Lomaria had a charming air; I do not know whether he was not drunk: This is very familiarly said here, without giving the least scandal. Adieu, my dearest child.

Letter 22. *The same to the same.*

Vitré, Tuesday, Sept. 1, 1671.

YOUR memory, my dear, is not to be effaced by any distractions of thought; it is that which causes them. It is in vain for our states to dance, and drink, and roar; every thing gives place to your idea. Here is much opposition made, but twenty-four hours will appease it. I hope every thing will be concluded within three days; I wish it much. I do not dare to go any more to Rochers; they have found the way thither; on Sunday there were five coaches and six there.

I die with impatience to return to my soli-

tude; but it is too much resorted to; that of Combour is less agreeable. You must not imagine that our seats in Bretagne are like Grignan; they are very far from it. The little Lomaria has exactly the air of Termes, his dance, his bow, his manner of taking off and putting on his hat, his shape, his way of carrying his head; see, if he is not a very pretty fellow. The Comte des Chapelles is transported at what you wrote of him to me; we talk of you without intermission, he and Pomenard. Pomenard assures you, that his confidence is increased, and that he concludes he never can be hanged, since he has escaped it. The Abbé comes sometimes to dine here with la Mouffe, who is not in the least embarrassed with all this company and ceremony. I have so well recommended him every-where, with Madame de Chaulnes, and M. Boucherat, with the bishop of Leon, and the Abbé de Montigny, that he is received by them as he is by me. He argues about atoms with that bishop, who is a zealous Cartesian, and would burn for that philosophy; but he maintains with the same vehemence, that brutes can think. I think I have reason to be proud of la Mouffe; he is grown very learned; he is advanced as far as one can go in that philosophy; and Monsieur the Prince has acquiesced in his opinion. Their disputes have diverted me much.

But what say you of M. de Lausun? Do you remember the noise that was made about him not a year ago? Who could have told us, that within a year he should be made a prisoner? Could we have believed it? *Vanity of vanities! all is vanity.*

They say the new Mademoiselle is quite astonished at her grandeur. Her person has doubtless been described to you. When her physician was presented to her, she said she had

had no occasion for him; that she was never let blood, nor purged; but whenever she was out of order, she walked two or three leagues, and that cured her. *Lasciamo la andar, che farà bon viaggio**. Adieu, my dear; my pen has tired my patience: I conclude; I embrace you.

Letter 23. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, Sept. 20, 1671.

IT is not without reason that you have been so much concerned for the poor Chevalier de Beon; his disorder is very astonishing. He is a young gentleman that pleased me much at Paris; I can scarce believe what you say of him; what is most extraordinary is that extreme fear of death. The state of mind you describe him in, is a very proper subject for reflection. It is certain, that at that time we labour under no want of faith; it is that which causes our despair; and the time we so profusely lavish away, and which slides from us so imperceptibly, will fail us, and we should be willing to give any price for one or two of those days we lose now with so much insensibility. This is what sometimes entertains me in the mall, which you are so well acquainted with. The christian morality is excellent under all afflictions; but then I would have it thoroughly christian, otherwise it is empty and unprofitable: We sometimes seem to enter into it in a reasonable manner; but then a breath of wind, or a little sunshine, makes the reflections of a whole evening vanish away. We were discoursing the other day of the opinion of Origen compared with that of our church; you will find it difficult to make us

* Let us leave her to walk, and wish her a good journey.

believe in good earnest an eternity of punishment, without an express order from the king, or a declaration of scripture.

The bishop of Leon has been at the last extremity at Vitré, with a violent disorder in his brain; but he seems at present out of danger. I shall be here till the end of November, and then I shall go to embrace and to bring home our little one; and in the spring, if it pleases God to lend me life, I will visit Provence: The Abbé much desires it, that he may go with me to see you, and to bring you back. It will be a great while that you will have been in Provence. It is true, we should not be too much attached to any thing; and yet we every moment find in our hearts attachments, as well in little things as in matters of importance; but how can it be prevented, unless we should always have this moral in our hands, like hartshorn to prevent fainting fits? I confess to you, that my heart often makes me suffer; I find less reason to complain of my wit and my humour. I am fully contented with your amity. Do not think that I am over-difficult and delicate; my extreme tenderness may perhaps incline me to be so, but I never listen to its suggestions, and I chide it when it is unreasonable. Believe me to be sincere in this; and believe that, at the time when I most love you, and most persuade myself that I am beloved by you, the things which moved me, might have moved any person in the world. I say this to put it out of your thoughts, that there is any difficulty in living with me, or that it requires any painful observances. No, my dear, you need only do as you do; and as you have known so well how to do, when you pleased, your temper and capacity would render the contrary more uneasy to yourself. But, alas! what am I going into? You may at least

count

count upon it, that none of your tenderneſſes are loſt upon me; I ſee, I feel every thing; I have all the application which is inſeparable from the moſt perfect amity. Adieu. I embrace the inſignificants. You cannot give me a leſs idea of the place I poſſeſs in the heart of M. de Grignan, than by telling me it is the remainder of what is not poſſeſſed by you: I know too well what ſuch remainders are; one muſt be very eaſily contented, to be contented with that. Do you know that the king has received M. d'Andilli* as well as we ourſelves could have done? Let us live, and leave M. de Pomponne to eſtabliſh himſelf ſo happily in the king's favour.

Letter 24. *The ſame to the ſame.*

Rochers, Wednesday, Sept. 23, 1671.

I THINK, my dear, we are fallen into the moſt horrible weather that can be imagined; for theſe four days we have had an uninterrupted ſtorm; all our alleys are overflowed, there is no walking abroad; our very workmen are confined to their houſes. In a word, I hate this country, and I wiſh every moment for your fun; perhaps you are wiſhing for our rain; we may both of us have our reaſons.

We have with us at Vitré the Abbé of Montigni. The biſhop of Leon is going to-day, as I believe, to ſee a country much finer than this: At length, after having been toſſed to and fro five or ſix times between life and death, the obſtinate attacks of the fever have decided the controverſy in favour of death. His brain is ſo diſturbed, that he is little ſenſible of it; but his brother, the advocate general, is much concerned, and weeps often when he is with me; for I viſit him, and am his only conſolation. It is upon theſe

* See letter 12, of this ſection.

occasions one ought to exert one's-ſelf in performing the tender offices of friendſhip. I have no other amuſement, beſides reading in my chamber, for I cannot venture to peep abroad. My heart is at eaſe, becauſe I believe you are well; this makes me endure theſe continual tempeſts, for I can call them by no ſofter name. Were it not for the calm I find in my own breaſt, I ſhould not ſuffer ſo tamely the affront I have received from September: It is a manifeſt piece of treachery, at this time of the year, and when I have ſo many workmen employed; I could break out into an heroic rage, *quos ego** —. I am purſuing the Moral of Nicole, with which I am extremely delighted. I have not yet found in it any leſſon to fortify me againſt rain, but I hope to find one, for nothing is omitted: The reaſonableneſs of a conformity to the Divine will might ſuffice; but I would fain have a ſpecific remedy. In a word, I think this treatiſe admirable: Nobody has yet written in the ſame ſtrain with theſe gentlemen; for I place Nicole in the ſame claſs with Paſcal, whom I reckon to have a ſhare in every thing that is excellent. We love ſo much to ſpeak of ourſelves, and of our ſentiments, that we are charmed with it, even when we ſpeak to our own diſadvantage. I can even pardon the indelicate expreſſion *l'enflure de cœur*†, in favour of his excellent obſervations upon it; and I maintain, that there is no other word to expreſs this kind of vanity and pride, which is properly no more than wind. I leave you

* This lady, who perhaps was not unacquainted with the learned languages, alludes here to a paſſage in Virgil, in which Neptune rebukes the winds for having raiſed a ſtorm without his leave.

† The puffing up of the heart.

to find a nicer expression; I shall read through this piece with pleasure.

I am going through the history of France from the reign of king John; I would have this whole train of events in my head as clear at least as that of the Roman history, in which I have neither relations nor countrymen; here at least I meet with names that I am acquainted with. You see, that as long as we have books, we shall never want entertainment. You may easily judge, that while I continue in this studious humour, I shall not be disagreeable to la Mousse. We have for devotion, a collection of letters of Monsieur de S. Ciran, which M. d'Andilli will send you, and which you will find to be admirable. This, my dear, is all you can expect to be informed of by me, who am become a true hermit.

They write me word, that Madame de Verneuil is very ill. The king talked half an hour with the good old gentleman d'Andilli, with all the pleasantry, kindness, and good-humour imaginable. He was very well pleased to draw from him an approbation of his wit and good sense, and to raise his just admiration. He expressed a great deal of pleasure in having made choice of M. de Pomponne; he said he expected him with impatience, that he would take care of his affairs, and that he knew he was not rich. He told the old man, that it was a vanity in him to take notice, in his preface to Joseph, that he was arrived to the age of fourscore, nay, that it was a sin. In a word, he laughed, and was witty. The king told him farther, that he must not expect to be left in quiet in his hermitage, that he should send for him, that he should desire to see him, as a man illustrious on all accounts. As the good man assured him of his fidelity, he said he did not in the least doubt it, and that they who served God as

they ought, would serve their king in the same manner. In short, he was gracious to a miracle; he took care to send him a dinner, to have him carried abroad in a chaise, and talked a whole day in admiration of him. As for the good man, he is transported, and says every moment, feeling that he has need of it, that he must humble himself. You may imagine the joy this gives me, and the part that I take in it. I wish my letters could give you as much pleasure as yours give me. My dear child, I embrace you a thousand times.

Letter 25. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, Wednesday, Oct. 12, 1671.

I TOOK yesterday a little dose of the Moral of Nicole, and found myself very well after it; but I fancy a little piece of criticism upon the Berenice of Racine, which seems full of wit and pleasantry, will agree better with me. We are obliged to the author of the Sylphes, the Gnomes, and the Salamanders, for this little entertaining piece. There are five or six expressions which are unsufferable, and which even shew the writer to be a stranger to the polite world. This gives one a pain in reading it; but as they are expressions only used *en passant*, we should not be offended at them, but consider the whole, and the turn he gives to this critical piece; I assure you it is extremely pleasant. You know I was always a little vain upon my reading; it is therefore the interest of those whom I converse with, that I should make a good choice of my authors. What I am most inclined to speak of at present, is that part of the treatise of Nicole which treats of the manner of maintaining peace among men; I am charmed with it; I have never seen any thing so full of useful knowledge, of excellent sense and judgment.

If

If you have not read it before, let me engage you to read it; if you have, to read it over again with new attention. I believe the whole world may find themselves concerned in it; I almost fancy it was written purely on my account; I hope to profit by it; at least I will do my endeavour. You know I cannot suffer that old people should say, they are too old to improve: I could more easily pardon a young person for speaking in this manner. Youth is so amiable, that it would deserve to be adored, if the mind and the understanding were at that age as perfect as the body: But when we are no longer young, it is then we ought to polish and accomplish ourselves, and to endeavour to regain in good qualities what we lose in such as are agreeable. I have long since made this reflection; and for this reason I am continually at work upon my wit and my understanding, my heart and my sentiments.

I suppose you are at Lambesc, but methinks I do not see you here so clearly as I used to do; there is as it were a darkness spread over my imagination, which conceals you from my view. I had formed in my imagination a plan of your Chateau de Grignan; I could in a manner see into your apartment, I walked on your terras, I went to mass in your chapel; but now I scarce know whereabouts I am. I expect with impatience a description of this new place, and a character of the bishop. There was in your last paquet a letter which gave me hopes of it. Though you have been two posts without writing to me, I hope a little to have a letter from you on Friday; but if I should not, you have taken care to prevent my being much disappointed. There are precautions, such as this, for instance, that shew so much goodness, tenderness, and amity, that one is charmed with them. My

dear, I will not write you any thing more at this time, having nothing to acquaint you with.

The Comte de Guiche is the only person at court of his air and manner, a perfect hero of a romance, who does not at all resemble the common race of men. This is the account I have of him.

Letter 26. *The same to the same.*

Paris, Friday Evening, Jan. 15, 1672.

I HAVE written to you this morning, my dear, by the courier, who brings you the most agreeable, the most delightful news in the world concerning your affairs in Provence: But I am willing to write this evening, that it may not be said that a post ever arrived without bringing you my letters. In good earnest, my dear, I persuade myself that you love them; you tell me so; why should you desire to deceive me by deceiving yourself at the same time? But if by any misfortune it should not prove so, you would be to be lamented, in being thus oppressed with the number of my letters: Yours make the happiness of my life. I have not given you any answer concerning the expression *une belle ame**; it is Langlade who uses it in a way of ridicule; but it is extremely proper when applied to you. Your soul is not perhaps of the first order of beauties, like that of the Roman who returned to Carthage, where he expected to suffer more than martyrdom, that he might keep his word; but you may safely boast, my dear, that yours is a beauty of the second rank: I think it so perfect, and advanced to so high a reputation, that I can only admire it, and remind you always to support your reason by your courage, and your courage by your reason.

* A beautiful soul.

I have

I have seen the new tragedy of Racine: It appears to me extremely fine. My daughter-in-law * is, in my opinion, the most transcendently excellent actress I have ever seen; she surpasses la Desœillets by a hundred thousand degrees. As for me, who am allowed to be tolerably well qualified for the stage, I am not worthy to snuff the candles when she appears on it. She is not beautiful when viewed too near; and I do not wonder she was disagreeable to my son: But when she recites verses, she is extremely to be admired. Bajazet is really very fine; I think it is a little embarrassed at the conclusion; but the passion is extremely tender, and less unreasonable than that of Berenice †. However, in my humble opinion, it does not exceed Andromaque ‡; and as for the noble tragedies of Corneille, they are as much superior to it, as your idea was beyond —. Apply this to yourself, and remember that ridiculous mistake; and believe firmly, that nothing can ever equal the divine passages of Corneille. He read to us the other day a tragedy at M. de Rochefoucault's, which puts us in mind of the late queen. I wish you had been with me that afternoon; you would not have passed the time disagreeably; you might perhaps have dropped a little tear, because I wept a hundred; you would have admired your sister-in-law; you would have seen the angels § sitting next to you, and la Bourdeau dressed up like a little puppet. Monsieur the Duke was behind the theatre; Pomenard was in the upper gallery, muffled up in his cloak for fear of the Comte de Creancé, who resolves

* La Chammelay, mistress to M. de Sevigny.

† Another tragedy of Racine.

‡ Another tragedy of Racine.

§ A set of ladies distinguished by that name.

to have him hanged, whatever defence he can make. All the pretty fellows were upon the stage; the Marquis de Villeroy had a habit made for a ball; the Comte de Guiche was in a dress agreeable to his romantic humour; all the rest appeared like banditti in comparison of him. I have seen this Comte twice at M. de la Rochefoucault's; he seemed to me to have a great deal of wit; and his deportment was less supernatural than his character gave me reason to expect.

Our Abbé, with whom I am at present, desires me to let you know, that he has received the plan of your new building at Grignan, and that he is very well pleased with it. He walks about all the apartments before they are built; this is a pleasure I must be contented to wait for, till I see them finished. He desires you to send him the profile of them.

I have a thousand compliments to make you from all those who heard the agreeable expressions the king was pleased to use in speaking of M. de Grignan.

Adieu, my dear; what shall I say to you of my amity, and of the interest I take in you? M. d'Harouy is just arrived here. I have delivered all your answers. I embrace the admirable Grignan, the prudent Coadjutor, and the presumptuous Ademar: Is not this the order in which I named them to you the other day?

Letter 27. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

From St. Mary's in the Faubourg, on Friday the twenty-ninth day of January, the Festival of St. François de Sales, and the day of your marriage. This is my principal dotage, that I make anniversaries of every thing.

I AM in a place, my dear, where I wept for your departure most abundantly and most bitterly;

bitterly ; the thought of it even now puts me in a disorder. I have been an hour walking all alone in the garden ; all the sisters of the convent are at vespers, much embarrassed with a piece of ill music, which I had no inclination to hear. My dear, I can bear it no longer ; the remembrance of you makes me suffer a thousand deaths. I have almost found myself expiring in this garden, where I have seen you a thousand times ; I am unwilling to tell you the condition I am in ; you have a severe virtue, which cannot enter into the weaknesses of humanity. There are days, hours, and moments, in which I am not mistress of myself ; I am weak, and I do not pretend to be otherwise. My weakness is in such a degree, that I am quite overcome with it ; and, to increase it, a messenger whom I had sent to the Chevalier de Grignan, brings me word that he is extremely ill. This lamentable piece of news has not contributed to dry my eyes ; I cannot express to you how much I suffer from the fear of such a loss. That malicious viper M. de Mirepoix has been restored even from death ; and this lovely youth, well-born, finely shaped, of a winning disposition, and a generous mind, whose death can be of no advantage to any one, is like to perish amidst all our tender cares for him. You will receive letters by this post, written later, which will give you a more exact account of his illness ; I content myself at present with deploring it.

Madame de Fresnoy supped with me last night ; she appeared a nymph, a divinity ; but Madame de Maintenon, Madame de la Fayette, and I, were for comparing her to Madame de Grignan. We thought her a hundred degrees beneath you, not for her air and complexion, but her eyes have a peculiar oddness ; her nose is not comparable to yours,

and her mouth is not delicate ; yours is perfect, and so elegant in its beauty, that every word it pronounces seems to give it a peculiar grace. As for your wit, these ladies have seen nothing superior to it ; your conduct, your prudence, your judgment, every thing was celebrated ; I have never seen any one commended in a handsomer manner. I had not the power to constrain myself to say one modest thing for you, nor to speak against my conscience.

They say the Chancellor is dead : I do not know whether the seals will be disposed of before this post goes out.

Adieu, my dear ; this letter will be short ; I cannot write any thing in the condition I am in, and you have no need to be acquainted with my grief : But if sometimes you receive letters of an infinite length, you can only blame yourself, and your flatteries on the pleasure they give you ; after this, you can have no pretence to complain of them.

Letter 28. *The same to the same.*

Paris, February 5, 1672.

IT is to-day a thousand years since I was born ; so tedious is life. Our good friend the Coadjutor is retired to a solitude ; the thought of his leaving you has made me melancholy. I send you four reams of paper, you know upon what condition ; I hope to receive the greatest part of it again in letters before Easter ; after that I shall aspire to other pleasures.

I forgot to tell you in my last, that I met Canaples at Notre-Dame ; he told me, after a thousand amities for M. de Grignan, that the Marshal de Villeroy had told him that M. de Grignan's letters were admired at the council, that they were read with pleasure, and that the king said he had never seen any better written. I promised him to let you know it.

Madame

Madame the Princess of Conti died seven or eight hours after I had sealed up my packet by the last post, without any sense of her death. The desolation in her chamber at this last moment was inexpressible. Monsieur the Duke, Messieurs the Princes of Conti, Madame de Longueville, Madame de Gamache, wept heartily. La Guenegault chose to express her sorrow by fainting away; and la Brissac by making loud screams, and pretending to throw herself over the balconies. These two ladies did not succeed in convincing the spectators of the excess of their grief; which is an instance to shew, that they who prove too much prove nothing, as I do not know what logician has observed. In a word, the grief is universal. The king appears touched with it, and has made her panegyric---that she was more considerable by her virtue than by her greatness. She leaves the education of her children to Madame de Longueville; so the devil is deceived, if he expects to have these two little princes; they are trusted to a good hand. Monsieur the Prince is their governor. There are 20,000 crowns left to the poor, and as much among her domestics. She has left orders that she will be buried in her own parish, without any pomp, as a private woman. I do not know whether it will please you to hear all these particulars, but this is the account I have to give of it.

You will have me write long letters; see the hazard you run in desiring it. I saw this princess yesterday lying on her bed: She was disfigured by what they had made her suffer; her mouth was quite defaced, they had broke two of her teeth, and her head had been burned. If one does not die of an apoplexy, one is much to be lamented, in the condition the poor patients are put into. There might

fine reflections be made on such a kind of death, cruel for any other, but happy for her, who was not sensible of it, and who was always prepared for it.

M. de la Rochefoucault desires me to tell you, that he has seen a little white mouse that is as beautiful as you; it is the prettiest little creature in the world; it is kept in a cage.

Here is Madame de Coulanges, who orders me to make you twenty protestations of her amity; but I am not paid by her as a secretary.

Letter 29. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Paris, February 12, 1672.

I CANNOT but be in pain for you, my dear, when I consider the grief you will endure for the death of the poor Chevalier. You have seen him very lately; that is enough to make you love him much, and know yet better all the good qualities Heaven had bestowed on him. It is true, no man was ever better born, or had sentiments more to be approved or desired, with a very graceful countenance, and an extreme tenderness for you. These noble qualities must have rendered him infinitely amiable to you, and to all the world. I easily comprehend your grief, the more I feel it in myself.

However, I undertake to amuse you a little while, my dear, with an account of what passes in the world. The Marquis de Ville-roy is set out for Lyons, as I have already informed you. The king ordered him to be told by the Marshal de Crequi, that he should remove from the court. It is thought to be on account of some discourse he had with Madame the Comtess de Soissons. In a word,

word, *On parle d'eaux, de Tibre, et l'on se tait du reste* *.

The king inquired of Monsieur, who was returned from Paris; Well, brother, what is the news at Paris? Monsieur replied, They talk much of that poor Marquis. And what do they say of him? They say, he had the imprudence to speak for another unfortunate person. For what unfortunate person? said the king. Monsieur replied, For the Chevalier de Lorraine. But, said the king, do you think still of the Chevalier de Lorraine? Are you concerned for him? Should you be obliged to any one, who would restore him to you? Yes, said Monsieur, it would be the most sensible pleasure I can ever receive in my life. Very well, said the king: I intend to make you a present of him; it is two days since the courier went for him; he will return; I give him to you; I am willing to lay you under this obligation, and hope you will love him for my sake. I do more; I make him a maitre de camp in my army. Upon this, Monsieur threw himself at the king's feet, embraced his knees a considerable time, and kissed his hand with a joy not to be equalled. The king, raising him up, said, It is not thus that brothers should embrace one another; and returned the embrace with a fraternal tenderness. These particulars come from a very good hand; nothing can be more true. You may make your own reflections upon it, draw what consequences you think proper, and redouble your noble passion for the service of the king your master.

It is said that Madame will go this journey, and that several ladies will accompany her.

* A verse of Corneille in Cinna. Some circumstances little material are told, but the rest is concealed.

They are much divided in their sentiments upon it at the court of Monsieur. Some faces there are lengthened by it half a foot, others are shortened as much; they say that of the Chevalier de Beuvron is of an infinite extent. M. de Noailles is to return, and serve as a lieutenant-general in the army of Monsieur, with M. de Schomberg. The king said to the Marshal de Villeroy, It is fit your son should do this penance; but punishments in this world are not infinite. You may assure yourself that this is true. Particular accounts, when false, are my aversion; but I like them when they are true: If you are not in my taste, you will suffer for it, for I have given you enough of them.

Le Maran was the other day the only person in a deep mourning dress at Madame de Longueville's; this affectation made her sufficiently ridiculous. Langlade desires me to acquaint you, that with a view of pleasing you, he exposed her dexterously for all the impertinencies she said of you, and he wished you had been behind the curtain; I could wish it with all my heart. Madame de Brissac appeared inconsolable in Madame de Longueville's apartment; but, unfortunately for her, the Comte de Guiche begun to rally with her, and she was out in playing her part, as much as in the despair she acted upon the death of the princess; for when she should have utterly lost her senses, she forgot herself, and knew perfectly well every one who came into the room.

Adieu, my dear: Do not you think it an immense space of time since we have been separated? I am so sensibly touched with grief at the thought of it, that it would be insupportable to me, if I was not pleased with loving you as I do, how painful soever the consequences may be. Adieu, therefore, I am

entirely yours ; this is a compliment of which I cannot bate you the least tittle.

Letter 30. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Paris, November 29, 1673.

I MUST begin, my dear, by telling you of the death of the Comte de Guiche : This is the chief subject of discourse here at present. This poor youth died of sickness and fatigue in the army of M. de Turenne ; the news of it came on Tuesday morning. Father Bourdaloue went to acquaint the Marshal de Gramont with it, who feared it at the first sight of him, knowing the declining state of his son. He made every one go out of his chamber (he was then in a little apartment he has near the convent of the Capuchins) : As soon as he found himself alone with the father, he threw himself upon his neck, telling him he divined too well what he had to say to him ; that it was to him his death-stroke, and that he received it from the hand of God ; that he lost the true, the only object of all his tenderness, and all his natural inclination ; that he had never had any sensible joy, or any violent grief, but for the sake of this son, who had in him something extraordinary. He threw himself on a bed, as no longer able to support his grief, but without weeping, for tears are not permitted to heroes. The father wept, who all this while had not said a word. He began to comfort him with some religious discourse, in which he employed his well-known zeal and eloquence. They were six hours shut up together ; after which the father, to induce him to make a complete sacrifice, led him to the church of these good Capuchins, where a vigil was said for his son. He entered the church fainting and trembling, supported

more by the crowd surrounding him on every side, than by his feet ; his visage was so much disfigured with grief, that he could scarce be known. Monsieur the Duke saw him in this lamentable condition, and related it to us at Madame de la Fayette's not without tears. The poor marshal returned at last to his little apartment, where he remains, like a man under sentence of death. The king has written to him. Nobody is admitted to see him. Madame de Monaco is entirely inconsolable, and refuses to see company. La Louvigny is likewise incapable of receiving comfort, but it is only because she has not the least affliction. Do not you admire the luckiness of this creature ? She is in a moment become Dutchess of Gramont. The Chancellor's lady is transported with joy. The Comtess de Guiche behaves admirably well ; When they tell her all the kind things her husband said, and the civil excuses he made to her, when he was dying ; she says, He was a very amiable man ; I should have loved him passionately, if he had loved me in any degree ; I suffered his contempt with grief, and his death touches me with the tenderest pity ; I always hoped that he would change his sentiments with regard to me. This is certainly true ; there is not the least fiction in it. Madame de Verneuil feels a real concern on this occasion. I believe it will be sufficient, if you only desire me to make your compliments to her ; so you need only write to the Comtess de Guiche, and to la Monaco, and la Louvigny. As for d'Agueville, he has been desired to go to Frasé, thirty leagues from hence, to tell this news to Madame la Marechale de Gramont, and to carry her a letter written by this poor gentleman a little before he died. He has made an ample confession of all the faults of his past life ; he has repented, and asked

asked pardon in a public manner. He desired of Vardes to pardon him, and has sent to tell him a great many things which he may be the better for. In a word, he has ended the comedy very well, and has left a rich and a happy widow. The Chancellor's lady is so thoroughly sensible, as she says, of the little satisfaction this poor lady must have had in this marriage, that she thinks of nothing but repairing this misfortune; and if she could find some Ethiopian king, she would part with every thing to marry her grand-daughter to him. For our parts, we are at a loss for a proper match for her. You will perhaps name for her, as we have done, M. de Marillac, but neither he nor she have the least inclination to each other: The other two are too young. M. de Froix is reserved for Mademoiselle de Roquelaure. Think a little for us; for the affair is pressing. I have sent you, my dear, a tedious account of little particularities, but you tell me sometimes that you like such minute histories.

The fame of the taking of Orange sounds very agreeably here for M. de Grignan. The great number of gentlemen drawn thither by their attachment for him, the vast expence, and, above all, the success, for that is the principal point; all this does honour to M. de Grignan, and gives a sensible pleasure to all his friends, who are not a few here: This general approbation is very agreeable. The king said at supper, 'Orange is taken; Grignan had with him seven hundred gentlemen; they fired from within the walls, and the third day they surrendered. I am very well satisfied with Grignan.' This discourse has been related at large to me; la Garde can recite it with greater exactness.

As for your archbishop of Reims, I do not know what he means. La Garde would

have mentioned to him the expence you have been at: Good! says he, the expence! This is always the story; people love to be complaining. But, Sir, said la Garde, M. de Grignan could not avoid being at a vast expence, considering the great number of gentlemen who came together for his sake: You should say for the service of the king. That is true, Sir, said he, but there was no order for it; it was to oblige M. de Grignan by serving the king, which was the design of that assembly. In a word, my dear, this is nothing; you know that he is in other respects a good friend; but there are some days when the spleen prevails, and those days are unlucky.

I have news from our states at Bretagne. M. the Marquis de Coesquen has thought fit to attack M. de Haroüy; he was pleased to say, that he only was rich, while all Bretagne was oppressed with poverty; and that he knew persons, who might supply that post better than he. M. Boucherat, M. de Lavardin, and all Bretagne, were ready to stone him, and were struck with horror at his ingratitude; for he has a thousand obligations to M. de Haroüy. Upon this he has received a letter from Madame de Rohan, ordering him to go to Paris, because M. de Chaulnes had an order to forbid him to be present at the states; so he disappeared the evening before the governor arrived; and he remains in disgrace there for the infamous accusation he designed against M. d'Haroüy. This, my dear, is what your title of governess of la Bretagne obliges me to inform you of.

I am just come from visiting M. de Pom-pone; he was alone; I was two hours with him, and Mademoiselle l'Avocat, who is very pretty. M. de Pom-pone very well comprehended what it was we desired of him, in case

a courier should come, and will do it without question: But he says one thing that is true; which is, that your syndic will be chosen before the breaking-up of your council is heard of: He believes it is done already. To tell you all the agreeable and obliging things that were said in your favour, and all the engaging conversations I have had with that minister, not all the paper in my porte-feuille would suffice. I am perfectly satisfied with him, and I desire you to be so upon my word; he will be much pleased to see you, and counts upon your return.

We read with pleasure a great part of your letters; you have been admired as well for your style, as for the interest you take in these affairs. Say not a word more to undervalue your manner of writing: We think sometimes our letters must be confused, because we are embarrassed with a thousand different thoughts; but all this confusion passes in our own heads, and the letter comes out distinct and natural; it is thus all yours are.

Letter 31. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Paris, February 10, 1674.

IT is now a pretty many years since there came into the world a creature destined to love you, my dear, beyond every thing besides. I beg you not to suffer your imagination to turn either to the right-hand or to the left:

Cet bonnête homme là, Sire, c'étoit moi même.*

It was yesterday three years since I felt the most sensible grief of my whole life. You set out at that time for Provence, and you re-

* A line of Marot in an epistle to François I.
"This honest gentleman, Sir, was I myself."

main there still. My letter would be very long, if I should endeavour to express in it all the sorrow I then felt, and those I have felt since in consequence of it. But to leave this melancholy digression: I have received no letters from you to-day; I do not know whether I am to expect any; I fear I am not; it is too late: However, I have expected them with impatience; I was willing to see you set out for Aix, and to be able to compute with some exactness the time of your return. All the world importunes me about it, and I do not know what to answer them. I think of nothing but you, and the long journey you are to take. If I receive any letters from you after this is sent away, you may be very easy; I will certainly take care to do whatever you order me. I write to-day a little sooner than ordinary. M. Corbinelli and Mademoiselle de Mery are here, and have dined with me. I am going to a little opera of Moliere, which is to be sung at Pelisson's: It is an excellent piece of music. The prince, the duke, and the dutchess, will be there. I shall perhaps sup at Gourville's, with Madame de la Fayette, Monsieur the Duke, Madame de Thiange, and M. de Vivonne, of whom we are to take our leave, and who parts from hence to-morrow: If this engagement does not hold, I shall go to Madame de Chaulnes's, whither I am earnestly invited to come, as well by the mistress of the house, as by the Cardinal de Retz and de Bouillon, who made me promise them. The first of these cardinals has a sincere impatience to see you; he loves you tenderly. See what a letter he has sent me! I shall direct this letter to Lyons; it is the third I have sent thither; the two first were to be left with the chamarier*. I think, my dear,

* A dignity of the church of Lyon.

you

you must be got thither by this time, if you ever will.

It was apprehended that Mademoiselle de Blois had the small-pox, but it does not prove so. There is not a word said of the news from England; this makes us conclude there is no good news from thence. There has been only a ball or two at Paris during the whole carnival; there were masques at them, but not many. It is a very dull season. The assemblies at St. Germain are mortifications for the king, and only shew how little diversion the carnival affords.

Father Bourdaloue made a sermon on the Purification of our Lady, which transported the whole world. There was such a vehemence in his discourse, as made the courtiers tremble. No preacher ever enforced with such authority, and in so noble a manner, the great truths of the gospel. His design was to shew, that every power ought to be subject to the law, from the example of our Lord, who was presented at the temple. This was argued and insisted on with all the strength and clearness imaginable; and certain points were urged with a force and energy worthy of the great apostle St. Paul himself.

The archbishop of Reims †, as he returned yesterday from St. Germain, met with a notable adventure. He drove at his usual rate, like a whirlwind. If he thinks himself a great man, his servants think so much more. They were passing in a full trot over de Nanterre; they met a man on horseback, and in an insolent tone bid him clear the way. The poor man uses his utmost endeavours to get out of the danger, but his horse proves unmanageable. To make short of it, the coach-

and-six turn them both, the horse and the man, topsy-turvy, and drive over them; and so directly over them, that the coach was overturned, and almost broke in pieces. In an instant, the horse and the man, instead of amusing themselves with having their limbs broke, get one upon another and gallop over the plain, and are galloping still; while the servants, the archbishop's coachman, and the archbishop himself at the head of them, are crying out, "Stop, stop that villain; break his head, beat him to a mummy." The rage of the archbishop was so great, that afterwards in relating the adventure, he said, that if he could have caught the rascal, he would have broke his bones and cut off his ears.

Adieu, my dear; I cannot express the eagerness of my desires to see you. I leave you, and resign the pen to Corbinelli, who is just awakened, perhaps from some agreeable dream to entertain you with.

I have this moment received your letter; I am charmed with it. You need be under no apprehension, that the joy it gives me should grow cool; I am wholly possessed by the pleasing expectation of seeing you, of receiving you, of embracing you, with marks of endearment, and with a manner of loving, above the common sentiments, and even above those which are esteemed most refined.

Letter 32. *The same to the same.*

Paris, Friday, Feb. 20, 1674.

I CONFESS I have an extreme desire to hear from you; consider, my dear, that I have had no letters since that which was dated from la Palisse; I know nothing of the rest of your journey till you come to Lyon, nor of the roads in Provence. My desires prey on my soul; I feel an impatience that hinders my repose. I

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† Maurice le Tellier, son of the chancellor le Tellier, and brother to M. de Louvois.

am well assured I shall have letters; I doubt not but you have written to me; but I have only the torture of expecting, instead of the pleasure of receiving them: I can find no consolation or amusement but in writing to you.

You must know, my dear, that after I came home from Madame de Coulanges, where we make up our packets on post days, I went to bed. This is not very extraordinary; but what is very much so, was, that at three in the morning I heard a confused cry of thieves and fire. These cries were so near me, and so often repeated, that I made no doubt but they were in my own house. I thought I heard my little dear one named, and I concluded that without doubt she was consumed in the flames. I arose in this fright, and in the dark; and trembling, in such a manner that I could scarce support myself, I flew to her apartment, which is to be yours. I found every thing there in great tranquillity: But I saw the house of Guittaut all on fire. The flames were seen above the house of M. de Vauvineux. In the courts before our house, and every where near M. Guittaut's, there was a brightness that struck the mind with horror. There was a cry, a confusion, and a dreadful crash of falling beams. I ordered my gates to be opened, and sent my servants to assist. M. de Guittaut sent me a little casket with what he had of greatest value, which I placed in my cabinet; and went into the street to stare like others. I found there M. and Madame Guittaut half naked, Madame de Vauvineux, the Venetian ambassador and his domestics; the little daughter of Madame de Vauvineux was carried asleep to the ambassador's, and a great quantity of plate and furniture, which it was thought proper to remove. For my part, I was safe, as it were in an isle; but I much pitied my unhap-

py neighbours. Madame de Gueston and her brother shewed their prudence in advising; we were all in the utmost consternation: The fire was so fierce, that there was no possibility of approaching it, nor any hope of its being extinguished, till the house itself was consumed. The unfortunate Guittaut touched all the beholders with pity; he was desirous to save his mother, who was at the mercy of the flames in the third story; his wife, clasping him with all her force, restrained him from so desperate an attempt: He was divided between the grief of deserting his mother in that imminent danger, and the fear of injuring by the fright his wife, who had been five months breeding. At length recommending her to my care, he breaks from her embrace to save his parent, and meets her just in the moment she had passed through the flames, and happily escaped unhurt. He would fain have preserved some papers, but could not get near the place where they were laid; so he came back to us, where I had, with difficulty, prevailed with his wife to sit and wait his safe return. The Capuchins were very compassionate and industrious, and their labours were so successful, that they stopped the passage of the flames, and quenched the remainder of them. So that at length the combat ceased for want of combatants, that is to say, after several apartments were entirely consumed; and it was esteemed very fortunate, that any part of the house remained. The loss will be more than ten thousand crowns; for that apartment, which was curiously painted and gilded, is to be rebuilt in the same manner; and there were several fine pictures belonging to Le Blanc, who was the owner of the house, besides rich pieces of tapestry, and other valuable furniture. They express a great regret for the loss of some letters;

ters; I imagine they were letters from the prince. About five in the morning, we began to think it was time to take some care of Madame de Guittaut; I offered her my bed, but Madame Gueston made her accept a lodging with her, because she had an apartment that stood empty. We had her let blood, and sent for Boucher, who fears this great disturbance may make her miscarry. She still remains with Madame Gueston, where all the world visit her; I continue my care of her, having begun too well not to persevere till the last. You will ask me how this fire begun: We know nothing at all of it; there had been no fire made in the apartment where it broke out. If any one had been capable of being diverted with so sad a misfortune, this midnight assembly would, doubtless, have made an admirable night-piece. All the dress of Guittaut amounted to little more than a shirt; Madame de Guittaut discovered a pair of naked legs, and had lost one of her slippers; Madame de Vauvineux was in a petticoat, without a night-gown; all the neighbourhood, and even the valets, appeared in night-caps. The ambassador, indeed, wore a gown and a long wig, and preserved excellently well the gravity of *The most Serene* —; but his secretary was admirable. The statuaries tell us of the breast of Hercules, but his far exceeded it; it was very advantageously exposed to view, fair, white, and large, without the least covering of shirt, for the ribband that should have tied it was lost in the battle. This is the sad news our quarter affords. I recommend it every night to the watch to look carefully whether the fire be every-where extinguished; one cannot have too much precaution to avoid such a misfortune.

My dear child, I wish you all good things, and pray to God to protect you from all evil.

Letter 33. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, Wednesday, Oct. 2, 1675.

IT is two days, my dear, since I received your letter: This was the tenth day; I might have received it sooner. If the post had arrived at Paris on Tuesday, I should have received it on Friday instead of Monday. You see I am very curious and exact in my calculations, but I hope you will bear with them, and consider whence they proceed, and what they tend to. Your letter touched me sensibly: I fancy you are not unconcerned at this further remove; you speak of it with tenderness. As for me, I felt a grief from it, and still feel it every day. I thought the distance we were at before was great enough; a hundred leagues added to it increases the pain it gives me; I cannot dwell on this thought without a fresh occasion for your sermons. What you say in two words of the little profit you sometimes receive from them yourself, is a tenderness I am much touched with. You say you would have me write to you of my woods; the barrenness of the subject cannot make my letters displeasing to you. These walks have a beauty, a tranquillity, a repose, a silence, to which I cannot yet accustom myself. If I think on you, they inspire a tenderness; whether I am sensible of it, I leave you to imagine, for I am not capable of representing it in all its force. I am here all alone, and very much at ease; but I am in apprehension of company, that is, of constraint.

I have been to visit Madame de Tarante; she received me with transport. Her opinion of you shews she has not altogether the taste of a German: She is pleased with your person, and, as she imagines, with your wit. She does not want wit, according to her manner.

She loves her daughter*; she is wholly taken up with the thoughts of her; she tells me what she suffers from her absence, as the only person who am capable of condoling with her. I can give you a very good account of the court of Denmark; I know nothing of that of France, but I shall not fail to send you the news of Copenhagen. I must acquaint you, that the Princess de la Trimouille is a favourite of the queen, who is her cousin-german. There is a prince, allied by blood to the king, very agreeable and very gallant, whom we have seen in France, and who has a passion for the princess; and the princess may perhaps have some disposition not to hate him: But there is a favourite, who is very powerful, called the Comte Kings-Toghmksfel (you cannot be a stranger to that name). This Comte is likewise in love with the princess, but she hates him; not but that he is very brave, and well made, has wit and politeness, but he is not a gentleman, and that single thought is enough to make a lady faint with pure aversion to him. The king is his confident, and is desirous to conclude this marriage: The queen is in the interests of her cousin, and favours the pretensions of the prince: But the king opposes him, and the favourite makes him feel the weight of his jealousy and of his power. The princess weeps, and writes to her mother letters of forty pages. She has demanded her dismissal from the court, but neither the king nor the queen will consent to it, though for different reasons. The prince is removed from the court on several pretexts, but he always finds some plausible occasion to return. At present they are engaged in a war against the Swedes; and the rivals are piquing themselves on the

* Since Dutchess of Holstein.

performance of romantic actions to please the princess. The favourite tells her, as he takes his leave of her, I see, Madame, in what manner you treat me, but I am assured it is not in your power to refuse me your esteem. This is the first tome of the history; you shall not fail to have the sequel of it: I am resolved that no person in France shall be better acquainted than you with the intrigues of Denmark. When I have no more to say of this court, I shall entertain you with Pilois†; there is no medium between these important subjects. I must let you know, however, that these are very great secrets: Above all, I beg you not to pronounce the name of the Comte Kings-Toghmksfel.

It is true, my dear, that this is a terrible year for the Marshal de Crequi: I think with you, that he is no-where in safety or in repose, but among the enemy. He has a little dissipated the legions that were entrusted to him; but they obeyed him too well in the day of battle.

I am informed from all hands, that M. de Mirepoix is very much disabused as to the constraint of keeping his word, and that we shall not get the ratification from him but by dint of sword. I think, my dear, you very much forget your manner of thanking me, which I very much approved: It was by rejoicing with me at the opportunities I had of serving you; this was extremely obliging.

Letter 34. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, Sunday, Oct. 13, 1675.

YOU say very justly, that the dates contribute little to make the letters of those we love

† A dancing-master to the King of Denmark.

agreeable. Alas! why should our curiosity be so much confined to the affairs of the public? Your health, your family, your least actions, your sentiments; these are what I am touched with: And I am so well persuaded that you are in my way of thinking, that I make no difficulty of talking to you of Rochers, of Mademoiselle du Plessis, of my alleys, of my woods, of the affairs of our Abbé, of Copenhagen, if occasion offers. You may therefore firmly believe, that every thing that comes from you appears to me very considerable, and that I am pleased to know every thing, even to your pieces of tapestry; and if you want a fresh supply of needles to be employed on it, I can supply you with some that are admirable. I was employed yesterday on a piece of work as tedious as the company I had; I never work but when I have company; when I am alone, I walk, I read, or write. La Plessis incommodes me no more than Maria; I am so happy as to have no inclination to listen to any thing she says, and find as little interruption from her presence as you do from some whom you have the same kind of regard for. In other respects, she has the best sentiments in the world; I admire how all the grace of them is spoiled by her impertinence and her ridiculous behaviour. It is pleasant to hear what she says of my patience in bearing with her, how she explains it, and what obligations she fancies to herself from it to attach herself to me; and how I serve her for an excuse for not visiting her friends at Vitré. It would make one smile, to observe her little arts to satisfy her vanity (for vanity is the growth of every foil), and her affected fears that I am growing jealous of a nun of Vitré, for whom she has a fondness. All this would make a notable country farce.

I must tell you the news of this province. M. de Chaulnes is at Rennes with a great number of troops. He has declared, that if they offer to appear in arms, or to raise the least sedition, he will take away the parliament from that city. The fear of this makes them bear with every thing. I have not yet heard how these warlike men behaved themselves with regard to the poor citizens. We expect Madame de Chaulnes, who comes to see the princess at Vitré: We are in safety under her protection; but I may assure you, that were I only present here, M. de Chaulnes would think it a pleasure to shew his regard for me; this is the only circumstance in which I could answer for him. I beg you to be under no inquietude; I am in safety here, as in a province which you say belongs to me.

D'Agueville has done me a great pleasure in removing the resentment I had against the Cardinal d'Estrees. He informs me that our cardinal has been refused in a full consistory on his own letter; and that after this last ceremony there is nothing more to fear: So that he is now the third time a cardinal against his will; at least these two last times, for the first time, as I remember, he was not much displeased. Write to him to rally him upon this happy disappointment: M. d'Agueville is transported; I love him for it. I frequently receive billets from his eminence, and my answers are conveyed to him; I keep this fair-commerce very secret and mysterious; it is the more dear to me: You ought not to fail to write to him too; you would be ungrateful, if you should not preserve for him a great attachment. He has been a little indisposed, but he is now in good health; he writes to me, that we have reason to be contented with his prudence in submitting to proper remedies.

Are not you very much afraid of Ruiter?

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Ruiter

Ruiter is the god of sea-fights. Guittaut is unable to resist him: However, the star of the king resists him. There never was a star so fixed: It dispersed that great fleet the last year; it made M. de Lorraine die; it repulsed Montecuculli; and it will make a peace, in order to the marriage of Prince Charles. I mentioned this last the other day to Madame de Tarante; she told me that he was already married to the empress dowager; and that this marriage, though it has not been declared, would prevent the other. You will see that she will die, if this creates any inconvenience. Your reasoning upon affairs of state is so just, that it is easy to see that you are become a politician in your government.

La Trousse is at Paris, and at the court, oppressed with caresses and praises: He receives them in such a manner as is proper to augment them. It is said that he will have the charge of Froulai; if it should be so, there will be a remove in that company, and I have desired our friend d'Agueville to give a little attention to it, for the sake of our poor Guidon, who languishes in his little post. I have sent to him to come hither; I have a mind to marry him to a little damsel, who is a Jewess by her race; but in my opinion millions are always of a good family. This is a thing very much in the air; I depend on nothing, after having failed of Mademoiselle d'Eaubonne. Madame de Villars writes to me of fresh wonders performed by the Chevalier de Grignan; I believe they are only the accounts of his former actions renewed: But he is really a gentleman, who has the best reputation that can be desired. I pray God that the first gleams of hope for one of our daughters may succeed; it would be a very happy affair. The indolence of the Coadjutor ought to cease on such occasions.

Let me tell you a handsome action of the procureur-general. He had an estate of the house of Believre, which was very legally made over to him, as a gift: But he returned it into the mass of goods that were given up for the satisfaction of the creditors. He said he could not accept such a present, when he considered that it was an injury to the creditors, who have honestly paid their money. This is very heroical; judge, whether he is not like to be for us against M. de Mirepoix: I know nothing more noble, or more ungenerous, than these two opposite characters. Our good friend the Abbé * is still a hearty friend: He is the best champion we have. The obligations I have to him are innumerable; but that which makes me most sensible of them, is the amity he has for you, and his zeal for your affairs, and the manner in which he is preparing himself to confound Mirepoix.

I dare not think of seeing you; when this hope sinks too deeply into my heart, and is so unlikely to be gratified, it does me too much harm. I remember still what I suffered during the last illness of my poor aunt; and how soon the sight of you made me forget that grief: I have not yet a prospect of receiving so much joy. You assure me that you are extremely well; I pray God that your health may continue; I have this article very much at heart. As for me, I am in perfect health: You would much approve the sobriety and exercise I use, and the confinement of myself, like a carmelite, to seven hours of sleep. This laborious life pleases me; it resembles the country. I do not grow fat; and the air is so soft and kindly, that my complexion, which many have so long pretended to ad-

* The Abbé de Coulanges.

mire, is not yet changed. I wish you had the advantage of passing one evening here, you would find it preferable to all the pommades you can use.

All our province is so much taken up with punishments, that there is no thought of visits; and without pretending to be over-haughty and reserved, I am very much pleased at it. Do you remember when we determined that there was nothing so good in the province as disagreeable company, for the pleasure of seeing them rise to take their leaves? It is a pleasure which I shall not have this year.

My dear, if I should continue writing four hours, I should not be able to tell you to what degree I love you, and how dear you are to me. I am persuaded you will be under the care of Providence, because you pay off your arrears. Continue your attention to your expences; this does not fill up any great breaches; but yet it contributes to make you easy, and that is no inconsiderable advantage. Is M. de Grignan discreet? I embrace him in that hope. I am entirely yours.

Letter 35. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, Wednesday, Nov. 6, 1675.

HOW fine a letter you have written to me! what thanks do I not owe you, my dear, for employing your hand, your eyes, your head, your time, in composing so agreeable a volume! I have read it over and over, and shall as often repeat it with fresh pleasure and attention. I can read nothing that is more engaging; you satisfy my curiosity on every article I can desire; I admire your care in giving me such punctual answers. This makes a conversation perfectly regular, and extremely entertaining. But I must beg you not to destroy yourself; this fear makes me renounce

the pleasure of having frequently such entertainments; you cannot doubt but there is the utmost generosity in the care I take to spare you the fatigue of immoderate writing.

I comprehend with pleasure the high esteem that is paid to M. de Grignan in Provence, after what I have seen of it. This is a pleasure you are scarce sensible of; you are too much accustomed to be loved and honoured in a province where you command. If you saw the horror, the detestation, the hatred the people have in other places for their governor, you would taste the pleasure of being adored every-where. What affronts! what injuries! what menaces! what reproaches! the very stones are ready to fly about their ears. I do not believe M. de Grignan would accept of this post upon such conditions.

You mention to me the paper you have signed in favour of M. de Grignan in such an heroic manner. You say you had no doubt which way the honourable sentiments of the Cardinal de Retz inclined: I do not say any thing of mine; it was enough that you could discern what his counsels tended to. In certain delicate affairs, we do not presume directly to advise, but we represent the case; the common friends of both do what is proper for them, that there may be no opposition between the interests of those they love. But if one has a soul so perfectly generous and good as yours, one consults only one's self, and acts precisely as you have done. Have you not seen how much you have been admired? Are you not pleased that you owe to none but to yourself so noble a resolution? You would have done nothing blamable, if you had refused to sign; you would only have acted like the rest of the world; but by consenting to it you have exceeded all the world. In a word, my dear, enjoy the beauty of your

own action, and do not think meanly of us for not having prompted you to it: On a like occasion, we should perhaps have acted as you have done, and you would have advised as we did: All this has passed in the best manner. I am very much pleased that M. de Grignan is so good as to recompense this mark of your friendship and affection by a greater attention to his affairs: The prudence you commend him for is the truest mark of his gratitude you could have wished. My dear Comte, I am ravished to hear my daughter is so perfectly satisfied with your conduct; I doubt not but you will think it right in you to persevere in it. You cannot fail of this, without appearing ungrateful to her, and injurious to the noble blood of the Ademars. I have met with one of your race in the history of the Croisades, who was a very illustrious person about six hundred years ago. He was beloved as you are, and he would never have given a moment's inquietude to a wife like yours. His death was lamented by an army of three hundred thousand men, and mourned by all the princes in Christendom. Not many pages after, I find a governor of a castle, not altogether so ancient: He is indeed merely a modern; it was but five hundred and twenty years since he made a great figure. I conjure you, therefore, by these two of your noble ancestors, who are my particular friends, to give yourself up to the conduct of Madame de Grignan for the care of your œconomy, and to consider how much you will consult your own advantage in doing so. You see, my dear, that without designing it, or thinking of it, I have written a long letter to M. de Grignan.

Your confidence with the intendant on account of those two families, who make so great a noise, is very pleasant; I love to at-

tack, on occasions like these, certain persons who are thought so considerable that we dare not approach them. We need only take courage; their menaces are like the false fires of the magician in Tasso. In my opinion, lying so openly in a known matter of fact as this is, is tendering false money like Pomenard.

If I should write from this time till tomorrow, I should not be able to tell you, to how great a degree your episode of Messina has diverted me. This piece is an original: The prince and the minister are both of them admirable characters. But——what is then become of the valour he boasted of in his youth? He appears to me at present like the Comte de Culagna in the *Secchia rapita**: He does not ill resemble the figure of Sleep in Ariosto, or that of Indolence as it is painted by Despreaux in the *Lutrin*: But it is not possible for him to remain long in this state. I shall preserve very carefully the picture of him which you have given me: It could not have been more excellently done by Mignard.

I should be very glad to hear that the marriage of our daughter was like to be effected. If you have nobody more intimate with M. de Montausier, employ d'Agueville in it. If he is to be killed by us, we had as good kill him outright. I had designed to have spared him a little; but I have fallen on him afresh, and I do him more mischief than all the rest of his friends. Let me advise you to deal with him like me; he is an inexhaustible friend.

* A mock-heroic poem in Italian, which is thought to have given the first hint to the *Lutrin* of Boileau, and to have occasioned those two entertaining pieces, *The Dispensary*, and *The Rape of the Lock*.

M. de Coulanges tells me he has seen the beautiful Rochebonne, as it were enchanted, in the most melancholy castle in all France: I very much pity her. Why cannot she go to Lyons? Madame de Verneuil was there in November; there were with her Madame de Coulanges and the Cardinal de Bonzy.

I am glad you like the history of Josephus, and are so well entertained with the adventure of Herod and Aristobulus. I beg you to go on, and see the end of the siege of Jerusalem, and the fate of Josophat. Take courage, every thing is beautiful in this historian, every thing is grand, every thing is magnificent, every thing is worthy of you; let not an idle fancy prevail with you to lay him aside. As for me, I am engaged in the history of France; that of the Croisades has occasioned my looking into it. This last history does not seem to me comparable to a single leaf of Josephus. Alas! with how great pleasure we weep for the misfortunes of Aristobulus and Mariamne.

My dear, why do you tell me that I shall finish the reading of the voluminous epistle you have sent me with yawning out this exclamation,

*Ab que le grands parleurs sont par moy detestez *!*

There are in your book, as you are pleased to term your letter, a thousand entertaining histories and episodes; I have spent two hours in writing mere nothings to you. I have, in a word, the rage of talking myself out of breath, like the doctor in the Italian comedy. However, I conclude, and embrace you with an extreme tenderness. I am extremely well; the evenings are long, and it rains: This is all I have to inform you of.

* How much I detest great talkers!

M. de Tulles has surpassed all that we expected from him, in the funeral oration of M. de Turenne: It is a piece worthy of immortality.

Letter 36. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, November 10, 1675.

I AM vexed, my dear, that I have received none of your letters by this post; and I perceive by this little vexation, how great a consolation it is to hear from a person we entirely love. This seems to bring us nearer; we are entertained with a thousand thoughts it presents to the mind; and though they are sometimes mingled with grief, yet even this is preferable to ignorance of what concerns our dearest friend.

We have a little summer in autumn, cold, but pleasant, which I like better than continual rains. I live always abroad, like a wild creature. The vivacity of my humour depends much on the weather; so that in order to know the temper of mind I am in, you need only consult the barometer. But I fear that in Provence this instrument of philosophy will only amuse you with representations of the clouds and skies, little suitable to the climate I am condemned to. You are so accustomed to fine weather, that it scarce seems to engage your attention: While we, who seldom see the sun in its full lustre, are touched with a peculiar joy when we feel his kindly influence. But—enough on the chapter so frequently cited, of rain and sunshine.

Nothing is so much the subject of discourse at present as the funeral oration of M. de Tulles; a performance not to be recited without being interrupted with perpetual cries of admiration.

miration. His text was: *Domine, probasti me, & cognovisti me* *. This was most divinely treated on: I have a great desire to see it in print.

They say it is not true, that M. de Bailleul is selling his post. I am apt to think you will say of this, as you did of M. de Champlastreux's mouth, which was drawn up near his eye: Why, is it not as well there as any where else? This, my dear, is what is called tattling; for you will easily comprehend, that I do not pretend to tell you news at a thousand leagues distance.

Letter 37. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, December 8, 1675.

I AM very much out of humour to-day, my dear; I expected two of your packets by this last post, and I have received none. If the posts had come in tardy, as I believe at present, I ought to have received at least one; for I count upon it that you never forget me. This confidence in you is just, and I am well assured that it is not displeasing to you: But as gloomy thoughts are apt to hover over these woods, I was inclined to be in pain for you. But since the Abbé assures me, that if any accident had happened to you, you would have ordered some person to write to me, I resolve not to entertain this fear; it is too insupportable. I chuse to lay all the blame on the post, though I do not comprehend how it can be so excessively irregular, and to hope that I shall hear from you to-morrow: I wish it with all the impatience you can conceive.

* O Lord, thou hast proved me, and known

M. d'Agueville has a cold and a little fever; I am in pain about it, for I am always apprehensive of fevers; they say they consummate; but it is life itself which receives its consummation from them. Whatever is said of the d'Aguevilles, there is not one of all the race who is comparable to our good friend. Has he not already mentioned to you an uncertain progress, which the king is to take, either in Champagne or Picardy; since his favourites, for our misfortune, have begun to spread abroad such a welcome piece of news? They say it is to be for three months. You see I make the most of that loose sheet, which he writes under the notion of news. As for his letter, it is so full of my son, and my daughter, and our affairs in Bretagne, that I should be unnatural if I did not put out my eyes in decyphering it. M. de Lavardin is my resident at the states; he informs me of every thing. As we sometimes fill up our letters with a sentence of Italian, I sent him these lines of Tasso addressed by the shepherd to Erminia, to make him comprehend the repose and indolence I enjoy here:

*d'ogni oltraggio e scorno
La mia famiglia e mia gregge illesa
Sempre qui fu; ne strepito di marte
Turbò ancor questa remota parte* *.

My letter was scarce sent away, when there arrived at Vitré eight hundred cavaliers, whom the princess was very little pleased with. It is true, they are upon their march; but, upon my word, they live as if it were in a conquered country, notwithstanding our good marriage with Charles VIII. and with Louis

* My little family and my flock have remained here unharmed by any hostile inroad; no warlike alarm has yet disturbed this obscure retreat.

XII. The deputies are returned from Paris. M. de St Malo, who is your relation Gue-madeve, and a mitred linnet, as Madame de Choisy told me, appeared at the states perfectly transported, and full of the goodness of the king to him, and the particular regard that was shewed him, without having the least remorse for the ruin of the province, which was the agreeable present he brought with him. His manner of addressing the province could not but be very agreeable to people who on their parts were in despair at the ill situation of their affairs. He said, that his majesty was very well satisfied with his good province of Bretagne, and with the present they had made him; that he had forgot what was past; and that he had sent his troops among them only as a mark of the confidence he placed in them, as one sends one's equipage home when one has no farther occasion for it. As for M. de Rohan, he behaved in a very different manner, and much more with the air of a good patriot.

This is the horrid * news we have to send you; I desire to hear what you have to send us in return to it, and what is become of your Procureur du Pais. You need not doubt but the Jansons have made great complaints to M. de Pomponne; I suppose you have not forgot to write to him too on your part, and likewise to Madame de Vins, who undertook to write for St. Andiol. It is d'Agueville only who can serve you, and inform you of what concerns your affairs there. I am wholly useless to you *in quæstâ remota parte* †.

* *Chiennes de nouvelles.* The reader may observe, in the accounts of these states, many strong paintings of the miseries of the people, under this arbitrary kind of government.

† In this distant retreat,

It is one of my greatest uneasinesses; if ever I find myself again in a condition to be serviceable to you, you shall see how I will redeem the time that has been lost. Adieu, my dear; I wish you perfect health; it is the only thing that can preserve mine, which you have so great a concern for; it is in a very good state at present. I embrace you tenderly; and should tell you how agreeable and diverting my son is: But here he comes; I must not indulge his indolence; let him shew it in his own manner.

Letter 38. *Madame de Sevigny to Madame de Grignan.*

I SHOULD have nothing to entertain you with, my dear sister, after what I wrote to you three days since, if I had not spent the afternoon with Mademoiselle du Plessis, who is still the same charming creature she always affected to be. This illustrious beauty, who is to be the subject of my letter, has something so furiously agreeable, that she can only be equalled by the amiable Tisiphone. Her lip is covered with a kind of fret-work something resembling a leprosy; and her bright eyes have something in them so unsufferable, that we wish for the defence of an umbrella even in the shade. All her concern at present is, that this malady on her lip hinders her from kissing my mother every quarter of an hour. She has had something of the same kind upon her arm, which has kept her at home a long time: And I unluckily took the liberty to say, that Rochers was not the less agreeable for her absence. At present, we are in hopes that she will have a tertian ague: She has been making her complaints of it to-day, which she renews every moment to engage our compassion. She has displayed all her eloquence in bemoaning herself, as under
the

the dismal prospect of passing the whole winter in suffering a day of sickness for every two days she enjoys of health. By this means we may expect to be attacked, as it were, by a double tertian; and we foresee, very much to our dissatisfaction, that by being teased with her company, we are like to have two ill days for the one agreeable day on which she is confined.

In other respects, Rochers is extremely agreeable. My mother continues to signalize her goodness towards this favourite place, by still adding new beauties to it. Our good Abbé has spent the afternoon in drawing plans, which may remain as monuments of his taste, and of my mother's magnificence. The chapel is finished, and mass will be said in it a week hence. My dear sister, may God long preserve to us so good a mother, and so good an uncle. I say nothing of my little post in the army: Every thing goes so very ill, that I conceive new hopes from my disappointments. I embrace you a thousand times, and M. de Grignan, whom I perfectly love and honour. My mother has just been saying, that she has given no instructions to that jackanapes what to write; I was willing to hope she did not mean me, had she not said immediately after, Son, make my compliments to M. de Grignan.

Letter 39. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, December 29, 1675.

MY dear little letters are come at last: Do not think I am to be pitied for enduring the fatigue of reading two at a time; you better know my fondness of them. Whenever I receive one, I always wish for another, and here it is. It is a double joy, a heard of happiness, as long as I am not in pain for you.

Nothing can make a better compensation for the disappointment occasioned by the irregularities of the post, which I so much resent; but I never am guilty of the least suspicion of your failing to write to me. Would not Mongobert acquaint me with it, if any thing should happen to prevent you? Pray let me know how she does: I love and embrace her. I return to the post: It is the winter which causes these irregularities. It must be confessed, that your letters deserve well to be expected, and received in the manner I receive them. I have received letters from Madame de Vins, from M. de Pomponne, and Corbinelli. I have clenched the nail with regard to Corbinelli and his muse, by declaring, that I will put upon the same foot what I demand of him, and what she demands of me. You will see that Madame de Vins has still at heart what she wrote to you about: Since she gives you so fair an opportunity to justify yourself, do it, my dear, and tell your pretty little reasons, that they may be heard, and that none may any longer think you to blame. M. de Pomponne has scarce forgiven me yet, for saying in Madame de Vin's letter, that he loved the Bishop of Marseilles better than he did me. In a word, all our friends of that clan are very kind and hearty; and M. d'Agueville tells me, that we have all the reason in the world to be satisfied with them. All your reasons have been represented, and every thing has been done in the manner you directed; he fears only M. Colbert. For my part, I believe this affair will be referred to the intendant, and that is what you desire. I believe it would be better, if things were ordered to continue as they are: But, alas! in this world, where we do what we can, (and this holds true with regard to you as well as to us); do we do the half, (God pre-

serve us from it!) or even the quarter of what we would?

We have been made to expect the departure of Figuriborum: I do not say the peace; for you will never believe that a treaty can be signed by him. How pleasant you are in recollecting a time so different from the present? Could we have ever thought that Figuriborum would have made a figure? Never was any man ridiculed as he has been. It must be owned, that you have the most extraordinary address in rallying of any person in the world. Here is a little awkward figure of a man, who has had the vanity to boast that he had escaped from your pleasantries; and you are desirous of letting him see that he is still as much in your power as ever: But, seriously, are not you afraid of being excommunicated?

What say you of the marriage of la Motte? Is there any necessity of beauty, youth, or conduct, to procure a settlement for a young woman? The goodness of Providence! we can only have recourse to that.

Madame de Pisieux is raised to life again: But is it not dying twice within a very little time? For she is fourscore.

Madame de Coulanges tells me all the good company we have in our quarter; but this does not engage me to return thither sooner than I had designed: I am only drawn thither by affairs; for as for pleasures, I hope for none. The winter is not here what it is imagined to be; it gives me no horror. We follow your advice as to my son; we consent to make a few false appearances; and if we are refused, we shall be but even with the ladies, who cannot complain, unless dissimulation be their peculiar privilege. In the mean time, while he expects the success of this amour, he is very agreeable company to me here, and finds me not less so to him; there is not the least air of maternity

in our manner of conversing. The princess is surprised at it: She who has only a booby of a son, who has not the least spark of a soul in his body. She is very much aggrieved by the troops which are arrived at Vitré; she hoped with reason to have been exempted from them; but notwithstanding that, she has a good regiment in her town. It had been a pleasant thing, if it had been the regiment of Grignan.

Do not you intend to read the Essays on Morality; and give me your opinion of them? For my part I am charmed with them. I am very much so with the funeral oration of M. de Turenne; there are passages in it which ought to have made all that assisted at it weep. I do not doubt but it has been sent to you; tell me, if you do not think it very fine. Have you no thoughts of finishing the history of Josephus? We read much, as well things of a serious kind, as pieces of levity; and are equally entertained with fable and with history. We are so deeply engaged in these amusements, that we have scarce leisure for any thing besides. They pity us at Paris; they think us confined to a fire-side by the inclemency of the season, and languishing under a famine of diversions. Alas! my dear, I walk abroad; I find a thousand amusements; the woods have nothing wild or inhospitable. It is not for passing my time here rather than at Paris that I am to be lamented.

M. de Coulanges has great hopes, from a conversation his wife had with M. de Louvois. If they had the intendency of Lyons, as their father-in-law had, it would be an excellent thing. It is pleasant to see the world! All of them firmly believing there is no happiness out of Paris, and yet labouring to establish themselves at a hundred leagues distance from it.

it. I cannot comprehend the new passion of Charmant; it is not to be imagined that he can find more than one subject of conversation to entertain a mistress of so low a taste, as Madame de ——— said very well. They say her husband has forbid her any other company but that of Madame d'Armagnac. This strikes my imagination in the same manner as I am apt to think it will yours, my dear; I fancy I see this ancient Medea armed with her wand, and dispersing at her pleasure all those airy phantoms, the gallants. They say that M. de la Trouffe has formed a design upon la Maison; but I do not know whether he has yet obtained his liberty. I should sing the reverse of the song of the last year:

*La Trouffe est vainqueur de Brancas,
Testu ne lui résiste pas,
De lui seul Coulanges est content,
Que chacun chante*.*

But I sing this only between you and me, my dear; I know that in other company I must change my tone; you are trusty and discreet.

The length of our answers gives us terrible apprehensions; it makes us comprehend the vast distance there is between us. Alas! my dear, how sensible I am of it; and how much melancholy does it give me! Were it not for this, should I not be too happy in having such a son with me? He will tell you himself how unhappy he is in being at such a distance from you. Adieu, my dearest. Write to me of your health and your beauty; every thing of this kind delights me. I have

* La Trouffe has conquered Brancas; Testu is not able to resist him; Coulanges is satisfied with him alone. Let every one sing his victories.

my health as well as you can desire. I expected your brother, but he is not returned. He is but a tender creature yet. If he should marry, while he is upon this little expedition! But I am well assured they detain him upon no serious design; if he diverts himself there, it is well. Adieu, my dearest. Does M. de Grignan salute me?

Letter 40. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Rochers, Sunday, Jan. 5, 1676.

HERE they are both of them, my dear, and they are both very heartily welcome. I never yet received three of them at a time; I should have been quite out of patience, because I must have waited for them twelve days; I think it too much to wait eight. As to my being fatigued with so much reading, it is impossible your style should ever cloy; I should defy even you, who pique yourself upon such an extreme delicacy and inapplication, as renders it difficult for the most artful writer to engage your attention, to forbear to read even with eagerness the least part of such letters as yours. This is a pleasure you have no possibility of experiencing, and which I have dearly purchased; I would not advise M. de Grignan to envy it me.

You have much obliged me by explaining to me the reasons of your going to Lambesc: I should not have failed to have asked with surprise and concern, what urgent affair can have drawn her thither? I think the little uneasiness of your having a wry neck was well recompensed by its excusing you from the fatigue of dining with such a crowd as you have escaped by it; you did very well in leaving your herd to feed by themselves,

I shall

I shall never forget the astonishment I was under at a midnight mass, when I heard one of our profane airs sung as a part of that religious ceremony; this novelty surpris'd me extremely.

I suppose you have by this time read the *Essays on Morality*. Tell me, are you pleas'd with them? Josephus is one of the noblest historians one can read: You must confess there is a grandeur and a dignity in his history, which you can find in no other. If you entertained me more with yourself, and your manner of employing your time, I should have less to say of my own amusements, and our correspondence would be more agreeable. Between friends who entirely love each other, and interest themselves much in each other's thoughts, nothing is more pleasing than the mutual entertainment of speaking of themselves. We should even retrench much from our accounts of things foreign to us, and enlarge the more on the delightful history of ourselves, in order to make our conversations agreeable to those who are most intimately endeared to us. You may have seen, by what my son has said of her in his letter, that the damsel we are so familiarly acquainted with gives entirely into this opinion; she agreeably instructs us in all the particularities relating to her person which we can have the least curiosity to know.

It would be well if our soldiers here were like your Cordeliers; they only amuse themselves with stealing and plundering; the other day they were for making the experiment of putting a young child upon the spit; it would be endless to relate their other disorders. M. de Chaulnes wrote to me, that he desired to make me a visit; I very graciously desired him not to give himself that trouble, and frankly told him I renounced the honour for

the sake of the embarrassment it would occasion, since I could not receive him here with so much ease as at Paris.

You have seen my letter of consolation to B——; you paint him to me so very naturally, that I still fancy his very thoughts are visible to me, if that be possible, for I own there is a great obscurity in his words.

You tell me very seriously, speaking of my letter, that your father and I were not at all akin to each other: I desire to know how he was allied to you in your opinion? If you do not answer me to this question, I will ask the little damsel who is with us: Perhaps she may resolve this difficulty as learnedly as she determined that concerning the day after Easter-eve. We are so much taken with her ingenuity, that Mademoiselle du Pleffis is almost dying for jealousy of her. She is solicitous to inquire of all the family how I treat her; and there are none of them to whom it is not a piece of diversion to stab her to the heart, by giving her repeated instances of my fondness for this little rival of hers. One tells her that I love her as well as I do my daughter; another, that I make her lie with me, which would certainly be a great mark of my tenderness for her; another says, that I intend to carry her along with me to Paris, that I kiss her, that I doat on her, that my uncle the Abbé will give her ten thousand livres, and that, if she had but twenty thousand crowns, I should certainly marry her to my son: In a word, there are such fooleries of this kind, and they are so much the subject of discourse among my domestics, that we are frequently constrained to laugh at the variety of tales they create. In the mean time, while we are diverting ourselves, poor du Pleffis is dying with envy. But the pleasantest thing of all is, that you should

should know her so well, and reason so justly, when you observe upon her, that if her ague leaves her upon my approach, she certainly counterfeits it; however, she has been teased so much, that I believe we shall give it her in good earnest. This family is certainly destined to divert us. Did I never tell you, how her father kept us in a continual laugh for six weeks together? My son begins to comprehend that this neighbourhood makes the greatest beauty of Rochers.

I think there is something very pleasant in the rendezvous of your traveller with M. Devergue. Their arrival on the same day at the Cape of Good Hope, seems to have fallen out as exactly as if they had agreed to meet on the plain at a certain hour, in order to a hunting-match. You cannot doubt of the pleasure it would be to me to converse with this gentleman from the Indies, if you remember how much I have importuned you to read Herrera, which I have read with great delight. If you have as much leisure and application as I have, this Spanish history would furnish an entertainment worthy of you.

Our good friend d'Agueville passes to and fro between Paris and St. Germain without ceasing, for the sake of our affairs; were it not for this, we should scarce pardon him for the tedious letters he favours us with. I confess to you, that passage you speak to me of, has a little too much repetition; but you will pardon my curiosity which begun it, and my pen continued it; for I assure you the pen has often a great part in that endless flow of words with which our letters are filled. To begin the year, I wish that mine may be as pleasing to you, as yours are agreeable to me.

The good princess still loves me; she has been a little indisposed, and has invented a

kind of machine to make her sweat, which is the sovereign remedy she uses in all her distempers. The late Comte de Lude said, he had never had any illness in which he was not relieved by sweating. It is M. de Chesnay's remedy for all bodily pains; and if I had a wry neck, and made use of the princess's remedy, you would be surprised to hear that I was under the archet. The princess always speaks wonders of you: She knows you, and esteems you. For my part, I believe that, according to the ancient doctrine of the transmigration of souls, your last stage of life was in Germany: You was, doubtless, that King of Sweden who was formerly one of her lovers; and from thence she has derived those impressions of esteem and affection she has for you. Adieu, my dear; all of our family salute yours. But here comes your brother.

Letter 41. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Paris, Friday, April 10, 1676.

THE more I think on it, my dear, the more I am against your making me a visit only for a fortnight. If you come to Vichy or to Bourbon, it ought to be in order to come on hither, and be with me, and we will pass the remainder of the summer and the autumn there. You shall govern me, and M. de Grignan shall come and see you in the winter, and dispose of you in his turn as he thinks proper. It is thus you ought to visit a mother, it is thus you ought to comfort her, after she has suffered a painful illness, and a thousand other incommodities, and lost the flattering imagination of being immortal. At present she begins to feel some little doubts, and is mortified to such a degree as to believe that she may one day pass like others in the bark of Charon, and that she is not exempted from his

his jurisdiction. My son is going away; I am very melancholy upon it, and feel a sensible grief from this separation. We see nothing at Paris but equipages preparing for the campaign; the complaints of the necessity of parting from hence are greater than ordinary, but I believe none will stay behind any more now than in other years. You see that my hand-writing begins to return to its usual form: I reckon the cure of my hand chiefly to consist in that; it well knows that I will excuse it for some time from any other exercise. I cannot yet lift any thing with it; a spoon seems a ponderous machine. I am still forced to submit to such regulations as are very troublesome and mortifying; but I complain of nothing, since I write to you. The Dutchesse de Sault visits me like one of my ancient friends; I seem to be agreeable to her. She came twice with Madame de Brissac. What a contrast is there between these two characters! the first of them would certainly please you. My hand desires to repose itself; I owe it this complaisance, for that it has had for me.

Continued by M. de Sevigné.

*Je vais partir de cette ville,
Je m'en vais Mercredi, tout droit à Charleville:
Malgré le chagrin, qui m'attend*.*

I did not think it proper to finish the parody of this stanza, because all my history is comprehended in three lines. You cannot conceive the joy it gives me, to see my mother so well recovered. I still insist on it, that you ought to come and see her at Bourbon; you may return hither with her, and stay here.

* I am leaving this town; I shall set out on Wednesday for Charleville, in spite of all the vexations that attend me there.

till M. de Grignan returns to give a new lustre to your beauties, and make you appear in the language of Castille,

*La gala del pueblo,
La flor del Avril †.*

If you follow my advice, you will be happier than I am; you will see my mother, without feeling the pain of parting from her, in two or three days, a pain that is usually accompanied with other uneasinesses easy to be imagined. I am still a guidon, an eternal guidon, a guidon with a grey beard: What comforts me is, that all things in this world have an end, and there is no probability that this only is excepted from the general rule. Adieu, my dear sister; wish me a happy voyage. I fear the interested soul of M. de Grignan will forbid you to make so kind a wish.

Concluded by Madame de Sevigné.

Adieu, my dear: I embrace the Comte, and conjure him to enter into my interests, and my tender sentiments.

Letter 42. *The same to the same.*

Moulines, Thursday, June 18, 1676.

SINCE, my dear, you will have me write to you from a place more remote, and the fatigue of returning an answer in four days incommodes you; alas! I am removing to a greater distance from you: But it will not be without reluctance, nor without making all the reflections we have already made on the laws we impose on ourselves, and the pains we suffer, by preferring so often our duty to our inclination. I am going to give you a good example of it. To alleviate this sor-

† The pride of the village, the flower of April.

row,

row, I confess, my dear, that I carry with me the hopes of seeing you this winter.

Ruiter is dead; I leave to the Hollanders the care of regretting him. You seem to be the more at liberty to quit your province: I believe, therefore, that you will give me this proof of your amity, which I believe to be hearty and sincere, and it would be a little too unkind to refuse me this mark of it.

I parted yesterday from Langlar: The Princess de Tarante had sent a servant, to tell me that she should be here on Tuesday the 16th. Bayard, with his perfect wisdom, would not comprehend the necessity of her parting from thence so soon; he detained the servant, and assured me, she would expect me there till Wednesday, which was yesterday, and that he would attend me thither. I put myself under his conduct; we arrived here yesterday; the princess was gone from hence by the break of day, and had written to me all the lamentations of Jeremiah. She is returned to Vitré, and is inconsolable: She says, she should have been contented if she could but have spoke with me. I was very much vexed at this unlucky disappointment. I could have beat Bayard; and you know all that one says upon such occasions.

We lodged at Madame de Fouquet's: A very pretty woman of her acquaintance came to do the honours of her house. These poor ladies are at Pommé, in a little house which they have bought, where we are to visit them this afternoon. I shall write to you from Pommé some notable particulars which will surprise you, concerning Madame de Montespan: And what you will like best in them is, that they are truths, and very mysterious truths. Bayard makes one of the company in this voyage; he is a perfect d'Agueville for his probity and good advices; but he has

little of the agreeable talent of improving the mirth and good humour of the company. He has a high esteem for you, and begs your permission to express it to you in favour of the amity he has for me.

If you receive an answer from M. de Lorge to resolve this question, whether one is pleased when one is contented? I beg you to communicate it to me. In the mean time, I will give you my opinion of it, that this gentleman has obtained by his moderation what the other will perhaps never obtain by all the favours of fortune: He is easy, because he is contented; and he is contented, because he has a mind rightly turned.

You said a great many pleasant things to me some time since upon Rochefort, who had desired and obtained; and all that he desired was, not to die so soon. You asked me the other day whether it was true that the Dutchess de Sault had the behaviour of a page? No; she has not all the pertness and wantonness of a page; but it is true that she is so well pleased not to be at M——, and no longer to languish in that dull manner of life with her mother; and she finds it so much more agreeable to be Dutchess de Sault, that, in the proper sense of the Italian phrase, *non può capire*, she is not able to contain herself. She is extremely pleased with being contented; and this diffuses through all her actions a joy which is a little excessive, and which is no longer fashionable at court, where all have their tribulations, and mirth has been banished for several years. As for her person, she would please you even were she less beautiful; because she is perfectly well shaped, and has a very graceful manner.

I am still in pain about the Cardinal de Retz; he conceals from me the most dangerous symptoms of his indisposition, because he knows

knows the concern they give me; but I very much dislike the continuance of that head-ach. I am extremely well; I expect from the warm weather the liberty of using my hands; they serve me almost as well as if they had no remains of this weakness. I find the power of closing my hand to be by no means necessary. To what purpose would it serve me? It is a satisfaction merely visionary, when there is nobody by whose hand I should desire to press. This is only a little remembrance of that terrible distemper, which I respect so much, and the name of which makes me tremble. In a word, my good angel, be no longer in pain about me; what remains for my consolation depends on you. I shall write you another letter from hence, which I give you notice of, and which you will be pleased with. I embrace you with the last tenderness. I salute M. de Grignan.

Letter 43. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Paris, June 25, 1667.

M. DE LOUVOIS is gone from hence to discover the intentions of the enemy: It is thought they have an intention upon Maestricht. The prince does not believe it: He has had long conferences with the king; it has been said that he would be sent, but he came to offer himself, and to be desired. They wait for couriers from M. de Louvois. M. de Luxembourg believes he shall not be engaged in any action, but only be a spectator of the taking of Philipsbourg. I hope we shall not see Maestricht taken; the prince says, that we shall take another place for it, and it will be only like taking one piece for another at a game of chess. There was a fool, an age or two since, who used to say in such cases, Exchange your towns by consent, and

you will save a great many of your men on both sides. I think there was a great deal of wisdom in this proposal. I believe the Hollanders regret the hero they have lost; they cannot easily find another to supply his place.

My niece de Buffy, I should have said de Coligny, is a widow: Her husband died in the army of M. de Schomberg. This afflicted lady has not the least affliction: She says that she had been very much a stranger to her husband, and that she had always wished herself a widow. He has left her all his estate, so that she has a revenue of fifteen or sixteen thousand livres. She has been breeding almost nine months: Consider whether it will not be proper for you to write a line or two in favour of this new branch of the family of the Rabutins, which is so soon expected.

You have reason to confide in Corbinelli, as to his amity for me, and his care of my health; he acquits himself perfectly well in both respects; and besides all this, he adores you. It is true, that he treats only of little subjects, though in a very easy manner, in his pieces of poesy, which I have sent you: But he pretends, that in this he imitates the ancients, who frequently employed the harmonious cadence of verse to create attention to agreeable trifles. He has written an epistle against excessive gaming, which raises our indignation to the highest pitch against this fashionable vice. He is transported at your return; your presence will be every way advantageous to him. He is really very amusing; for he has always something new in his head.

Villabrune has told me, that his powder raises the dead: It is true, that we have seen very surprising effects of it. Every one may judge of him as they please; he is a man who may be considered in more different lights than most others.

Letter

Letter 44. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Paris, Wednesday, July 8, 1676.

YOU say very justly, my dear, that the sentiment of tenderness which prevails with you to resolve to come to me immediately, if I desire it, discovers your heart to me more advantageously than all the finest words in the world. I own it; and I cannot express to you, my dear, how much mine is touched with it. But as you have assigned to it, as its counsellor, the prudence of M. d'Agueville, and have entrusted it with such a limited power as sovereigns usually commit to regents, who can do nothing but by the advice of their council; you have given me a master by giving me an adviser. And as I persuade myself that you perfectly know my sentiments for you, and the extreme pleasure the sight of you would give me, I will freely tell you my opinion, that we think the fatigue will be extreme, if you should come while the heats continue. And what necessity is there for all this precipitation, since my health is much better than it has been? I walk, I eat, my hand only a little incommodes me; so that I am very well in a condition to wait for the month of September; at which time M. de Grignan will be preparing for the assembly, and, as we judge, all the considerations of tenderness, of convenience, and of decency, ought to engage you to come and see me. This is what that prudence, which you have assigned to me as a directress, orders me to write to you: We only desire of you, my dear, not to fail of complying with its injunctions when that time comes. My health is better than you imagine, but it is not yet so well established as not to need this last remedy. It will then be the part of M. de

Grignan to come to you; he certainly will not fail to do it.

I have received your letter of the first of July: You seem to be still in pain about my health; your amity gives you inquietudes which I no longer merit. It is true, that I cannot yet close my hands, but I can move them, and employ them in every thing I have occasion for; and in my esteem I merit very little in bearing with patience this light inconvenience. I walk very well, even better than I used to do, for I have lost some of my fat; I should be very unwilling to recover it: I have an ambition to be seen by you, while I retain the tolerable shape I am reduced to at present. You complain, my dear, that I do not sufficiently make myself the subject of my letters; I believe I have now sufficiently supplied that defect; and you will have no occasion to trouble Corbinelli with any inquiries relating to me. He is frequently with me and la Mousse, and their conversations very much turn on the philosophy of Descartes. They have undertaken to make me capable of understanding their discourses on these abstruse subjects: I please myself much with the thoughts of attaining this imaginary accomplishment, that I may not be excluded from the pleasure of bearing some part in the learned conversations I foresee you will have with them. I tell them I am desirous to know a little of this philosophy, for the same reason that induced me to learn ombre, not for the sake of playing, but of looking on. Corbinelli is much pleased with the notion of those two different kind of wills which we experience in ourselves, without being obliged to have recourse to any foreign principle to account for them.

Adieu, my dear: I am much delighted with the distant hope of seeing and embracing you.

you. Madame d'Opede is come to take her leave of me in a very civil manner. She tells me, with an air of great modesty, that in Provence you may not perhaps meet with much more agreeable company than herself, and that she shall think herself happy if she can enter into your taste of conversation, and contribute any thing to your diversion. I wish it may prove so, both for your sake and hers; and I fancy it ought to prove so.

Letter 45. *The same to the same.*

Paris, July 29, 1676.

WE have here a change of the scene, which will appear as agreeable to you as it does to all the world. I was on Saturday at Versailles with the Villars's: The manner of their passing their time there I shall describe. You know the ceremony of attending on the queen at her toilette, at mass, and at dinner: But there is now no necessity of being stifled with the heat, and with the crowd, while their Majesties dine; for at three, the king and the queen, Monsieur, Madame, Mademoiselle, all the princes and princesses, Madame de Montespan and all her train, all the courtiers, and all the ladies; in a word, the whole court of France retire to that fine apartment of the king's which you know. It is furnished with the utmost magnificence; we do not know there what it is to be incommoded with heat; we pass from one place to another without being in the least crowded: A game at *reversis* gives a form to the assembly, and fixes every thing. The king and Madame de Montespan keep a bank together. Monsieur, the queen, and Madame de Soubize; Dangeau, and Langlé, with their companies, are at different tables. The carpets are covered with heaps of a thousand louis d'ors; they use no other coun-

ters. I saw Dangeau play, and admired how awkward others appeared in comparison of him. He thinks of nothing but his play, though he scarce seems to attend to it; he gains, where others lose; he neglects nothing; he takes every advantage; nothing gives him the least distraction of thought; in a word, his good conduct defies fortune. He had the complaisance to say that I was a partner with him in the bank, by which means I was seated very commodiously. I bowed to the king in the manner you taught me; and he returned my salutation, as if I had been young and handsome. The queen talked to me of my malady, nor did she leave you unmentioned. Monsieur the Duke made me a thousand of those caresses which he bestows so liberally, without minding what he does. M. de Lorges attacked me in the name of the Chevalier de Grignan; and in short, *tutti quanti**. You know what it is to receive a little compliment from every one who passes by you. Madame de Montespan talked to me of Bourbon, and desired me to tell her how I liked Vichy, and whether I had found any benefit there. She said that Bourbon, instead of removing a pain from her knee, had given her the tooth-ach. Her beauty and her shape are really surprising; she is become more slender by half than she was, and yet neither her eyes, her lips, or her complexion are the less fine. She was dressed in French point; her hair fell in a thousand curls very low upon her cheeks; she wore on her head black rubans, and her hair was braided with the pearls which once belonged to the Marechale de l'Hospital; she had pendants of diamonds of a great value. In a word, she appeared a triumphant beauty,

* All the company.

worthy

worthy to raise the admiration of all the foreign ambassadors. The magnificence of the court is beyond imagination. This agreeable confusion without confusion, composed of the choicest of whatever has a power to charm the imagination, continues from three till six. If any couriers arrive, the king retires to read his letters, and returns to the assembly. There is always music, of a soft and delicate kind, to which he sometimes listens, and which has an admirable effect: In the meantime he rallies with the ladies who are accustomed to have that honour. They leave play at the hour I mentioned, without the trouble of accounting, because they use no marks or counters. The *poules* are of five, six, or seven hundred, or sometimes of a thousand or twelve hundred louis d'ors. Their play gives no interruption to their conversation; they talk continually, and even of their games. Dangeau is pleased with this tittle-tattle; he discovers the cards they have in their hands, he draws his consequences, he is directed in his play by their indiscretion: I observed with pleasure his excessive skilfulness and dexterity. He may certainly boast, if any one in the court can, that he knows the inside of the cards, and makes his advantage of that knowledge.

At six they take the air in chariots. The king and Madame de Montespan; the prince and Madame de Thiangé, and Mademoiselle d'Hudicour upon the little seat before, which seems to her a place in paradise. You know how these chariots are made; they do not sit face to face in them, but all look the same way. The queen was in another with the princesses: The whole court followed in different equipages according to their different fancies. They went afterwards in gondolas upon the canal, where there was music: At

ten the comedy began, and at twelve they concluded the day with the Spanish entertainment of *media noche*. Thus they passed the Saturday: But we came from thence in the afternoon. If I should tell you how many talked to me of you, how many inquired after you, how many asked me questions, without waiting for any answers, how many I neglected to answer, how little they cared, and how much less I did, you would own that I had given you a very natural description of *l'iniqua corte*, the inhuman court, which is peopled by a very polite kind of savages: However, it never was so agreeable; every one wishes it may continue. M. de Nevers is the gayest creature in the world; his wife loves him passionately. Madame de Thiangé is a more regular beauty than her sister. M. du Maine is incomparable; the wit he has is astonishing; the things he says are beyond imagination. The prince made a visit the other day to Madame de la Fayette: The prince,

A la cui spada ogni vittoria è certa.*

How is it possible not to be proud of such a compliment, especially since he is not inclined to obtrude his civilities on the ladies, but always pays them with a just distinction?

Rambure was killed by one of his soldiers, who was discharging his musket very innocently. The siege of Aire continues. The army of Schomberg is in full security: The little vain-glorious hero languishes in a state of inaction as well as others. He may perhaps be uneasy under it; but if he be ambitious of a wound or a contusion, he must give it himself. These, my dear, are very particular accounts; you will either be much

* Whose sword is still assured of victory.

tired

tired or much amused by them, for they can not be indifferent to you. I wish you may be in the humour you are in sometimes, when you say, "Why will you not talk to me? Well! I wonder at my mother, who would rather die than say one single word to me." If you are not contented now, I am sure it is not my fault, any more than that you are not contented with the death of Ruiter.

There are passages in your letters that are excellent. You think that I have always a fancy to speak wonders of the grand-maitre: I do not deny it absolutely; but I thought you would have taken it for raillery upon him, when I told you the desire he has to become a marshal of France, and to enjoy that dignity in its ancient lustre. But you seem inclined to oppose whatever I say on this subject. The world is extremely partial: Its partiality has appeared even in the case of *la Brinvilliers*. Never were such horrid crimes treated so favourably: She was not put to the question; they even gave her hopes of a pardon, and such hopes, that she did not expect to die; nay, even when she was mounting the scaffold, she asked, whether it was in earnest? At length her ashes are dispersed by the wind: Her confessor says she is a saint. The first president had made choice of this doctor, as a person very proper to attend her; but he was deceived by the persons who were interested in it; it was the very same they had pitched upon. Have you never observed those who play tricks with cards? They shuffle the cards incessantly, and bid you take whatever card you please; they would have you think it is indifferent to them; you take a card, and think it to be your own choice, but find it to be precisely the same they designed you should take. This comparison is perfectly just. The Marshal de

Villeroi said the other day, that Penautier would be ruined by this affair; the Marshal de Grammont replied, that he might save the expence of keeping a table. The conversation between these two great men might furnish a pretty subject for an epigram. I suppose you know, that it is believed that a hundred thousand crowns have been dispersed in proper hands to facilitate every thing: Innocence seldom makes such profusions. Nothing can be pleasanter than all that you have said of this horrible woman. I believe you may be easy, for it is not possible she can be in paradise; a soul so deeply stained with guilt must sure be separated from others. We are entirely of your opinion, that it is far better to assassinate. This is a mere trifle in comparison of being eight months in killing one's father, and in the mean time of receiving his complaints and caresses; to which this pious daughter answered only by redoubling the dose. Adieu, my dearest, my most beloved: You intreat me to love you; I willingly consent to it; it shall not be said, that I refuse you any thing.

Letter 46. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Livré, August 28, 1676.

I ASK pardon of my dear country, but I heartily wish that M. de Schomberg may not have an opportunity to engage in any action: His reserved manner, so opposite to that of M. de Luxembourg, makes me fear that he will proceed in a different way. I have just written a billet to Madame de Schomberg, to learn what news I can of him. She is a lady of great merit, but of a shy reserved temper, whom I have brought to my lure. She is very fond of *Coibinelli*: As her mind had never before been tinged with any kind of
philos-

philosophy, the novelty she finds in his conversation makes it extremely agreeable to her.

I am reading the allegories of the holy scriptures, which take their rise from Adam. I begun with the creation of the world, the description of which you so much admire. From thence the thread of this allegorical history is continued till after the death of our Lord. It is a wonderful train of great events, carried on through a succession of so many ages. Every thing of moment is contained in it, though in a concise manner. The style is very beautiful, and comes from a good hand; the reflections of the fathers are interspersed in it with very good judgment; and the reader is much engaged by it. For my part, I am for carrying the doctrine of free-will farther than the jesuits; and considering the frequent reproaches of their ingratitude, and the severe punishments with which God afflicts his people, I am persuaded that we have our liberty entire; and that consequently we are extremely culpable, and deserve too well the deluges and conflagrations which God makes use of according to his good pleasure. In my opinion, the jesuits do not plainly enough assert this principle; and several others give occasion to murmur against the justice of God, either by wholly depriving us of the liberty of the will, or by weakening it to such a degree, that it no longer deserves that name. These, my dear, are the fruits of my reading.

I believe that Madame de Rochebonne is with you at present, and I embrace her. Is she pleased to be in the seat of her ancestors, and to see her nephews and Pauline*? Is it true that they give her the title of Made-

* The daughter of Madame de Grignan.

moiselle de Mazargues? I should be sorry to be wanting in the respect I owe her. And the little Grignan of eight months: Does he promise to live a hundred years? I am so often at Grignan, that I fancy you must sometimes see me among you. It would be a fine thing, if we could transport ourselves in a moment to the places where our thoughts are. I know no news, as you may perceive. My letter smells of the solitude of this romantic forest; but in this solitude you are perfectly beloved.

Letter 47. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Vichy, September 13, 1676.

I APPREHENDED nothing, my dear, and you have had a sore throat. If we made a scruple of admitting any diversion, when we ought not, the surest way would be to be always under inquietude: But we too easily open our hearts to joy, and to a confidence of believing that all is well with those we love; and we do not comprehend in our idea of absence all other evils. It was not Vardes who told me of your distemper; it was a gentleman who came from Provence, who told it to a brother of Mademoiselle de l'Estrange; at the same time assuring him that you was cured of it. Vardes arrived the same day, and assured me that you was entirely free from it, but only you was grown much thinner. If you do not follow the advice of M. de Guissey, in order to recover the full vigour of health, you will fall into a weakness and a delicacy of constitution, which scarce deserves the name of life. Poor Vardes has put an end to all my inquietude on this account, by repeating to me, in all the different tones of voice which express the strongest assurance, that your complexion is returned

to its true lustre, without the least mark of having been at all impaired. He believes that he is very well with you, and is much transported at it. I exhort you, my dear, to respect his misfortune. He has been received here in the kindest manner: He was much tempted to stay with us, and was persuaded, that the waters and the company were more proper for him than those of Bourbon; but M. de Champlastreux, out of a ridiculous piece of politics, made him continue his journey almost by force. We believe it was out of jealousy; for no gardener's dog was ever so malicious as he. His court is overgrown with thorns; the sight of it made us laugh heartily. Poor Chesi re had told me of it a thousand times; as I can scarce yet persuade myself that he is dead, I have still, methinks, an inclination to tell him that I found it answering exactly to his description.

Vardes was extremely agreeable to Termes, and Termes was not less so to Vardes; they were both equally struck with the appearance of each other, and a favourable impression was mutually given and received. The consciousness of pleasing, which they both felt alike, made each of them please the more. I should have been very glad if Vardes had staid here: We should have had Corbinelli here with him.

You will easily comprehend how great a consolation I should have found in having you here; I well perceive your sentiments upon it: But his too great prudence has prevented it. Is not this visible, by its having broken all our measures? His design is, that you should come this winter, and that we should be in the same house together: I fancy this will be a great convenience to us both, and a great deal of pains will be spared in search-

ing after one another; we shall have our morning and evening hours when we lodge together, which it would otherwise be impossible for us to fill up, when they are broken in upon by visits. If I am under a mistake, and you have a house to yourself, I will conform myself to your designs; I will enter into your sentiments; I will make it a pleasure to myself to be directed by your will; you will make me change my opinion; I shall imagine there was some inconvenience in what I thought so commodious; for above all things I study your contentment, and when you are pleased, I shall be so.

Adieu, my dear. I beg you to embrace me, and inform me of your health. We have here agreeable company, fine weather, and a delightful country. We make frequent visits and entertainments. Here are two or three monks who set up for men of taste and politeness: I should be pleased to see them handsomely exposed by Corbinelli.

Maimberg is an impertinent writer; there is always the mark of the workman in all his pieces. What a ridiculous thought is this; He will have it, that a Turk was punished by a just judgment from Heaven, for not having paid his devotions to the Virgin.

Letter 48. *The same to the same.*

Paris, November 18, 1676.

I HAVE been here, my dear, ever since Sunday; my design was to go to Saint Germain to speak to M. Colbert about your pension; I was very well accompanied thither. M. de Saint-Geran, M. d'Agueville, and several others, congratulated me before-hand on the favour I was going to receive. Accordingly, I spoke to him of this pension; I touched a little on the continual occupations

M. de Grignan has been engaged in, and the zeal he has shown for the service of the king; I enlarged a little more on the great expence he has been obliged to, which permits him to neglect nothing in order to support it; I concluded, that it was not without great reluctance that M. de Grignan and I importuned him on this affair. All this was said shorter, and put together in a handsomer manner: I shall have very little trouble in telling you the answer, "Madame, I will take care of it." He re-conducted me to the door, and there was an end of this expedition. I fear my visit will not do you much service; but it is certain, that nobody is yet paid.

The peace between Poland and the Turk has been concluded in a very romantic manner. The hero, at the head of fifteen thousand men, surrounded with two hundred thousand, has forced them, with sword in hand, to sign the treaty. He was encamped in so advantageous a manner, that a like instance of military skill has not been seen since the days of Calprenede*. M. de Beauvais† has sent word, that he met with great difficulties in making this peace; he pants for breath, he wipes his forehead, like the doctor in the comedy, who had taken so much pains to teach the woman to speak who was not dumb. Who would suspect a great politician of so much vanity!

Dangeau has had the ambition to make a present, as well as Langleé. He has begun with stocking the menagerie at Clagny. In order to this, he has made a collection, which cost him two thousand crowns, of the most

* The author of the romance of Cleopatra.

† Since Cardinal de Janson, at that time ambassador in Poland.

passionate turtles, the fattest swine, the most beautiful heifers, the most innocent and sportive lambkins, the sheep which would make the prettiest appearance in pastoral, and the birds who have the finest voices, and are most skilful in the music of the woods. He made a review yesterday of this equipage, which appeared like that of Jacob, in the landscape which hangs in your cabinet at Grignan. My dear, I send you my thanks for all the joy you give me, by the hopes of your speedy return; and I embrace M. de Grignan.

Letter 49. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Paris, Dec. 20, 1676.

I DID yesterday, my dear, one of the things you desire me to do; I took the remedies prescribed to me; I saw very little company. One of those who were admitted was M. du Coudrai; we had a very pleasant conversation. I extremely like his wit, and his manner of conversing, which has an agreeable imitation of rusticity, and yet is perfectly polite. I demanded a permission to-day, of the medicine which had confined me the day before, to pay a visit to M. de Pomponne: It was permitted. It was a great while since I had seen him. We talked much of you; and of the agreeable manner in which you had charmed M. du Coudrai, who was with us, without giving him the pain of one sigh for your absence.

I have always a violent inclination to laugh, whenever you say any thing of that honest gentleman du Parc. I think there is nothing so pleasant as to see him stand alone in the persuasion that he works miracles: I am perfectly of your opinion, that it would be the greatest miracle in the world, if he could persuade you of it. M. du Maine is certainly a pro-

a prodigy of wit; and besides, no significant tone of voice, no gracefulness of gesture, is wanting to show it in the best light. He is fallen into the fashionable humour of attacking M. de Montausier, and rallying him. He spied him the other day, passing under his window, and waving a wand in the air: He called out to him, Ho! M. de Montausier, what, never without an ensign of authority in your hand! Imagine to yourself his expressive action, his lively manner of speaking, and all that energy of thought and reflection visible in his looks; you will find few who discover so much penetration at the age of six years. He says a thousand things with the same uncommon strength of fancy, and quickness of apprehension.

I pass here for a person of great intelligence, by making the best use I can of the news of the sea-fight which you have furnished me with. As we have already wept for the Chevalier Tamboneau, when he was killed once before, I think my debt of sorrow to him is already paid.

Adieu, my dearest: If I had as much merit in other respects, as in that of loving you, I should deserve to be adored.

Letter 50. *The same to the same.*

Paris, Tuesday night, Aug. 10, 1677.

YOU shall have no cause to complain of me, my dear, that I have written nothing to you to-day. The news of the siege of Charleroy makes all the young men hasten thither, and even those who are lame. My son, though he is scarce able to limp, sets out to-morrow in a post-chaise, without any equipage. All those who say he is under no obligation to go thither, would think it very strange if he should stay behind. Every one ought to judge by his own heart what is his duty: We deserve little praise, when we owe

to any but ourselves the resolution to act as we ought. But do you know who are those that are gone to this siege? There is the Duke de Lesdiguières, the Marquis de Cœvres, d'Angeau, la Fare, yes, la Fare himself, d'Elboeuf, M. de Marsan, the little Villarceau; in a word, *tutti quanti*. I had forgot M. de Louvois, who set out on Saturday. Many are of opinion, that after all this martial heat and hurry, this will end in nothing but the delay, that is, in effect, the total disappointment of the intended tour to Fontainebleau.

M. de Vins has thrown himself with his troops into Charleroy; by which means, together with the army of M. de Luxembourg reinforced with several garrisons, and in a readiness to succour it, it is so well secured, that most people are persuaded that the Prince of Orange will not undertake the siege. Do not you remember a like piece of news, upon which we wrote a whole chapter of lamentations from Lambesc, which was not received till five or six days after the siege was raised? Perhaps this time they may be more civil, and content themselves with only having invested it.

I must acquaint you with a death that will surprise you; it is the death of poor Madame du Plessis Guenegaut. My dear, she never read your little letter. She fell sick the last week; she had three successive attacks of a fever, and at last she grew delirious. An emetic, which ought to have been given her, was neglected; a neglect, for which no other excuse can be made, but only, that it was the will of Providence. This night, which was the seventh, she died, in a state of insensibility. I was surprised this morning, and much concerned, at this unfortunate news; so many affecting circumstances crowded into my memory, that I wept heartily. I was not of the number of her friends, otherwise than by the

force of reverberation ; by which elegant term you used to express that reflected heat which gives us, as it were, a secondary friendship for those who are loved and esteemed by our friends. By seeing each other's character thus represented, as it were in a mirror, by our common friends, we became mutually agreeable ; and I believe few of her own friends felt a truer concern for her than I did. I paid a visit to her family, but they admitted no company. I was desirous to have performed the common ceremony of sprinkling on her a little consecrated water, and to have spent a solemn hour in meditating on her life and death ; but it was not thought proper. Upon this, I went to Madame de la Fayette's, where we discoursed awhile on this melancholy subject. Her misfortunes, towards the latter end of her life, were without number. She had obtained a decree in her favour, and M. Poncet, out of mere barbarity, refused to sign it, till some little formalities of no manner of consequence were adjusted. This unjust delay made such an impression on her, that she returned home grieved and disheartened, and fell sick of a fever ; the consequence you already know. In the common way of speaking, M. Poncet may be said to have been the author of her death ; not that the physicians are to be excluded from their just share in it : But as for us, my dear, who are capable of reading the decrees of Providence, we see that her hour was marked out from all eternity. All these little events are linked together by the wondrous art of Providence, so as to follow one another by a just connexion, and in an unerring order, to the final accomplishment of all its wise purposes. All these excellent reasonings are in vain employed to allay the sorrows of such as are touched in a lively manner by the loss of her ; but among those who weep for her, there are

some, whose tears are suspected not to flow from real grief. I have a little enlarged on the subject of this lady's death, but I flattered myself that you would read my letter with some degree of attention, because I find so much pleasure in attending to whatever you write. Every subject is entertaining, as it comes from your hands ; and what you condemn as a dull and tedious digression, often makes us admire the justness of your thought, and the sprightliness of your fancy.

You have made a very severe campaign in the Iliad ; but your description of it is very pleasant. It is hoped that that of the Marechal de Crequi will prove more fortunate ; though his army, as you say, has changed its name. M. de Schomberg has been to visit the Marechal de Crequi ; he told him he was come out of his garrison to serve as a volunteer under him, that he was useless where he was, and that he had sent to the king to offer him his service in the army, as an old soldier. The Marechal de Crequi replied to this offer with a thousand compliments ; and the Marechal de Schomberg returned without being employed in the manner he had desired.

Your M. Arnoul came to Livry with Guintrandry, who bellowed to us, rather than sung, *l'Inconstante*. Arnoul is more agreeable ; but he is too agreeable, for he sings at Versailles. He hopes that M. de Reims will take him into his protection ; he has 700 livres from the king's chapel ; he likes to live at Paris : He is young. Consider, whether it will be likely that a young fellow in his circumstances will be contented to wait at Grignan in hopes of a benefice. It is a mere jest ; my dear Comte, never let it enter into your imagination ; but act as I do in such cases. When I see that people languish in my service, that they hope to do better, that they think

think themselves miserable; at the same time I have an extreme desire not to see them any longer about me. Can it be any pleasure to one to keep them under a constraint, and to see them languish? Alas! I myself languish, my dear, in your absence: I am sensible that you had reason for the reflection you made the other day on life, when the events attending it are ranged in a certain manner. In such a situation, I am unconcerned, nay, pleased that it passes away so swiftly. You see what you reduce me to wish for by the fatal misfortune, in my esteem, of your being removed to so great a distance from me.

Letter 51. *Madame de Rabutin Chantal to Madame de Grignan.*

Friday, Paris, Aug. 13, 1677.

I WILL say no more, my dear, of the pain you gave me, by telling me, that you have only been to me an unhappy occasion of inquietudes and sorrows. Is it possible to wish one's self incapable of those sorrows and inquietudes, when one loves so truly as I love you? I could say a thousand things on this subject, which I cut short for a thousand reasons; but, as for the pleasant entertainment of revolving them frequently in my mind, it is a liberty I shall take without asking your leave.

My son set out from hence yesterday. He is much commended for undertaking this little expedition; and even such as blame him for it, would have loaded him with reproaches, if he had declined it. The inconsistency of the world is very pleasant on such occasions: But it is more easy for him to justify himself for engaging with too much forwardness in the adventurous part, than for too much indulging his ease and tranquillity. For my part, I confess, that I very much approved his de-

sign. You see that I make little difficulty of permitting my children to leave me.

I have long been of your opinion, in preferring bad company to good. With how much grief are we separated from those who are agreeable to us! and what a pleasure is it to see such crowds of unentertaining visitants, as you complain of in Provence, preparing for the welcome ceremony of taking their leave! Do not you remember the covey of Fousnel, which so long infested our woods? how much we diverted ourselves with calculating the day and hour of their taking their flight from thence! what a joyful festival we kept on the eve of their departure! and in what unusual sallies of mirth, too violent and too pleasing to be restrained, we spent the following day! We may therefore maintain with very good reason, that nothing promises better entertainment, at a country seat, than the most disagreeable company; and that nothing is so sure a presage of grief as the sight of our best friends. If this riddle needs any explication, come to us, and we will explain it to you. I am setting out for Vichy, in company with our good Abbé. I am not in a very gay humour, as you may imagine; but I have learned so much useful philosophy as to be able to dispense with that.

It is thought that we are certainly to expect the siege of Charleroy. M. de Lavardin, and many more who have no post in the army, are gone thither. It is perhaps an idle fancy of mine, but I still hope that this mountain will only bring forth a mouse. I wish it may prove so.

The marriage of la Bagnole is certainly concluded on. You will be a witness of the feigned sorrows she languishes under, and her wandering thoughts, which only wander with design, and from which she affects to recover

herself in a pretended surprise, and to excuse in so awkward a manner, that Madame de Coulanges replies, Indeed, dear sister, you do not seem to forget yourself at all. Her style is insupportable to me; it forces me to chuse the most barbarous expressions for fear of resembling her. She makes me renounce all delicacy, grace, and politeness, for fear of imitating her in her juggler's tricks, as you call those empty subtilties, affected by these indelicate pretenders to a refined taste. I had rather be reduced to the plain language of a peasant, than flourish in these elegancies of style: "We are conscious that we do not deserve to displease you, by the desire we have of pleasing;" and a thousand other such fooleries, which I have heard over and over, so that I can say them by rote, and am sometimes apt to repeat them for want of thought. We call them bulls of Bashan; they have been suffered to range here in such a manner, that they are grown wild and furious. Adieu, my dear; if you let any of these dragons fly at me, I shall return you a thousand of them. I salute the Comte.

S E C T. IV.

From the Letters of Madame de MAINTENON.

Letter 1. *Madame de Maintenon to the Abbé Testu.*

Paris, November 15, 1666.

BE not alarmed, my poor Abbé, at my devotion; dispel thine uneasiness at the Hotel de Richelieu: In my solitude I am not apt to forget those friends to whom I am indebted

for all the pleasures of it. My life, you say, needs no reformation: Father Bourdaloue would talk to me in another strain. You are now become a man of this world; but you will not always be so; a day will come, when you will prefer heaven to earth: You are made for God. Such as attribute my retirement to spleen or sullenness, doubtless know nothing of me: Have I ever given room for such suspicions? It is the result of serious reflection. I withdraw from the world, only because I have loved and do still love it too much. You tell me indeed I may work out my salvation in it, but you must needs be sensible how hard that task is: I highly approve of father Joseph's maxim, that to be virtuous in Paris, it is not enough that we are *willing to be so*. However, I am not yet for leaving it; too many engagements keep me here; and I am thoroughly sensible my efforts would be fruitless. They told you the truth, if they described my director as a rigid man; but you ought not therefore to have fancied him ridiculous. He forbids no innocent pleasures; but neither will he allow us to call those pleasures innocent which are really criminal. His piety is easy, affable, and without pride: He requires not a life wholly mortified; but he contends for a christian and an active life. He is a most admirable man. If you desire it, I will send him to you and to Guebriant. He begins with attacks upon the passions; he conquers them, and in the room of them substitutes contrary impulses. He has enjoined me to strict gravity in company, in order to mortify the passion he perceives in me, of rendering myself agreeable by my wit: And I obey; but really, when I find myself yawning, and others in consequence doing the same thing, I am sometimes almost ready to renounce devotion.

Letter

Letter 2. *Madame de Maintenon to Mons.
d'Aubigné.*

Paris, Jan. 3.

I AM sorry, my dear brother, that I have nothing more than wishes to offer you this year. As yet I have not paid all my debts, and you are sensible this is the very first use I ought to make of my pension. With a little oeconomy surely you might live comfortably: your extravagance pierces me to the very heart: Break off from pleasures; they ever prove considerably more expensive than the necessities of life. Be somewhat delicate in the choice of friends: Your fortune and your salvation depend alike on the first steps you take at setting out in the world. I speak to you now as a friend; apply yourself to your duty, love God, be honest, arm yourself with patience, and you can want for nothing. Madame de Neuillan has often given me this counsel, and hitherto I have found the benefit of it. Adieu, dear brother; pardon this short friendly sermon: I shall be happy no farther than you are so; and you will be happy exactly in proportion as you are virtuous.

Letter 3. *The same to the same.*

Versailles, Jan. 15, 1672.

WHETHER I write to you or not, you ought to be equally persuaded of my friendship, and of the care I will take of your fortune. I love you most tenderly, and am persuaded you have no less regard for me. Thus, my dear brother, are our fortunes in common, and they will be far less scanty than in the beginning. I have spoke to M. de Louvois, who will get you a post in a regiment. Adieu; neither you nor I are fond of long letters.

Letter 4. *The same to the same.*

I AM surprised at hearing nothing con-

cerning you, since the king honoured you with a command at Armsdorff: I shall make no answer to your surmise of being on ill terms with me: You know this can never happen; and that whether I caress you or quarrel with you, I still equally love you, and more too than any thing else in this world. I own that your establishment is not solid; but the king has begun to be kind to you, and he will go through with it: M. de Louvois will not oppose it. It is very strange you should think I have no longer any affection for you, because I am free enough to reprimand you; which is the best and the surest sign of my tenderness.

Letter 5. *The same to the same.*

I AM overjoyed to see you contented. The greatest encouragement to do a kindness is to find the receiver sensible of it. Think of nothing but discharging your duty at Armsdorff: Leave to me the care of your affairs here. I am exceeding glad to hear you keep a table. Your praying-desk enchants me: I could wish to see you at it, and be a witness of your devotion. Be cheerful, dear brother, but think of your salvation.

Letter 6. *The same to the same.*

I HAVE received complaints of your conduct, which do you no honour: You use the Hugonots ill; you study the means to vex them, and seek occasions to do it: This is unbecoming a man of quality. Be merciful to men that are more unfortunate than criminal: They are attached to errors, in which we ourselves have been, and which violence could never have made us forsake. Henry IV. professed the same religion, and so did several great princes. Do not then molest them: Men must be drawn by the cords

of lenity and charity: Jesus Christ has set us an example of it; and such is the king's intention. It is your duty to keep every one within due obedience: It is the province of the bishops and curates to make conversions by their doctrine and example. Neither God nor the king have committed souls to your care. Sanctify your own soul, and be severe to yourself only. I shall be very glad to see you here; but all in good time. I have good hopes, and M. de Louvois does wonders; we are greatly obliged to him. I repeat it, dear brother, let not M. de Ruigni * ever complain of you again.

Letter 7. *Madame de Maintenon to Mons. d'Aubigné.*

NO man is unhappy but by his own fault. This shall always be my text, and my answer to your lamentations. Think, my dear brother, on the voyage to America, on the misfortunes of your father, the miseries of our infancy, the wretchedness of our youth; and you will bless Providence, instead of murmuring against Fortune. It is but ten years since we were very distant from the station we are now in: Our hopes were so small, that we even limited our desires to three thousand livres a-year. We have at present four times as much; and should we still wish for more? We now enjoy that happy competency, which formerly you so ardently wished for. Let us then be content. If riches increase, let us receive them as from the hand of God, but let us not suffer our views to be too extensive. We have not only the necessaries, we have the conveniences of life; the rest is

* Deputy General of the reformed churches of France; he took refuge in England, where he was created Earl of Galloway.

all superfluous. This strange thirst after grandeur arises solely from the emptiness of an unquiet heart. Your debts are all paid; and you may live genteelly without contracting new ones. What more can you wish for? Are schemes to grow rich and great, to be pursued at the expence of your repose and your health? Read the life of St. Louis, there you will see how utterly incapable all worldly grandeur is of satisfying the heart of man. It is God alone can satisfy it. I must repeat it, you are unhappy only through your own fault. Your inquietudes impair your health, which you should endeavour to preserve for my sake, for you know I love you. Work upon your humour; if you can render it less bilious and gloomy, it will be one point gained; but this is not the work of reflection solely; you must add exercise, diversions, and an uniform and regular life. You will never think right whilst you are ill: When the body is cast down, the soul has lost its vigour. Adieu. Write to me oftener, but in a style more cheerful.

Letter 8. *Madame de Maintenon to the Abbé Gobelin.*

I HAVE received the treatise on the Imitation of Jesus Christ, which you have been kind enough to send me. The king is silent in regard to M. Gartigni, and I cannot guess the cause of it. There are some persons whose misfortune it is to have a sinister construction put on all their actions, and be suspected of intrigues because they have good sense. Though I have little pretension to this, it has been my own case. I doubt not but our friend is of an excellent character: But these are not made for him; merit makes but a poor figure here without protection; and those who might be protectors are not fond of

of encumbering themselves with it. I have drawn up a scheme of life, for a time when I shall be free and far enough from court. Add or retrench, as you think fit, in the margin.

1. Rise between seven and eight, and spend an hour in prayer.

2. Go abroad two days in the week upon visits of necessity: Retire at ten in the evening, and go to prayers with my family.

3. Allow two days in the week for visiting the poor and prisoners.

4. Be modestly clothed, wear neither gold nor silver, and give the tenth of my income to the poor.

Thus would I set out, till my zeal should enable me to do more, in expectation of that calm tranquil time, of which I form to myself so delightful a prospect. I do nothing of any consequence, and give way to sloth; which makes me fear that the course of devotion I am projecting, may proceed from the same methodical spirit which I have shown in the furniture at Maintenon.

Letter 9. *Madame de Maintenon to Mons. d'Aubigné.*

September.

WHILST you labour under cares and vexations of your own, you participate so much in mine as to make me forbear discovering any more to you: And yet, with whom can I so properly lament, as with you, the common loss we have just met with? The Marshal d'Albert is dead; he wrote me a letter, before he expired, expressive of his esteem and friendship for me. I have just now read it again, and could not refrain from tears. He died like a saint: But how know we whether he had time enough to atone for his faults? Yes, he has had leisure sufficient, and has atoned for them: For several years past, he

has walked in the ways of salvation: In short, I hate to doubt of the salvation of my friends. Let us, dear brother, turn our thoughts inwards to ourselves; we are both growing old and infirm: Let us then, by living well, smooth over the horrors of death, which to those who have led bad lives, are indeed most terrible.

Letter 10. * *Madame de Montespan to the King.*

YOU asked me, my dear, whether your crown was not the charm of your love? And when I answered, that I loved nothing about you but yourself, you told me, that I might possibly deceive myself. I had answered you much better, could I have made you sensible how much your doubt alarmed me. I have since examined my heart in secret: And oh! how well has it shown me that ambition does not act like love! these passions are easily distinguished: What use do you make of your penetration, if you discern not the difference? I ambitious! I, who think I see in the eyes of every woman the same love I feel in my heart for the most amiable of men!

Must you be reminded of the words we had a few days since concerning your coldness? I do not remember what I then said to you; but I well know ambition never talked in that

* This is the famous letter which Madame de Maintenon is said to have dictated to the Marchioness de Montespan, and to which the fortune of Mad. de Maintenon is commonly attributed in consequence of the fancy Louis XIV. took to the writer of it. Some persons, who interest themselves in the memory of Mad. de Maintenon, say, that it is apocryphal, and that she disapproved too much the amours of Mad. de Montespan, to be capable of writing letters of this nature.

strain. What did you not say to me to make me easy? If I had loved the king only, would I not have been satisfied with your excuses? Would you have found it so difficult to persuade and appease me? When I see tenderness speaking through your eyes, do not you perceive the same passion answering you in mine? Could ambition put on such a disguise? When my heart yields to the most delightful transports, and sinks under them, tell me, my dear, is this the effect of ambition? You love, without discerning love! I could say more to you, but vexation snatches the pen from my hand.

Letter 11. *Madame de Maintenon to Madame d'Aubigné.*

Jan. 3, 1681.

MY dear child, I daily beg of God that he would lead you into his holy ways. Such prayers are not commonly made in the world: I make them in the midst of the court, and thoroughly experience the truth of St. Bernard's words, "God only can satisfy the heart of man." Believe me, dear child, all those pleasures which you fancy so delightful, and which you perhaps long for, are nothing but vanity and vexation of spirit. Love your husband, and you will be happy. Dispel his melancholy by your cheerfulness. You know how much I love you; make me love you more. Do not keep company with Madame de L***; it will do you a prejudice in the world: Be circumspect in your connexions; make no new ones; know before you love. I am your sister, your mother, your friend.

Letter 12. *Madame de Montespan to Mons. d'Aubigné.*

May 19, 1681.

I ENJOY great tranquillity in consequence of the resolution I have taken to receive no

more visits. My tenderness will suffer for it; but I found so much inconveniency in the exceptions I made, that I thought it best to resolve to put all upon a level. I am exposed to some discontents about it; but that is not so bad as the ill turns they did me before. I heartily wish that your Capuchin could convert you; You would be the happier for it in this world and in the next. The pregnancy of the dauphiness being declared, all the intended journeys are laid aside. The king had a fall yesterday as he was hunting. You may well suppose that every body was alarmed in proportion to his friendship. He got no hurt at all. You must have seen my dear little prince: My fondness for him does not decrease. I fancy no Hugonots will be left in Poitou except our relations: Do not repine at your fortune: You were born a gentleman, and without a farthing: Now you are in a delightful place, with a yearly income of above fifteen thousand livres: Compare notes, and you will think yourself happy. You have sense and reputation, and a young sweet-tempered wife: I am daily embellishing a fine country seat for you and your children. You have done your duty in your youth: Spend your old age in joy and peace; enjoy all things, be a man of probity, and prepare for death as cheerfully as you can. Do not give yourself up to melancholy; and remember that you carry in your own breast the enemy of your tranquillity and happiness. Tell your lady, the oftener she writes to me, the more I shall love her, provided she does not insist upon a regular correspondence from me. I am very busy, and more slothful to write than ever I was. But my indolence must not deprive me of your wife's letters: Besides, it will form her style; for the more we write, the better we write.

Letter

Letter 13. *The King to Madame de Maintenon.*

YES, madam, I have loved Fontanges even more than God himself. I acknowledge my error: I thank you for your wise counsels; I have three times read them over. Louvois will tell you my resolutions; confide entirely in him. Assure the queen, that from henceforth I will mind business more than my pleasures. Adieu, my dear Madame de Maintenon.

Letter 14. *The same to the same.*

GOD punishes me, madam; I submit to his will: I have too often given that good soul (the queen) great cause of discontent. Do not be absent, my dear Madame de Maintenon: I have need of your consolations: You may withdraw whenever you are tired of telling me the truth.

Letter 15. *Madame de Maintenon to the King.*

Sire,

THE queen is not to be lamented; she lived and died like a saint; and it is the greatest comfort to have such an assurance of her salvation. You have now, Sire, a friend in heaven, who will beg of God to forgive your sins, and pour down upon you the blessings of the righteous. Let your majesty derive comfort from these sentiments. The dauphiness's health is on the mend. Be, Sire, as good a christian as you are a great king.

Letter 16. *Madame de Maintenon to Mons. d'Aubigné.*

Fontainbleau, Sept. 7, 1683.

YOU have heard, no doubt, that in the midst of our affliction for the loss of the queen,

we have been alarmed about the king, and thought his arm had been broke; but it proved to be only dislocated, and thank God is now well. This accident has shown that he has as much fortitude under pain, as in his other actions; there is little difference between his unconcern and that of the philosopher, who said, Did I not tell you that you would break my leg? You will guess from my good spirits that the king is in health. M. Colbert is dead: M. Pelletier succeeds him. Pray live elegantly, and spend the eighteen thousand livres arising from the affair we have been successful in; when that is gone, something else of that sort may offer: It is in the business of our salvation only that we must curb our passions and appetites. I love you more than your children; they shall have my fortune. The longer I live, the more clearly I see the folly of toiling and projecting for futurity. Such projects are almost always defeated by divine Providence; for as they are seldom formed with good intentions, God withholds his blessing from them. I am growing, I find, a good sort of an old woman. Spend your income, and let your wife partake of it. God will make provision for all necessities, if you serve him. Prepare for death without being melancholy at the thoughts of it.

Letter 17. *Madame de Maintenon to the King.*

Sire,

A SINGLE day's absence of your majesty is an age to me. I am persuaded of your sentiments; but cannot live quietly at a distance from you. I place all my happiness, all the pleasures of life, in seeing your majesty; and shall leave you then to judge of my uneasiness. After so many benefits and so many honours I have received from you, I am as

yet ignorant what my lot is to be: But I tremble, and am extremely agitated in writing this billet to your majesty; God grant it may not be a foresight of what I dread most in this world! Death would be a thousand times more welcome to me. You have promised me, Sire, a sincere and lasting conversion to God; I rely entirely on your word: I am encouraged thereby; I blame my suspicions, my credulity: But if—the rest is wanting.

Letter 18. *Madame de Maintenon to Madame de St. G***.*

Maintenon, June 4, 1684.

I AM waiting here for news of the king with great impatience. I very well know there is nothing to fear for his life, his health, nor his glory; but still I fear, and reason does not cure me of this folly. He covers the siege of Luxembourg; and has condescended to share the honour of this conquest with Créqui. I long for nothing no much as peace: No counsels of mine shall ever be prejudicial to the king's glory; but, if they will take my advice, men would be less ambitious, less dazzled with the eclat of victories, and would think more seriously of their salvation: But it is not my province to govern the state: I daily pray to God that he would inspire and direct the master of it, bring him to the knowledge of the truth, and give him pacific sentiments. I love the king just in the same manner as I love my brother: I wish to see them perfect, that they might be more worthy of God. His majesty has written me two very affectionate letters, and I have answered them like a christian. Noizy finds me a great deal of very agreeable occupation; I will also on my part contribute to the great work of converting our separated brethren:

Those poor girls will be infinitely obliged to me for it, both in this world and in the next: Some of them are very lovely, and these not always the handsomest. Le Notre has turned my garden into a charming spot. The dauphiness took a walk in it yesterday, and was infinitely delighted. I hoped to have died there, but shall not even have the pleasure of living in it.

Letter 19. *Madame de Montespan to Madame de Monchevreuil.*

THERE is nothing in your grief unworthy a christian: So natural is it to weep for a wise and well-established son*! God forbids not such sensations: But take care your grief be not too violent, and cause you to murmur against Providence: It is in vain to resist its dispensations. I send you the Abbé: He will tell you how much I am concerned at your affliction: He will also tell you what little stability there is in the felicities of this world. You were too happy; God designed to bring you back to himself. It is indeed a terrible blow, but he strikes it for your good: He knows better than we do what is for our advantage. These are melancholy reflections, but they are true, and suitable to a soul great as yours. What would avail the progress you have made in piety, if it could not support you in this tribulation? It is in adversity we are to judge whether our devotion is sincere. What is virtue, if it be not tried? God does not require only the sacrifice of our vicious inclina-

* M. de Morney, son of Madame de Monchevreuil, and aid-de-camp to the Dauphin, was killed at the siege of Manheim before his father's face, who had followed the Duke du Maine.

tions; he would have us to sacrifice likewise our sentiments and our dearest affections.

Letter 20. *The Queen of England to Madame de Maintenon.*

St. Germain, Dec. 1, 1689.

SINCE you treat me with ceremony, in making excuses for not having fully answered my letter, it is but justice, madam, to make you as many; nay, more. I conjure you not to forget to give me an account of your health by my courier, without taking the trouble to write to me; for I am more afraid of your trouble, than wishing for my own gratification. You know my heart; it will ever be the same; my friendship for you can neither decrease nor increase. I pray to God, for your sake, that he would make you a great saint; and for my own, that it may not happen too soon.

Letter 21. *Madame de Maintenon to the Dutchess of Burgundy.*

1700.

HOPE not for perfect felicity: There is none upon earth; and if there was, it would not be at court.

Grandeur has its afflictions, and frequently more severe than those of private persons. In private life, men inure themselves to vexations: At court this habit is not to be acquired.

Our sex is still more exposed to suffer, inasmuch as we are always in a state of dependence. Be neither sorry for, nor ashamed of this dependence on a husband, nor of any others that are in the order of Providence.

Let the Duke of Burgunday be your best friend, and your only confident.

Hope not for perfect peace from your union: The best marriages are those where they bear alternately with one another in mildness and patience. There never was any without some contradiction.

Be complaisant, without setting too great a value on your civilities.

Require not equal returns of friendship: Men are commonly less tender than women; and you will be unhappy, if you are delicate in friendship: It is a commerce in which one should always be creditor.

Pray to God to keep you from jealousy: Hope not to reclaim a husband by complaints, taunts, and reproaches. The only method is patience and a sweet temper: Impatience sours and alienates the heart; mildness brings it back.

In making a sacrifice of your will, make no claims on that of a husband: Men are still more self-willed than women, because they are brought up with less constraint. They are naturally tyrannical; they are for pleasures and liberty, and would have women renounce them. Inquire not whether their prerogatives are well grounded; be it sufficient for you that they are established; they are masters; and there remains nothing but to suffer and obey with a good grace.

Speak, write, act, as if you had a thousand witnesses: Depend upon it that soon or late every thing is known: It is very dangerous to write.

Trust nobody with any thing that may do you prejudice if told again: Take my word for it, that the best-kept secrets are kept only for a time: The court is the region of mystery and indiscretion.

They seldom or never give more than one maxim to princes, and that is dissimulation: It is a false one, and leads into great inconveniencies. For my part I love a prudent frankness.

Hear tenderly the requests of the unfortunate. God caused you to be born in this high rank to afford you the pleasure of doing good.

The

The power of serving and making men happy, is the real indemnification for the fatigues, the disagreeable incidents, and the servitude of your station.

Be compassionate to them that apply to you in order to obtain favours ; and not importunate to those that distribute or bestow them.

Concern not yourself in any intrigue, what

ever interest or glory you may be made to expect from it.

Love your relations ; but let France alone be your country.

Guard against the inclination to be witty. Too much wit gives pain to those who have but little : Wit will gain you the hatred of the majority, and perhaps lessen you in the esteem of the wise.

THE CONCLUSION.

On Letter Writing. By DR. JOHNSON.

“ **I**T was the wisdom,” says Seneca, “ of ancient times, to consider what is most useful as most illustrious.” If this rule be applied to works of genius, scarcely any species of composition deserves more to be cultivated than the epistolary style, since none is of more various or frequent use, through the whole subordination of human life.

It has yet happened that among the numerous writers which our nation has produced, equal perhaps always in force and genius, and of late in elegance and accuracy, to those of any other country, very few have endeavoured to distinguish themselves by the publication of letters, except such as were written in the discharge of public trusts, and during the transaction of great affairs ; which, though they afford precedents to the minister, and memorials to the historian, are of no use as

examples of the familiar style, or models of private correspondence.

If it be inquired by foreigners, how this deficiency has happened in the literature of a country, where all indulge themselves with so little danger in speaking and writing, may we not without either bigotry or arrogance inform them, that it must be imputed to our contempt of trifles, and our due sense of the dignity of the public ? We do not think it reasonable to fill the world with volumes from which nothing can be learned, nor expect that the employments of the busy, or the amusements of the gay, should give way to narratives of our private affairs, complaints of absence, expressions of fondness, or declarations of fidelity.

A slight perusal of the innumerable letters by which the wits of France have signalized their

their names, will prove that other nations need not be discouraged from the like attempts by the consciousness of inability; for surely it is not very difficult to aggravate trifling misfortunes, to magnify familiar incidents, repeat adulatory professions, accumulate servile hyperboles, and produce all that can be found in the despicable remains of Voiture and Scarron.

Yet as much of life must be passed in affairs considerable only by their frequent occurrence, and much of the pleasure which our condition allows, must be produced by giving elegance to trifles, it is necessary to learn how to become little without becoming mean, to maintain the necessary intercourse of civility, and fill up the vacuities of actions by agreeable appearances. It had therefore been of advantage, if such of our writers as have excelled in the art of decorating insignificance, had supplied us with a few sallies of innocent gaiety, effusions of honest tenderness, or exclamations of unimportant hurry.

Precept has generally been posterior to performance. The art of composing works of genius has never been taught but by the example of those who performed it by natural vigour of imagination, and rectitude of judgment. As we have few letters, we have likewise few criticisms upon the epistolary style. The observations with which Walsh has introduced his pages of inanity, are such as give him little claim to the rank assigned him by Dryden among the critics. "Letters," says he, "are intended as resemblances of conversation, and the chief excellencies of conversation are good-humour and good-breeding." This remark, equally valuable for its novelty and propriety, he dilates and enforces with an appearance of complete acquiescence in his own discovery.

No man was ever in doubt about the moral qualities of a letter. It has been always known that he who endeavours to please must appear pleased, and he who would not provoke rudeness must not practise it. But the question among those who establish rules for an epistolary performance is, how gaiety or civility may be properly expressed; as among the critics in history, it is not contested whether truth ought to be preserved, but by what mode of diction it is best adorned.

As letters are written on all subjects, in all states of mind, they cannot be properly reduced to settled rules, or described by any single characteristic; and we may safely disengage our minds from critical embarrassments, by determining that a letter has no peculiarity but its form, and that nothing is to be refused admission, which would be proper in any other method of treating the same subject. The qualities of the epistolary style most frequently required, are ease and simplicity, an even flow of unlaboured diction, and an artless arrangement of obvious sentiments. But these directions are no sooner applied to use, than their scantiness and imperfection become evident. Letters are written to the great and to the mean, to the learned and the ignorant, at rest and in distress, in sport and in passion. Nothing can be more improper than ease and laxity of expression, when the importance of the subject impresses solicitude, or the dignity of the person exacts reverence.

That letters should be written with strict conformity to nature is true, because nothing but conformity to nature can make any composition beautiful or just. But it is natural to depart from familiarity of language upon occasions not familiar. Whatever elevates the sentiments will consequently raise the expression; whatever fills us with hope or terror will

will produce some perturbation of images, and some figurative distortions of phrase. Wherever we are studious to please, we are afraid of trusting our first thoughts, and endeavour to recommend our opinion by studied ornaments, accuracy of method, and elegance of style.

If the personages of the comic scene be allowed by Horace to raise their language in the transports of anger to the turgid vehemence of tragedy, the epistolary writer may likewise without censure comply with the varieties of his matter. If great events are to be related, he may, with all the solemnity of an historian, deduce them from their causes, connect them with their concomitants, and trace them to their consequences. If a disputed position is to be established, or a remote principle to be investigated, he may detail his reasonings with all the nicety of syllogistic method. If a menace is to be averted, or a benefit implored, he may, without any violation of the edicts of criticism, call every power of rhetoric to his assistance, and try every inlet at which love or pity enters the heart.

Letters that have no other end than the entertainment of the correspondents, are more properly regulated by critical precepts, because the matter and style are equally arbitrary, and rules are more necessary, as there is a larger power of choice. In letters of this kind, some conceive art graceful, and others think negligence amiable; some model them by the sonnet, and will allow them no means of delighting but the soft lapse of calm melliflence; others adjust them by the epigram, and expect pointed sentences and forcible periods. The one

party considers exemption from faults as the height of excellence, the other looks upon neglect of excellence as the most disgusting fault; one avoids censure, the other aspires to praise; one is always in danger of insipidity, the other continually on the brink of affectation.

When the subject has no intrinsic dignity, it must necessarily owe its attractions to artificial embellishments, and may catch at all advantages which the art of writing can supply. He that, like Pliny, sends his friend a portion for his daughter, will, without Pliny's eloquence or address, find means of exciting gratitude and securing acceptance; but he that has no present to make but a garland, a ribbon, or some petty curiosity, must endeavour to recommend it by his manner of giving it.

The purpose for which letters are written when no intelligence is communicated, or business transacted, is to preserve in the minds of the absent either love or esteem; to excite love we must impart pleasure, and to raise esteem, we must discover abilities. Pleasure will generally be given, as abilities are displayed by scenes of imagery, points of conceit, unexpected sallies, and artful compliments. Trifles always require exuberance of ornament; the building which has no strength can be valued only for the grace of its decorations. The pebble must be polished with care, which hopes to be valued as a diamond; and words ought surely to be laboured, when they are intended to stand for things.

THE END.

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